810.8
L616
v.14

PS551 .L515 1909
vol.14
Library of Southern
literature



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-BPZ-485_14

LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE

COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECT SUPERVISION OF SOUTHERN MEN OF LETTERS

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
EDITORS IN CHIEF
CHARLES WILLIAM KENT
LITERARY EDITOR

CHARLES ALPHONSO SMITH
EDITOR

VOLUME 14

PUBLISHED UNDER THE APPROVAL AND PATRONAGE OF DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS OF THE SOUTH

THE MARTIN & HOYT COMPANY
NEW ORLEANS ATLANTA DALLAS

DOMINICAN COLLEGE
LIBRARY
SAN RAFAEL

LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE

VOLUME XIV

COMPILED BY

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

810.8
L616
V. 12.

Copyright, 1907, by
The Martin and Hoyt Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

Copyright, 1910, by
The Martin and Hoyt Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

53596

EXECUTIVE BOARD

Editors In Chief.

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN, LL.D.,
President University of Virginia.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, Litt. D.,
Editor Uncle Remus's Magazine, Atlanta, Georgia.

Literary Editor.

CHARLES WILLIAM KENT, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D.,
University of Virginia.

Associate Literary Editor.

CHARLES ALPHONSO SMITH, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D.,
University of North Carolina.

Assistant Literary Editors.

MORGAN CALLAWAY, Jr., A.M., Ph.D.,
University of Texas.

FRANKLIN L. RILEY, A.M., Ph.D.,
University of Mississippi.

GEORGE A. WAUCHOPE, A.M., Ph.D.,
University of South Carolina.

Executive Editor.

F. P. GAMBLE,
Atlanta, Georgia.

CONSULTING EDITORS

JOHN W. ABERCROMBIE, LL.D.,
President University of Alabama.

BROWN AYRES, Ph.D., LL.D.,
President University of Tennessee.

DAVID C. BARROW, C. and M.E., LL.D.,
Chancellor University of Georgia.

THOMAS D. BOYD, A.M., LL.D.,
President Louisiana State University.

E. B. CRAIGHEAD, A.M., LL.D.,
President Tulane University, Louisiana.

GEORGE H. DENNY, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D.,
President Washington and Lee University.

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE,
A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., L.H.D.,
Johns Hopkins University, Maryland.

DAVID F. HOUSTON, A.M., LL.D.,
President University of Texas.

RICHARD H. JESSE, LL.D.,
President University of Missouri.

A. A. KINCANNON, LL.D.,
Chancellor University of Mississippi.

J. H. KIRKLAND, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D.,
Chancellor Vanderbilt University, Tennessee.

F. V. N. PAINTER, A.M., D.D.,
Roanoke College, Virginia.

R. N. ROARK, M.A., Ph.D.,
President Kentucky State Normal School.

ANDREW SLEDD, Ph.D., LL.D.,
President University of Florida.

HENRY N. SNYDER, A.M., LL.D.,
President Wofford College, South Carolina.

JOHN N. TILLMAN, LL.D.,
President University of Arkansas.

FRANCIS P. VENABLE, Ph.D., LL.D.,
President University of North Carolina.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

CHARLES B. AYCOCK,
Ex-Governor, North Carolina.

WILLIAM D. BLOXHAM,
Ex-Governor, Florida.

EDWARD W. CARMACK,
Ex-U. S. Senator, Tennessee.

HENRY COHEN,
Rabbi, Texas.

CHARLES A. CULBERSON,
U.S. Senator, Texas.

DAVID R. FRANCIS,
Publicist, Missouri.

THOMAS F. GAILOR, D.D., LL.D.,
Protestant Episcopal Bishop, Tennessee.

CHARLES B. GALLOWAY, D.D., LL.D.,
Bishop M.E. Church, South, Mississippi.

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES,
Editor and Lecturer, Georgia.

DUNCAN C. HEYWARD,
Ex-Governor, South Carolina.

RICHMOND P. HOBSON,
Congressman, Alabama.

BENJAMIN J. KEILEY, D.D.,
Resident Catholic Bishop of Georgia.

STEPHEN D. LEE,
General Commanding U.C.V., Mississippi.

W. W. MOORE, D.D., LL.D.,
President Union Theological Seminary, Virginia.

EDGAR Y. MULLINS, D.D., LL.D.,
President Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Kentucky.

FRANCIS T. NICHOLS,
Supreme Court of Louisiana.

ISIDOR RAYNER,
U.S. Senator, Maryland.

U. M. ROSE,
Ex-President American Bar Association, Arkansas.

HOKE SMITH,
Governor of Georgia.

GENERAL PREFACE

THE purpose and plan of this volume of 'The Library of Southern Literature' may be gathered by a reference to the table of contents. It does not contain the left-overs from the preceding thirteen volumes but serves rather as their complement. The history of a nation's literature or of a part of a nation's literature cannot be adequately written if the compiler confines himself to the names of the known master-builders. Such a method would exclude ballads and folksongs. It would exclude the countless short poems and incisive sayings, the songs and stories that wander unattached through literature but that none the less embody and in time re-create a people's ideals. Even when the name of the writer is known, the poem may assume an individuality apart from that of the poet. The poem lives but has not bulk enough to entitle its author to a place among poets. "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie," for example, reflect history and have helped to make history. They belong, therefore, to literature, though their authors may not be entitled to formal recognition among American poets.

This volume, then, has an individuality of its own. While it is related to the preceding volumes, it has also a certain completeness in itself.

To all who have rendered assistance in the compilation of this volume I wish to record my grateful indebtedness, especially to Professor Hugh Mercer Blain, of the Louisiana State University; Professor Morgan Callaway, Jr., of the University of Texas; Mr. Madison Cawein and Colonel R. T. Durrett, of Louisville, Ky.; Superintendent Lawton B. Evans, of Augusta, Ga.; Mr. F. P. Gamble, of Atlanta, Ga.; Professor Lancelot Minor Harris, of the College of Charleston; Mr. J. Wallace Hoyt, of Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Mary B. Jenkins, of Natchez, Miss.; Mr. Lucian Lamar Knight, of Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Susan P. Lee, of Lexington, Va.; Mr. G. C. McKinley, of Milledgeville, Ga.; Mr. W. B. Meacham, of Fort Mill, S.C.; Mr. George Michie, of Charlottesville, Va.; Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, of Frankfort, Ky.; Professor H. O. Murfee, of

Marion, Ala.; Mr. F. T. Norvell, of Richmond, Va.; Mr. Hugh F. Oliver, of Buena Vista, Ga.; Mr. Herbert Putnam, of Washington, D.C.; Professor Franklin L. Riley, of the University of Mississippi; Mr. John Wilson Townsend, of Lexington, Ky.; Miss Anna Seeley Tuttle, of the University of Virginia; Mr. George Platt Waller, Jr., of Montgomery, Ala.; Mr. B. E. Washburn, of Rutherfordton, N.C.; Dr. L. R. Wilson, of the University of North Carolina; and Miss Adina De Zavala, of San Antonio, Texas.

It should be needless to say that selections have been admitted into this volume solely on their merits.

C. Alphonso Smith

University of Virginia, Charlottesville,
February 22, 1910.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
PREFACE		VII
FUGITIVE AND ANONYMOUS POEMS		6081
All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night	*Oliver*	6083
The Boatman's Song	*Butler*	6084
The Bonnie Blue Flag	*McCarthy*	6086
The Boy Soldier		6087
"The Brigade Must Not Know, Sir!"		6089
The Confederate Flag		6090
A Confederate Note		6091
Dixie	*Emmett*	6092
Dixie	*Mrs. Downing*	6093
A Lament for Dixie	*Pike*	6094
On Changing the Words of Dixie	*Miss Irving*	6096
The New Dixie	*Miss Eve*	6097
Hatteras	*Holden*	6099
"I'm Conscripted, Smith, Conscripted"	*Roberts*	6102
The Isle of Long Ago		6103
The Jacket of Gray	*Mrs. Ball*	6105
A Kentuckian Kneels to None but God	*Mrs. Betts*	6106
Lafayette	*Mrs. Madison*	6107
Lorena	*Webster*	6108
My Old Kentucky Home	*Foster*	6109
Morgan's War Song	*Duke*	6110
Newes from Virginia	*Rich*	6112
The Old Canoe		6116
Resignation	*Tucker*	6117
The Soldier Boy		6118
Somebody's Darling	*Miss La Coste*	6119
Song	*Shaw*	6121
Song of the Texas Rangers		6121
The Southern Republic	*Miss Thomas*	6123
The Star-Spangled Banner	*Key*	6125
Stonewall Jackson's Way	*Palmer*	6126
We are Old-Time Confederates		6127
The Wife of Usher's Well		6129
REPRESENTATIVE POEMS		6131
The Jefferson Monument	*Allen*	6133
On Board the Derelict	*Allison*	6134
Tristram and Isoult	*Miss Austin*	6136

		PAGE
A Christmas Hymn	*Bocock*	6139
In the Library	*Bocock*	6140
The Heart of Fire	*Bocock*	6141
Imperator Orbis	*Bocock*	6142
God Bless You, Dear	*Carter*	6143
The Angel of Marye's Heights	*Clark*	6144
To Mr. H. W. Moran	*Clarkson*	6146
Cold Water	*Cobb*	6146
Reunion	*Derry*	6149
A Galaxy of Southern Heroes	*Dozier*	6150
Hail, St. Patrick's Day	*Dozier*	6152
Mother-Love	*Miss Gee*	6153
The Test of Love	*Miss Gee*	6154
The Twins	*Gibson*	6155
The Battle of Hampton Roads	*Gorman*	6158
Chanson Louis XIII	*Mrs. Hardin*	6160
Have You Heard the South A-Calling?	*Harman*	6161
Yellow-House Canyon	*Harrison*	6162
The Blue-Back Speller	*Miss Heck*	6164
The Kinvad Bridge	*Hillyer*	6165
The Passing of the Nineteenth Century	*Hillyer*	6166
Fruition	*Hubner*	6167
To a Mocking Bird	*Hubner*	6168
When She Comes	*Humphries*	6168
Grandma's Slippers	*Mrs. Hunt*	6169
El Dorado	*Kendall*	6170
'Lone With God	*Lewis*	6172
Longing for Texas	*Lewis*	6173
Pocahontas	*Littleton*	6174
Victory	*Littleton*	6175
The Old North State	*Mrs. Martin*	6177
The Passing of the Brave	*Miss Matthews*	6178
In Kentucky	*Mulligan*	6180
Last Interview Between Hector and Andromache	*Munford*	6182
The Martin's Song	*Muse*	6183
The Bards	*Overall*	6183
At Nightfall	*Phelps*	6186
Absence	*Rule*	6187
Constancy	*Rule*	6187
The Mother's Song	*Smith*	6188
The Overthrow of Satan	*Van Noppen*	6189
The Birds and Their False Lovers	*Wightman*	6192
Old Dan Tuckuh	*Wightman*	6192
Omens	*Wightman*	6193
Nature	*Miss Withers*	6194
Evening	*Wormley*	6194

PROSE SELECTIONS 6195

The Growing South — *Alderman* — 6197
The Oratory of Anglo-Saxon Countries — *Allen* — 6219
Wit, Humor, and Anecdote — *Clark* — 6225
George Washington — *Daniel* — 6238
Le Tombeau Blanc — *Dimitry* — 6242
The National Element in Southern Literature — *Henneman* — 6273
Cousin Sally Dillard — *Jones* — 6293
The Duluth Speech — *Knott* — 6296
The Blacksmith of the Mountain Pass — *Lamar* — 6308
The Father of His Country — *Lee* — 6317
Chivalry — *Morinière* — 6318
The Old-Time Slave — *Smith* — 6325
A Storm off the Bermudas — *Strachey* — 6328

ANECDOTES CONCERNING NOTED MEN . . . 6333

Allen, John 6335
Arp, Bill 6336
Benton, Thomas H. 6337
Bleckley, Logan E. 6338
Clay, Henry 6339
Haskell, William T. 6341
Henry, Patrick 6341
Herman, Peter L. 6343
Jackson, Andrew 6344
Jones, Sam P. 6346
Knott, J. Proctor 6348
Lee, Fitz Hugh 6349
Marshall, Thomas F. 6349
Prentice, George Denison 6351
Stephens, Alexander H. 6354
Toombs, Robert 6355
Underwood, William H. 6355
Vance, Zebulon Baird 6356
Watterson, Henry 6360

LETTERS 6361

"Agnes" to Mrs. Roger A. Pryor 6363
"Agnes" to Mrs. Roger A. Pryor 6365
Judah P. Benjamin to Mrs. Kruttschnitt 6368
Judah P. Benjamin to Miss Benjamin 6371
Thomas Hart Benton to James P. Preston 6373
Jefferson Davis to President Franklin Pierce 6374
Lafcadio Hearn to Elizabeth Bisland 6375
Stonewall Jackson to Mrs. Jackson 6377

PAGE

Stonewall Jackson to Rev. William S. White 6377
Thomas Jefferson to Roger C. Weightman 6378
L. Q. C. Lamar to the Vicksburg Committee 6379
Sidney Lanier to Mrs. Lanier 6384
Robert E. Lee to George W. Jones 6387
Dolly Madison to Her Niece, Mary Cutts 6388
Edgar Allan Poe to F. W. Thomas 6390
Seargent Smith Prentiss to William Wordsworth 6391
Margaret Junkin Preston to Mrs. Paul Hamilton Hayne 6394
Margaret Junkin Preston to Paul Hamilton Hayne 6395
John Randolph to Mr. T. B. Dudley 6396
John Rolph to Sir Thomas Dale 6398
William Gilmore Simms to Edgar Allan Poe 6402
Dr. J. Marion Sims to Mrs. Sims 6405
Captain John Smith to Queen Anne 6407
Henry Timrod to Paul Hamilton Hayne 6409
Robert Toombs to Mrs. Toombs 6411
William Barret Travis to the People of Texas 6412
George Washington to Dr. John Cochran 6413
Zebulon Baird Vance to the New York World 6414

EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS 6415

Alamo 6417
Allen, Henry Watkins 6417
Anthonio, Manuel 6418
Bacon, Nathaniel 6418
Battle Monument 6420
Boner, John Henry 6422
Byrd, Evelyn 6422
Byrd, William 6423
Bridge, Captain John 6423
Caldwell, Joseph 6424
Clay, Henry 6425
Clough, George Augustus 6425
Confederate Monument, Augusta, Georgia 6426
Confederate Monument, Columbia, South Carolina 6427
Confederate Monument, Jackson, Mississippi 6428
Confederate Monument, Knoxville, Tennessee 6429
Confederate Monument, Pensacola, Florida 6430
Confederate Monument, Richmond, Virginia 6431
Curry, J. L. M. 6432
Dare, Virginia 6432
Davie, William R. 6433
Davis, Jefferson 6434
Davis, Varina Howell 6435
Davis, Varina Anne 6436

PAGE

Davis, Sam 6437
Elford, James Maud 6438
Elford, Mrs. James Maud 6439
Grady, Henry W. 6439
Harnett, Cornelius 6440
Hayne, Robert Y. 6441
Hill, Benjamin Harvey 6442
Jackson, Mrs. Andrew 6443
Jackson, Thomas J. 6444
Jefferson, Thomas 6444
Johnston, Albert Sidney 6445
Jones, Solomon 6446
Kentucky Monument 6446
Lee, Robert E. 6447
Lewis, Meriwether 6447
Martin, David 6448
Massey, Charlotte 6448
Maury, Matthew Fontaine 6449
McGuire, Hunter Holmes 6449
Mossom, David 6450
Negro Slaves 6451
Old Blandford Church 6452
Pendleton, William Nelson 6453
Petigru, James Louis 6454
Pickett, George E. 6455
Pinckney, Charles Cotesworth 6456
Pitt, William 6457
Robbins, William Henry 6458
Roxas, Andres Almonester Y 6458
Singleton, John and Family 6459
Smith, Charles H. 6460
Smith, William 6460
Stuart, J. E. B. 6462
Talbird, Harry 6463
Townsend, Mary Ashley 6464
Turner, Mrs. Kenneth Happuch 6464
Valentine, James E. 6465
Valk, Maria A. 6465
Van Lew, Elizabeth L. 6466
Washington, George 6466
Washington, George 6467
Watson, John and Wife 6468
Wilde, Richard Henry 6468

QUOTATIONS AND NOTABLE SAYINGS 6469

BIBLIOGRAPHY 6547

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Charles Alphonso Smith . . . . . Frontispiece

General Robert E. Lee's Recumbent Statue at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia . . . . . Facing page 6387

Battle Monument at Frankfort, Kentucky . Facing page 6420

Model of the Monument to the Women of the Confederacy, Designed by Miss Belle Kinney . . . . . Facing page 6426

Virginia Dare Monument at Roanoke Island Facing page 6432

FUGITIVE AND ANONYMOUS POEMS

The Southern States have contributed a large number of poems that belong under this head. In the case of anonymous poems and poems of disputed authorship, efforts have been made to ascertain the real facts and to present them impartially. No poem written by an author already represented in the preceding volumes has been admitted into this volume. The reader will not make the mistake, therefore, of expecting to find in this section of Volume XIV all or even a majority of the fugitive poems that the South has produced. The authors of such poems were frequently better known as prose writers than as poets and are represented, therefore, in Volumes I to XIII.

FUGITIVE AND ANONYMOUS POEMS

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT

By THADDEUS OLIVER

["The authorship of this poem," says Mr. Rossiter Johnson, in his 'Famous Single and Fugitive Poems,' "has been disputed, but there is now no reason to doubt that it belongs to Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers, who resided in Orange, New Jersey, and died October 10, 1879." The authorship has also been claimed for Lamar Fontaine, of Texas. The evidence seems conclusive, however, for Thaddeus Oliver, of Twiggs County, Georgia. The poem was first published unsigned on October 21, 1861, "in a Northern newspaper." In *Harper's Weekly*, of November 30, 1861, it reappeared with Mrs. Beers's initials attached. Mr. Oliver, however, wrote the poem in August, 1861, and read it to several friends in camp with him in Virginia. In a letter dated "Camp 2d. Ga. Regt. near Centreville, Va., October 3, 1861," Mr. John D. Ashton of Georgia, writing to his wife, says: "Upon my arrival at home, should I be so fortunate as to obtain the hoped for furlough, I will read you the touching and beautiful poem mentioned in my letter of last week, 'All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night,' written by my girlishly modest friend, Thaddeus Oliver, of the Buena Vista Guards." See also the 'Southern Historical Society Papers,' Volume VIII.]

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

THE BOATMAN'S SONG

By GENERAL WILLIAM ORLANDO BUTLER.

[General Lew Wallace, in his recently published Autobiography, mentions this as one of his favorite poems. A life of General Butler (1793-1880), "the Kentucky soldier-poet," was written by Francis Preston Blair, Sr., in 1848, the year in which General Butler was a democratic candidate for Vice-President.]

O boatman! wind that horn again,
For never did the listening air
Upon its ambient bosom bear
So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain!
What tho' thy notes are sad and few,
By every simple boatman blown,
Yet is each pulse to nature true,
And melody in every tone.
How oft in boyhood's joyous day,
Unmindful of the lapsing hours,

I've loitered on my homeward way
By wild Ohio's bank of flowers;
While some lone boatman from the deck
Poured his soft numbers to the tide,
As if to charm from storm and wreck
The boat where all his fortunes ride.

Delighted, Nature drank the sound,
Enchanted, Echo bore it round,
In whispers soft and softer still,
From hill to plain and plain to hill,
Till e'en the thoughtless frolic boy,
Elate with hope and wild with joy,
Who gambolled by the river's side
And sported with the fretting tide,
Feels something new pervade his breast,
Change his light steps, repress his jest,
Bends o'er the flood his eager ear,
To catch the sounds far off, yet dear—
Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not why
The tear of rapture fills his eye.
And can he now, to manhood grown,
Tell why those notes, so simple and lone,
As on the ravished ear they fell,
Bound every sense in magic spell?
There is a tide of feeling given
To all on earth—its fountain, heaven—
Beginning with the dewy flower
Just ope'd in Flora's vernal bower,
Rising creation's orders through,
With louder murmur, brighter hue.
'Tis sympathy. Its ebb and flow
Give life its hue, its joy, and woe.
Music, the spirit that can move
Its waves to war or lull to love,
Can cheer the sailor mid the wave,
And bid the warrior dare the grave,
Inspire the pilgrim on the road,
And fire his soul to claim his God.

Then, boatman, wind that horn again;
Though much of sorrow mark its strain,
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear;
What tho' they wake fond memory's tear?
Tears are sad memory's sacred feast,
And rapture oft her chosen guest.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG

By HARRY McCARTHY

[Like "Dixie," this famous song originated in the theater and first became popular in New Orleans. The tune was borrowed from "The Irish Jaunting Car," a popular Hibernian air. Harry McCarthy was an Irishman who enlisted in the Confederate Army from Arkansas. The song was written in 1861. It was published by A. E. Blackmar who declared that General Ben Butler "made it very profitable by fining every man, woman, or child who sang, whistled, or played it on any instrument, $25." Blackmar was arrested, his music destroyed, and a fine of $500 imposed upon him.]

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty, with treasure, blood, and toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far:
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brethren kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. [CHORUS.]

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. [CHORUS.]

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right,
Texas and fair Louisiana, join us in the fight:
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. [CHORUS.]

And here's to brave Virginia! The Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. [CHORUS.]

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given—
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven. [CHORUS.]

Then, here's to our Confederacy; strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer—
So cheer again for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gained the Eleventh Star.

THE BOY SOLDIER

By A LADY OF SAVANNAH

He is acting o'er the battle,
With his cap and feather gay,
Singing out his soldier-prattle,
In a mockish, manly way—
With the boldest, bravest footstep,
Treading firmly up and down,
And his banner waving softly,
O'er his boyish locks of brown.

And I sit beside him sewing,
With a busy heart and hand,
For the gallant soldier's going
To the far-off battle land—
And I gaze upon my jewel,
In his baby spirit bold,
My little blue-eyed soldier,
Just a second summer old.

Still a deep, deep well of feeling,
In my mother's heart is stirred,
And the tears come softly stealing
At each imitative word!
There's a struggle in my bosom,
For I love my darling boy—
He's the gladness of my spirit,
He's the sunlight of my joy!
Yet I think upon my country,
And my spirit groweth bold—
Oh! I wish my blue-eyed soldier
Were but twenty summers old!

I would speed him to the battle—
I would arm him for the fight;
I would give him to his country,
For his country's wrong and right!
I would nerve his hand with blessing
From the "God of battles" won—
With His helmet and His armor
I would cover o'er my son.

Oh! I know there'd be a struggle,
For I love my darling boy;
He's the gladness of my spirit,
He's the sunlight of my joy!
Yet in thinking of my country,
Oh! my spirit groweth bold,
And I wish my blue-eyed soldier
Were but twenty summers old!

"THE BRIGADE MUST NOT KNOW, SIR!"

[The first three stanzas of this anonymous poem have reference to the scene of the wounding of Jackson; the last three relate to the burial. The poem is dated 1863.]

"Who've ye got there?" "Only a dying brother,
Hurt in the front just now."
"Good boy! he'll do. Somebody tell his mother
Where he was killed, and how."

"Whom have you there?" "A crippled courier, Major,
Shot by mistake, we hear;
He was with Stonewall." "Cruel work they've made here;
Quick with him to the rear!"

"Well, who comes next?" "Doctor, speak low, speak low, sir:
Don't let the men find out!
It's STONEWALL!" "God!" "The brigade must not know, sir,
While there is a foe about!"

Whom have we here—shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a martyr's charm?
A grand dead hero, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm:

The heart whereon his cause hung—see how clingeth
That banner to his bier!
The arm wherewith his cause struck—hark! how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear!

What have we left? His glorious inspiration,
His prayers in council met;
Living, he laid the first stones of a nation;
And dead, he builds it yet.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

[This poem seems to have appeared first in the *Metropolitan Record*. Neither its date nor its author is known. Professor A. W. Long, in his 'American Poems, 1776-1900' (pp. 358-359), compares it interestingly with "The Conquered Banner" by Father Ryan: "Although lacking both the passionate and musical qualities of Father Ryan's poem, this anonymous lament has more dignity and restraint; but the feeling is none the less sincere. Both poems, it is to be noted, accept the outcome of the war calmly and regard it as final—accept it without bitterness, but with pride for gallant deeds and sorrow for the dead."]

No more o'er human hearts to wave,
Its tattered folds forever furled:
We laid it in an honored grave,
And left its memories to the world.

The agony of long, long years,
May, in a moment, be compressed,
And with a grief too deep for tears,
A heart may be oppressed.

Oh! there are those who die too late
For faith in God, and Right, and Truth—
The cold mechanic grasp of Fate
Hath crushed the roses of their youth.

More blessèd are the dead who fell
Beneath it in unfaltering trust,
Than we, who loved it passing well,
Yet lived to see it trailed in dust.

It hath no future which endears,
And this farewell shall be our last:
Embalm it in a nation's tears,
And consecrate it to the past!

To mouldering hands that to it clung,
And flaunted it in hostile faces,
To pulseless arms that round it flung,
The terror of their last embraces—

To our dead heroes—to the hearts
That thrill no more to love or glory,
To those who acted well their parts,
Who died in youth and live in glory—

With tears forever be it told,
  Until oblivion covers all:
Until the heavens themselves wear old,
  And totter slowly to their fall.

A CONFEDERATE NOTE

[The authorship of this unique poem is still in doubt. In the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., there is a Confederate note with these lines inscribed upon it and signed by Miss M. J. Turner of North Carolina. There is no proof, however, that this is the original copy. The authorship has been ascribed also to Mrs. R. E. Lytle of Louisville, Kentucky, and to Major S. A. Jonas of Aberdeen, Mississippi. The probabilities favor the latter. It is to be hoped that the republication of the poem in 'The Library of Southern Literature' will lead to a new investigation and final settlement of the question of authorship.]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
  And naught in the water below it—
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
  Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear,
  To the tale that this trifle will tell
Of liberty born of a patriot's dreams,
  Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
  And too much of a stranger to borrow,
She issued to-day her promise to pay,
  And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
  Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a "promise" to pay,
  And each patriot soldier believed it.

Keep it—it tells our history o'er,
  From the birth of the dream to the last—
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
  Like our hope of success, it passed!

DIXIE

By DAN D. EMMETT

[The origin of the name is still in doubt. Three theories have been proposed. First, that the name is in some way related to the Dixon of Mason and Dixon's Line. Second, that a New Jersey farmer, named Dixie, employed negro labor on his estate which soon became a miniature Southland, the words "Dixie Land" referring at first to his plantation. The third and more probable conjecture relates the name to the famous Citizens' Bank of Louisiana. Twenty years before the Civil War this bank was the great financial institution of the Lower South. Its best known issue was a ten dollar note with the French word "Dix" engraved upon it. These bills were termed "Dixies," and, as they were known in all the States, people began to speak of the South as Dixie's Land or Dixie Land.

Whatever the origin of the name, the song spread from New Orleans through the South, just as "John Brown's Body" spread from Boston through the North. The words were written by Mr. Dan D. Emmett for Bryant's Minstrels in 1859. The "walk-around" was popular in New York but did not become the Marseillaise of the South until it was sung by Mrs. John Wood in the fall of 1860 in New Orleans. The following is the original version of Emmett.]

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land,
In Dixie land, whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land,

CHORUS:

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray, hooray,
In Dixie land I'll take my stand
To lib an' die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Ole missus marry Will-de-weaber,
William was a gay deceaber,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
[CHORUS.]

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat it did not seem to greab 'er,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
[CHORUS.]

Dere's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabbel,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
[CHORUS.]

DIXIE

BY MRS. FANNIE MURDAUGH DOWNING

[Mrs. Downing was born in Virginia in 1835 and died in 1894. She was the author of many poems, "Dixie" being the best known.]

Created by a nation's glee,
With jest and song and revelry,
We sang it in our early pride
Throughout our Southern borders wide;
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise in one glorious shout,
  "To live or die for Dixie!"

How well that promise was redeemed
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed,
Victorious like the crest of Mars,
The banner of the Cross and Stars;
The cannon lay our warriors low,
We fill the ranks and onward go
  "To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie! Oh, how blessed
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor knew the future's awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself; and so laid down
The cross of earth for glory's crown
  And nobly died for Dixie.

To live for Dixie! Harder part!
To stay the hand, to still the heart,
To seal the lips, enshroud the past,
To have no future—all o'ercast;

To knit life's broken threads again,
And keep her mem'ry pure from stain,
  This is to live for Dixie!

Belovèd land! Belovèd song!
Your thrilling power shall last as long,
Enshrined within each Southern soul,
As Time's eternal ages roll:
Made holier by the test of years,
Baptizèd with our country's tears,—
  God and the right for Dixie!

A LAMENT FOR DIXIE

By ALBERT PIKE

[General Albert Pike's "Dixie," reproduced in Volume IX of 'The Library of Southern Literature,' though not so popular as a song is better known in anthologies of American verse than Emmett's lines. It is not an attempt to supplant the older version but to write an entirely new version and one that would better advance the cause of the South in the early sixties. The following poem was written by General Pike in 1868.]

Southrons, conquered, subjugated,
Mourn your country devastated!
  Mourn for hapless, hopeless Dixie!
Homes once happy, desolated,
Church and altar desecrated;
  Mourn for fallen, ruined Dixie!

CHORUS:

Lament the fall of Dixie!
  Alas! Alas!
On Dixie's land we'll sadly stand,
  And live or die for Dixie,
    Endure! Endure!
  All ills endure for Dixie!
    Endure! Endure!
  All ills endure for Dixie!

Mourn your dead whose bones lie bleaching,
Courage to the living teaching;
  Wail, but still be proud for Dixie!

Mourn your Southland, crushed and trampled,
Bearing sorrows unexampled;
Wail, but still be proud for Dixie! [CHORUS.]

Prey despoiled and victim bleeding,
Not to man for mercy pleading,
Unto God alone cries Dixie:
Cross of anguish bravely bearing,
Crown of thorns submissive wearing,
Patient and resigned is Dixie. [CHORUS.]

All our States lie fainting, dying,
Each to each with sobs replying,
Each still loving, honoring Dixie:
By the accurst scourge lacerated,
By her freed slaves ruled and hated,
She is still our own dear Dixie. [CHORUS.]

Dear to us our conquered banners,
Greeted once with loud hosannas;
Dear the tattered flag of Dixie;
Dear the field of Honor glorious,
Where, defeated or victorious,
Sleep the immortal Dead of Dixie. [CHORUS.]

Conquered, we are not degraded,
Southern laurels have not faded;
Mourn, but not in shame, for Dixie!
Deck your heroes' graves with garlands,
Till the echo comes from far lands,
"Honor to the dead of Dixie!" [CHORUS.]

All is not yet lost unto us—
Baseness only can undo us;
Mourn—you cannot blush—for Dixie!
Kneeling at your country's altar,
Swear your children not to falter,
Till the right shall rule in Dixie. [CHORUS.]

If her fate be sealed, we'll share it;
By our shroudless dead we swear it;
  Ours the life or death of Dixie!
By her Past's all-glorious story,
By her loyal Martyrs' glory,
  We will live or die with Dixie! [CHORUS.]

Shall there to our Night of Sorrow
Be no glad and bright To-morrow?
  Is hope, even, lost to Dixie?—
Every dark night has its morning,
Long, though, oft, delayed its dawning:
  Wait! be patient! pray for Dixie!

CHORUS:

Hope for dawn for Dixie!
  Endure! Endure!
On Dixie's land we'll fearless stand,
  And hope and pray for Dixie.
    Endure! Endure!
  All ills endure for Dixie!
    Endure! Endure!
  All ills endure for Dixie!

ON CHANGING THE WORDS OF DIXIE

By MINNA IRVING

[Many attempts have been made to popularize new versions of "Dixie," but the associations of the old song are too strong. Almost the only change commonly made is the insertion of the words by Will S. Hays, the song writer of Kentucky:

"Look away down South in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom."

A proposition to write new words for Dixie occasioned a determined protest a few years ago from the Missouri State Encampment. Hearing of this, Miss Minna Irving, of Tennessee, wrote the following lines.]

What! change the words of Dixie,
  The good old song we sang
When leaden bullets marked the time,
  And silver bugles rang?
The lines that find an echo
  In every Southern heart,
The strains that melt our very souls
  Until the tear-drops start?

You might as well make over,
  In something strange and new,
The prayer we lisped at mother's knee
  When fell the evening dew.
The moth to dust and powder
  Has turned the coat of gray,
But Dixie lives on every lip,
  The Southern Marseillaise.

"Away down South in Dixie!"
  Calls up a vision bright
Of moonlight where the Suwanee flows,
  And cotton fields by night;
And rows of tall palmettos
  Against the starlit sky;
And, Oh! to live in Dixie land,
  In Dixie land to die!

Beneath the starry ensign
  That high above our heads
Its splendor to the morning breeze
  In fadeless beauty spreads:
The banner from whose glories
  The South no more shall sever,
I take my stand in Dixie land,
  For Dixie's word forever.

THE NEW DIXIE

By MARIE LOUISE EVE

[No study of the versions of "Dixie" would be complete that did not include "The New Dixie" by Miss Marie Louise Eve. It deserves a wider recognition than it has yet received. Miss Eve was born in Augusta, Georgia, in 1848. In 1879 she won a prize of a hundred dollars for her poem, "Conquered at Last," which was written to express the gratitude of the South for the aid so generously extended by the North in the yellow fever epidemic of 1878.]

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom;
  Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
Her scenes shall fade from my memory never;
For Dixie's land hurrah forever;
  Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.

CHORUS:

I wish I was in Dixie;
Away, away;
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie.
Away, away,
Away down South in Dixie.

Her lot may be hard, her skies may darken;
To Dixie's voice we'll ever hearken;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
The coward may shirk, the wretch go whining,
But we'll be true till the sun stops shining,
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
[CHORUS.]

By foes begirt and friends forsaken,
The faith of her sons is still unshaken;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
For Dixie's land and Dixie's nation,
We'll stand and fight the whole creation;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
[CHORUS.]

The Dixie girls wear homespun cotton,
But their winning smiles I've not forgotten;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
They've won my heart and naught surpasses
My love for the bright-eyed Dixie lasses;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
[CHORUS.]

Then up with the flag that leads to glory;
A thousand years 'twill live in story;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
The Southron's pride, the foeman's wonder,
The flag that the Dixie boys march under;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.

CHORUS:

I'll give my life for Dixie;
Away, away;
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die for Dixie.
Away, away,
Away down South in Dixie.

HATTERAS

By JOSEPH W. HOLDEN

[These lines were included by Longfellow in his edition of 'Poems of Places' (1876-1879). The author, Joseph W. Holden, a son of Governor William W. Holden, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1844. He was a student at the University of North Carolina for a short time, a Confederate soldier, Mayor of Raleigh, and Speaker of the House of Representatives. He died in 1874.]

The Wind King from the North came down
Nor stopped by river, mount or town;
But, like a boisterous god at play,
Resistless, bounding on his way,
He shook the lake and tore the wood,
And flapped his wings in merry mood;
Nor furled them till he spied afar
The white caps flash on Hatteras Bar,
Where fierce Atlantic landward bowls,
O'er treacherous sands and hidden shoals.

He paused, then wreathed his horn of cloud,
And blew defiance long and loud:—
"Come up, come up, thou torrid god
That rulest the Southern sea!
Ho! lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
Come, wrestle here with me!
As tossest thou the tangled cane,
I'll hurl thee o'er the boiling main!"

The angry heavens hung dark and still,
Like Arctic night on Hecla's hill;
The mermaids sporting on the waves,
Affrighted, fled to coral caves;

The billow checked its curling crest,
And trembling, sank to sudden rest;
All ocean stilled its heaving breast.

Reflected darkness weird and dread,
An inky plain the waters spread—
So motionless, since life was fled.
Amid this elemental lull,
When nature died, and death lay dull—
  As though itself was sleeping there—
Becalmed upon that dismal flood,
Ten fated vessels idly stood,
  And not a timber creaked!
Dim silence held each hollow hull,
Save when some sailor in that night,
  Oppressed with darkness and despair,
Some seaman, groping for the light,
  Rose up and shrieked!

They cried like children lost and lorn,
"O Lord deliver while you may!
Sweet Jesus, drive this gloom away!
Forever fled, O lovely day!
I would that I were never born!"
For stoutest souls were terror-thrilled,
And warmest hearts with horror chilled.

"Come up, come up, thou torrid god,
Thou lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
And wrestle here with me!"
'T was heard and answered: "Lo! I come from azure
    Carribee,
To drive thee cowering to thy home,
And melt its walls of frozen foam!"
From every isle and mountain dell,
From plains of pathless chaparral,
From tide-built bars, where sea birds dwell,
He drew his lurid legions forth,
And sprang to meet the white-plumed North.

Can mortal tongue in song convey
The fury of that fatal fray?
How ships were splintered at a blow,
Sails shivered into shreds of snow,
And seamen hurled to death below!
Two gods commingling bolt and blast,
The huge waves at each other cast,
And bellowed o'er the raging waste;
Then sped like harnessed steeds afar
That drag a shattered battle-car
Amid the midnight din of war!

False Hatteras, when the cyclone came,
Thy waves leapt up with hoarse acclaim,
And ran and wrecked yon argosy!
Fore'er nine sank! That lone hulk stands
Embedded in thy yellow sands.

A hundred hearts in death are stilled,
And yet its ribs, with corpses filled,
Are now caressed by thee!
Smile on, smile on, thou watery hell,
And toss those skulls upon thy shore;
The sailor's widow knows thee well;
His children beg from door to door,
And shiver while they strive to tell
How thou hast robbed the wretched poor!

Yon lipless skull shall speak for me:
"This is Golgotha of the sea,
And its keen hunger is the same
In winter's frost or summer flame.
When life was young—adventure sweet—
I came with Walter Raleigh's fleet,
But here my scattered bones have lain
And bleached for ages by the main.
Though lonely once, strange folk have come,
Till peopled is my barren home.

"Enough are here. O heed the cry,
Ye white-winged strangers sailing by!
The bark that lingers on this wave
Will find its smiling but a grave.
Then, tardy mariner, turn and flee;
A myriad wrecks are on thy lee!
With swelling sail and sloping mast,
Accept kind Heaven's propitious blast!
Oh, ship, sail on! Oh, ship, sail fast,
Until, Golgotha's quicksands passed,
Thou gainest the open sea at last!"

"I'M CONSCRIPTED, SMITH, CONSCRIPTED"

By ALBERT ROBERTS

[Albert Roberts, whose pseudonym was "John Happy," was formerly president of the American Newspaper and Publishing Company, of Nashville, Tennessee. "Twenty years ago," said Colonel Watterson in 1882, "he was the liveliest of the young journalists of the South; and did more to brighten the camp-fires of both armies than any of his contemporaries." The poem is, of course, a parody, and a very clever one, of General William Haines Lytle's "Antony and Cleopatra."]

I'm conscripted, Smith, conscripted.
Ebb the subterfuges fast,
And the sub-enrolling marshals
Gather with the evening blast.
Let thine arms, O! Smith, support me,
Hush your gab and close your ear,
Conscript-grabbers close upon you,
Hunting for you—far and near.

Though my scarred, rheumatic "trotters"
Bear me limping short no more,
And my shattered constitution
Won't exempt me as before;
Though the Provost Guard surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must to the "front" to perish,
Die the great conscripted still.

Let not the seizer's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low!
'Twas no fancy drink that "slewed" him—
  Whiskey straight-out struck the blow.
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Ere he's hurried quite away,
He, who, drunk with bust-head whiskey,
  Madly threw himself away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble
  Dare assail me as I roam,
Seek my noble squaw Octavia,
  Weeping in her widowed home;
Seek her, say the guards have got me
  Under their protecting wings,
Going to make me join the army,
  Where the shell and Minie sings.

I'm conscripted, Smith—conscripted—
  Hark! you hear that grabber's cry—
Run, old Smith, my boy, they'll catch you!
  Take you to the front to die.
Fare thee well! I go to battle,
  There to die, decay, and swell;
Lockhart and Dick Taylor guard thee,
  Sweet Octavia—Smith!—farewell!

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO

[This poem has been described as "a wind-driven waif upon the great sea of American newspapers." It has been the subject of numerous newspaper controversies, the authorship being ascribed with equal confidence to Philo Henderson, of North Carolina, and to Benjamin Franklin Taylor, of Lowville, N.Y.].

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River of Time,
  As it flows through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broad'ning sweep and a surge sublime
  As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
With the summers like buds between;
And the years in their sheaves—how they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the River of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
There's a song as sweet as a vesper chime—
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—Oh, we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There's a fragment of song that nobody sings,
And part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the fragrance she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be that beautiful isle
All the day of our life until night,
And when evening comes with her beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of souls be in sight!

THE JACKET OF GRAY

By MRS. CAROLINE A. BALL

[The author of these popular lines was a native of South Carolina. Her poem was first published in 'The Jacket of Gray, and Other Fugitive Poems,' Charleston, 1866.]

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside;
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier-boy wore.

Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band
That rose in defence of our dear southern land,
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it—the jacket of gray?

His fond mother blessed him, and looked up above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was hers mortal tongue can not say;
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of gray.

Months passed, and war's thunders rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword, and lighted the brand;
We heard in the distance the sounds of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah vain, all in vain were our prayers and our tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured one on the red battle-field lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of gray.

His young comrades found him and tenderly bore
The cold lifeless form to his home by the shore;
Oh, dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah! spotted and tattered and stained now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so proudly wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robe the jacket of gray.

We laid him to rest in his cold narrow bed,
And graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest tribute our sad hearts could pay—
"He never disgraced the jacket of gray."

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier-boy wore.

A KENTUCKIAN KNEELS TO NONE BUT GOD

By MRS. MORGAN L. BETTS

[Colonel William Logan Crittenden, of Kentucky, was executed by the Cubans, August 16, 1851. As the leader of his band he was shot first, but refused to kneel, saying, "A Kentuckian kneels to none except his God, and always dies facing the enemy." Mrs. Betts's lines were first published in *The Maysville Flag*, of Maysville, Kentucky. They have been republished in Collins's 'History of Kentucky' (1882), Mrs. Fannie Porter Dickey's 'Blades o' Bluegrass' (1892), A. C. Quisenberry's 'Lopez's Expedition to Cuba, 1850-1851' (1906), and John Wilson Townsend's 'Kentuckians in History and Literature' (1907). "Although not the best poem of this forgotten Kentucky singer," says Mr. Townsend, "it is the most popular one, and upon it her fame will rest."]

Ah! tyrants forge your chains at will—
  Nay! gall this flesh of mine:
Yet, thought is free, unfettered still,
  And will not yield to thine!
Take, take the life that Heaven gave,
  And let my heart's blood stain thy sod.
But know ye not Kentucky's brave
  Will kneel to none but God?

You've quenched fair freedom's sunny light,
  Her music tones have stilled,
And with a deep and darkened blight,
  The trusting heart have filled!
Then do you think that I will kneel
  Where such as you have trod?
Nay! point your cold and threatening steel—
  I'll kneel to none but God.

As summer breezes lightly rest
  Upon a quiet river,
And gently on its sleeping breast
  The moonbeams softly quiver—
Sweet thoughts of home light up my brow
  When goaded with the rod;
Yet, these cannot unman me now—
  I'll kneel to none but God.

And tho' a sad and mournful tone
  Is coldly sweeping by;
And dreams of bliss forever flown
  Have dimmed with tears mine eye—
Yet, mine's a heart unyielding still—
  Heap on my breast the clod;
My soaring spirit scorns thy will—
  I'll kneel to none but God.

LAFAYETTE

By DOLLY MADISON

[This sonnet has been recently discovered. It is reproduced in Burton Egbert Stevenson's 'Poems of American History.' Boston, 1908.]

Born, nurtured, wedded, prized, within the pale
  Of peers and princes, high in camp—at court—
  He hears, in joyous youth, a wild report,
Swelling the murmurs of the Western gale,
Of a young people struggling to be free!
  Straight quitting all, across the wave he flies,
  Aids with his sword, wealth, blood, the high emprize!
And shares the glories of its victory.
  Then comes for fifty years a high romance
Of toils, reverses, sufferings, in the cause
  Of man and justice, liberty and France,
Crowned, at the last, with hope and wide applause.
  Champion of Freedom! Well thy race was run!
  All time shall hail thee, *Europe's noblest Son!*

LORENA

[The author of this song was not a Southerner, but few songs are more intimately associated with Confederate camp life. See the history of "Lorena" in *Bob Taylor's Magazine,* June, 1906.]

The years creep slowly by, Lorena;
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena;
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh;
Oh! the sun can never dip so low
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine,
A hundred months—'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chimed.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our loving prospered well!
But then, 'tis past; the years have gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, Lost years, sleep on,
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms.

The story of the past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat;
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause e'en one regret
To rankle in your bosom now—
"For if we try we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena—
They are within my memory yet—
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not the woman's heart which spoke—
Thy heart was always true to me;
A duty stern and piercing broke
The tie that linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in the eternal past;
Our hearts will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future, oh, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part—
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

By STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

[No collection of poems reflecting Southern life and sentiment would be complete without at least one selection from Stephen Collins Foster. He was born in Lawrenceburg, now a part of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1826, and died January 13, 1864. "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home" (or "Swanee River"), "Old Black Joe," and "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground" are treasured in the memory and sung by thousands in the South who know nothing of the author. A handsome monument has been erected to Mr. Foster in Louisville, Kentucky.]

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door:
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

MORGAN'S WAR SONG

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BASIL W. DUKE

[About July 1, 1862.]

Ye sons of the South take your weapons in hand,
For the foot of the foe hath insulted your land,
Sound, sound the loud alarm!
Arise, arise and arm!
Let the hand of each freeman grasp the sword to maintain
Those rights which once lost he can never regain,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

See ye not those strange clouds which now darken the sky?
Hear ye not that stern thunder now bursting so nigh?
Shout, shout your battle cry!
Win, win this fight or die!
To your country devote every life that she gave
Let the land they invade give their armies a grave,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

From our far Southern shores now arises a prayer
'Tis the cry of our women fills with anguish the air,
Oh! list that pleading voice!
Each youth now make his choice!
Now tamely submit like the coward and slave
Or rise and resist like the free and the brave,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

Though their plunder-paid hordes come to ravage our land,
Give our fields to the spoiler, our homes to the brand,
Our souls are all aglow!
To face the hireling foe!
Give the robber to know that we never will yield.
While the arm of one Southron a weapon can wield,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

On our hearts, and our cause, and our God we rely,
And a nation shall rise or a people shall die,
Form, form the serried line!
Advance our proved ensign!
What our fathers achieved, our own valor can keep,
And we'll save our fair land or we'll sleep our last sleep,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.
. . . . . .

Kentucky, Kentucky, can you suffer the sight
Of your sisters insulted, your friends in the fight?
Awake, be free again!
Oh, break the tyrant's chain!

Draw the sword you once drew but to strike for the right
From the homes of your fathers drive the dastards in flight,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

NEWES FROM VIRGINIA

By RICHARD RICH

[This poem was published in England, in 1610, under the title of "Newes from Virginia: The Lost Flocke Triumphant, with the Happy Arrival of that Famous and Worthy Knight, Sir Thomas Gates, and the Well Reputed and Valiant Captaine, Mr. Christopher Newporte, and Others, into England." The original is in the Huth Library, London, and is adorned with the woodcut of a ship.]

It is no idle fabulous tale, nor is it fayned newes:
For Truth herself is heere arriv'd, because you should not muse.
With her both Gates and Newport come, to tell Report doth lye,
Which did divulge unto the world that they at sea did dye.

Tis true that eleaven months and more, these gallant worthy wights
Were in the shippe Sea-venture nam'd depriv'd Virginia's sight.
And bravely did they glide the maine, till Neptune gan to frowne,
As if a courser prowdly backt would throwe his ryder downe.

The seas did rage, the windes did blowe, distressèd were they then
Their ship did leake, her tacklings breake, in danger were her men.
But heaven was pylotte in that storme, and to an iland nere,
Bermoothawes call'd, conducted them, which did abate their feare.

But yet these worthies forcèd were, opprest with weather againe,
To runne their ship betweene two rockes, where she doth still remaine.
And then on shore the iland came, inhabited by hogges,
Some foule and tortoyses there were, they only had one dogge.

To kill these swyne, to yield them foode that little had to eate,
Their store was spent, and all things scant, alas! they wanted meate.
A thousand hogges that dogge did kill, their hunger to sustaine,
And with such foode did in that ile two and forty weekes remaine.

And there two gallant pynases did build of seader-tree;
The brave Deliverance one was call'd, of seaventy tonne was shee.
The other Patience had to name, her burthen thirty tonne;
Two only of their men which there pale death did overcome.

And for the losse of these two soules, which were accounted deere,
A sonne and daughter then were borne, and were baptized there.
The two and forty weekes being past, they hoyst sayle and away;
Their ships with hogs well freighted were, their harts with mickle joy.

And so unto Virginia came, where these brave soldiers finde
The English-men opprest with griefe and discontent in minde.
They seem'd distracted and forlorne, for those two worthyes losse,
Yet at their home returne they joyd, among'st them some were crosse.

And in the mid'st of discontent came noble Delaware;
He heard the griefes on either part, and sett them free from care.
He comforts them and cheres their hearts, that they abound with joy;
He feedes them full and feedes their soules with God's word every day.

A discreet counsell he creates of men of worthy fame,
That noble Gates leiftenant was the admirall had to name.

The worthy Sir George Somers knight, and others of commaund;
Maister George Pearcy, which is brother unto Northumberland.

Sir Fardinando Wayneman knight, and others of good fame,
That noble lord his company, which to Virginia came,
And landed there; his number was one hundred seaventy; then
Ad to the rest, and they make full foure hundred able men.

Where they unto their labour fall, as men that meane to thrive;
Let's pray that heaven may blesse them all, and keep them long alive.
Those men that vagrants liv'd with us, have there deservèd well;
Their governour writes in their praise, as divers letters tel.

And to th' adventurers thus he writes be not dismayed at all,
For scandall cannot doe us wrong, God will not let us fall.
Let England knowe our willingnesse, for that our worke is goode;
Wee hope to plant a nation, where none before hath stood.

To glorifie the lord tis done, and to no other end;
He that would crosse so good a worke, to God can be no friend.
There is no feare of hunger here for corne much store here growes,
Much fish the gallant rivers yield, tis truth without suppose.

Great store of fowle, of venison, of grapes and mulberries,
Of chestnuts, walnuts, and such like, of fruits and strawberries,
There is indeed no want at all, but some, condiciond ill,
That wish the worke should not goe on, with words doe seeme to kill.

And for an instance of their store, the noble Delaware
Hath for the present hither sent, to testifie his care
In managing so good a worke, to gallant ships, by name
The Blessing and the Hercules, well fraught, and in the same

Two ships, are these commodities, furres, sturgeon, caviare,
Blacke walnut-tree, and some deale boords, with such they laden are;
Some pearle, some wainscot and clapbords, with some sassafras wood,
And iron promist, for tis true their mynes are very good.

Then, maugre scandall, false report, or any opposition,
Th' adventurers doe thus devulge to men of good condition,
That he that wants shall have reliefe, be he of honest minde,
Apparel, coyne, or any thing, to such they will be kinde.

To such as to Virginia do purpose to repaire;
And when that they shall hither come, each man shall have his share.
Day wages for the laborer, and for his more content,
A house and garden plot shall have; besides, tis further ment

That every man shall have a part, and not thereof denaid,
Of generall profit, as if that he twelve pounds ten shillings paid;
And he that in Virginia shall copper coyne receive,
For hyer or commodities, and will the country leave

Upon delivery of such coyne unto the Governour,
Shall by exchange at his returne be by their treasurer
Paid him in London at first sight, no man shall cause to grieve,
For tis their generall will and wish that every man should live.

The number of adventurers, that are for this plantation,
Are full eight hundred worthy men, some noble, all of fashion.
Good, discreete, their worke is good, and as they have begun,
May Heaven assist them in their worke, and thus our newes is done.

THE OLD CANOE

["While the authorship of this beautiful poem has been credited to General Pike, it has also been denied that he wrote it, and he himself is said to have stated that the honor did not belong to him but to a young lady, whose name has never been mentioned, to the knowledge of the editor of this volume." ('General Albert Pike's Poems,' Fred W. Allsopp, Publisher: Little Rock, Arkansas, 1900, page 87). The poem first appeared in a short-lived paper published before the War, in Little Rock.]

Where the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and lank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,—
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with its dull *tu-whoo,*
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
The twilight-wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain;
Like the weary march of the hands of Time
That meet and part at the noontide chime,

As the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand!
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies thick.
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

RESIGNATION

By ST. GEORGE TUCKER

[The author of these lines was born on the island of Bermuda, July 10, 1752, and died in Nelson County, Virginia, November 10, 1828. The poem was a favorite with John Adams and may be found in nearly all anthologies of American verse.]

Days of my youth,
  Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
  Ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth,
  Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth,
  Ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth,
  All your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth,
  Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth,
You have led me astray;
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay?

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile can ye last;
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fixed on your God.

THE SOLDIER BOY

[This poem was written in Lynchburg, Virginia, May 18, 1861, and signed H. M. L. It has been frequently republished but the name of the author remains unknown.]

I give my soldier boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not: but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling, base or low,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear the lucid flood
  In which its tempering work was done;
As calm, as cool, as clear of mood
  Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honor's call,
  For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
  I give my soldier boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
  The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
  Are gone with all their flame and noise;
And still the gleaming sword remains.
  So when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by these heartfelt strains
  I give my soldier boy a blade.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

By MISS MARIE RAVENEL DE LA COSTE

["There are many famous poems," says Miss Rutherford, in 'The South in History and Literature,' "that appeared during the war, written by persons who possibly did not write more than one isolated poem. So far as we know this was true of Marie de la Coste, of Savannah, Georgia, the author of "Somebody's Darling." As it was written at the time when loved ones were daily dying in hospital wards, the poem touched tender chords of sympathy, and at once became one of the loved Confederate poems, was put into every scrap-book, and recited on every school stage." Miss La Coste (not Costa) is still living and is a distinguished teacher of French.]

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
  Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
  Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and brave,
  Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
  The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
  Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould,
  Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush every wandering silken thread,
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand has rested there;
Was it a mother's soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there—
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies—with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

SONG

By DR. JOHN SHAW

[Dr. Shaw, a surgeon in the Navy, was born at Annapolis, Maryland, May 4, 1778, and died at sea, January 10, 1809. An edition of his poems was published in Philadelphia in 1810.]

Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
Who from India's distant wave,
For thee those pearly treasures drew?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air, a heart.
Fairest! wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, oh take that heart from me.

SONG OF THE TEXAS RANGERS

Air: The Yellow Rose of Texas

[This song has been widely circulated through the newspapers. Its authorship has been ascribed to Mrs. Maud J. [Fuller] Young, of North Carolina and Texas; but the question is still an open one.]

The morning star is paling,
The camp-fires flicker low;
Our steeds are madly neighing,
For the bugle bids us go.
So put the foot in stirrup,
And shake the bridle free,
For to-day the Texas Rangers
Must cross the Tennessee.

With Wharton for our leader,
We'll chase the dastard foe,
Till our horses bathe their fetlocks
In the deep blue Ohio.

Our men are from the prairies,
That roll broad and proud and free,
From the high and craggy mountains
To the murmuring Mexic sea;
And their hearts are open as their plains,
Their thoughts as proudly brave
As the bold cliffs of the San Bernard,
Or the Gulf's resistless wave.
Then quick into the saddle,
And shake the bridle free,
To-day with gallant Wharton,
We cross the Tennessee.

'Tis joy to be a Ranger!
To fight for dear Southland;
'Tis joy to follow Wharton,
With his gallant, trusty band!
'Tis joy to see our Harrison,
Plunge like a meteor bright
Into the thickest of the fray,
And deal his deathly might.
Oh! who'd not be a Ranger,
And follow Wharton's cry!
To battle for his country—
And, if it needs be—die!

By the Colorado's waters,
On the Gulf's deep murmuring shore,
On our soft green peaceful prairies
Are the homes we may see no more;
But in those homes our gentle wives,
And mothers with silv'ry hairs,
Are loving us with tender hearts,
And shielding us with prayers.

So, trusting in our country's God,
We draw our stout, good brand,
For those we love at home,
Our altars and our land.

Up, up with the crimson battle-flag—
Let the blue pennon fly;
Our steeds are stamping proudly—
They hear the battle-cry!
The thundering bomb, the bugle's call,
Proclaim the foe is near;
We strike for God and native land,
And all we hold most dear.
Then spring into the saddle,
And shake the bridle free,
For Wharton leads, through fire and blood,
For home and Victory!

THE SOUTHERN REPUBLIC

By OLIVIA TULLY THOMAS

[The author of this once celebrated poem was a Mississippian. She is not known to have written anything else.]

In the galaxy of nations,
A nation's flag's unfurled,
Transcending in its martial pride
The nations of the world.
Though born of war, baptized in blood,
Yet mighty from the time,
Like fabled phœnix, forth she stood—
Dismembered, yet sublime.

And braver heart, and bolder hand,
Ne'er formed a fabric fair
As Southern wisdom can command,
And Southern valor rear.
Though kingdoms scorn to own her sway,
Or recognize her birth,
The land blood-bought for Liberty
Will reign supreme on earth.

Clime of the Sun! Home of the Brave!
Thy sons are bold and free,
And pour life's crimson tide to save
Their birthright, Liberty!
Their fertile fields and sunny plains
That yield thee wealth alone,
That's coveted for greedy gains
By despots—and a throne!

Proud country! battling, bleeding, torn,
Thy altars desolate;
Thy lovely dark-eyed daughters mourn
At war's relentless fate;
And widows' prayers, and orphans' tears,
Her homes will consecrate,
While more than brass or marble rears
The trophy of her great.

Oh! land that boasts each gallant name
Of Jackson, Johnson, Lee,
And hosts of valiant sons, whose fame
Extends beyond the sea;
Far rather let thy plains become,
From gulf to mountain cave,
One honored sepulchre and tomb,
Than we the tyrant's slave!

Fair, favored land! thou mayst be free,
Redeemed by blood and war;
Through agony and gloom we see
Thy hope—a glimmering star;
Thy banner, too, may proudly float,
A herald on the seas—
Thy deeds of daring worlds remote
Will emulate and praise!

But who can paint the impulse pure
That thrills and nerves thy brave
To deeds of valor that secure
The rights their fathers gave?

Oh! grieve not, hearts; her matchless slain
  Crowned with the warrior's wreath,
From beds of fame their proud refrain
  Was "Liberty or Death!"

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

[When the British fleet in 1814 approached Fort McHenry at Baltimore, Francis Scott Key was on board. He had gone to intercede with Admiral Cockburn for the release of Dr. William Beanes. Key watched the battle from his own ship during the whole night and did not know till morning, when he saw the American flag still floating, that Fort McHenry had not capitulated. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written immediately afterward. The stanzaic structure was suggested by the popular air "To Anacreon in Heaven." In 1859 a volume of Key's poems was published in Baltimore with an introductory letter by his brother-in-law, Chief Justice Taney, but the contents add nothing to the author's fame. The only other popular poem that he ever wrote was the hymn beginning "Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee."]

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
  What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
    fight,
  O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
  Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
  As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
  That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
  Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—*"In God is our trust!"*
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

By JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER

[This poem is found in practically all anthologies of American verse and has taken its place as perhaps the most graphic and condensed pen-portrait of Jackson that has been made. Mr. Palmer was born in Baltimore, Maryland, April 4, 1825, and died in 1906. He was the author of many volumes of prose and verse.]

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fire bright!
No growling if the canteen fails;
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song,
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouch hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Bluelight Elder" knows 'em well.
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell,
Lord, save his soul! We'll give him"—well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Massa's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
Attention! it's his way.

Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
"Lay bare thine arm! Stretch forth thy rod.
Amen." That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in,
Steady the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! We're with him before morn—
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen! whipped before.
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In Stonewall Jackson's way.

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way.

WE ARE OLD-TIME CONFEDERATES

[This song, modeled on "The Old-Time Religion," is a favorite at Confederate reunions and on Memorial Days. It can hardly claim an author but has been gradually built up and added to, year after year, by successive singers.]

We are a band of brothers,
We are a band of brothers,
A band of Southern brothers,
Who fought for Liberty.

CHORUS:

We're old-time Confederates,
We're old-time Confederates,
We're old-time Confederates,
They're good enough for me.

Jeff Davis was our leader,
Our only chosen leader,
Our true and faithful leader,
He was good enough for me.

Lee and Johnston were our chieftains,
Bragg, Beauregard, and Johnson,
These were glorious chieftains,
They were good enough for me.

We follow'd Stonewall Jackson,
The Christian soldier Jackson,
The terror-striking Jackson,
He was good enough for me.

We fought with Hood and Gordon,
With Longstreet, Polk, and Cleburne,
With Ewell, Hill, and Hardee;
They were good enough for me.

We rode with Stuart, Hampton,
With Fitz Lee, Duke, and Morgan,
With Forrest and Joe Wheeler,
They were good enough for me.

We wore ourselves out fighting,
We wore ourselves out fighting,
We wore ourselves out fighting,
For Southern liberty.

Now our country is united,
Now our country is united,
Now our country is united,
It's good enough for me.

We must all meet in heaven,
We must all meet in heaven,
We must all meet in heaven,
To rejoice eternally.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

[This famous English ballad is still sung in the mountains of Polk County, North Carolina. It was sent by Miss Emma M. Backus to Professor George Lyman Kittredge, of Harvard University, who reproduced it in his 'English and Scottish Popular Ballads' (1904). Many of these old ballads survive in the South and their collection would be a genuine service to literature. A beginning has been made by Professor Henry M. Belden, of the University of Missouri. The late Professor John Bell Henneman, of the University of the South, collected ten of these ballads in Eastern North Carolina.]

There was a lady fair and gay,
And children she had three:
She sent them away to some northern land,
For to learn their grammeree.

They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
About three months to a day,
When sickness came unto that land
And swept those babies away.

There is a King in the heavens above
That wears a golden crown:
She prayed that He would send her babies home
To-night or in the morning soon.

It was about one Christmas time,
When the night was long and cool,
She dreamed of her three little lonely babes
Come running in their mother's room.

The table was fixed and the cloth was spread,
And on it put bread and wine:
"Come sit you down, my three little babes,
And eat and drink of mine."

"We will neither eat your bread, dear mother,
Nor we'll neither drink your wine;
For to our Saviour we must return
To-night or in the morning soon."

The bed was fixed in the back room;
On it was some clean white sheet,
And on the top was a golden cloth,
To make those little babies sleep.

"Wake up! wake up!" says the oldest one,
"Wake up! it's almost day.
And to our Saviour we must return
To-night or in the morning soon.

"Green grass grows at our head, dear mother,
Green moss grows at our feet;
The tears that you shed for us three babes,
Won't wet our winding sheet."

REPRESENTATIVE POEMS

The specimen poems in this division represent recent or current poetical activity in the South. They consist chiefly of contributions to newspapers and journals or of extracts from complete volumes. Some of them have attained wide popularity and bear their credentials with them. Others are the expression of tendencies in the South and are interesting as representing different phases of literary activity rather than as embodying assured achievements. The limits of space have prescribed the omission of many representative poems that might well have been inserted.

REPRESENTATIVE POEMS

THE JEFFERSON MONUMENT

(On the Campus of the University of Missouri)

BY EDWARD A. ALLEN

['Missouri Literature,' 1901]

The granite of his native hills,
  Mother of monumental men,
Virginia gave, whose page her Plutarch fills
  With undiminished deeds of sword and pen.

More fitting far than molten bronze,
  Or polished marble carved by art,
This monument of him who broke the bonds
  That bound in fetters every human heart.

The column rises in all lands,
  When sinks the soldier to his rest;
This cenotaph of rustic plainness stands
  To him who gave an empire to the West.

Not with the blood of thousands slain,
  With children's cries and mothers' tears;
The statesman's wisdom won this vast domain
  With gain of honest toil through peaceful years.

The highest honor of his State
  And of his country came unsought;
It was not this, O men, that made him great,
  Of this is nothing on the tablet wrought.

His pen declared his country free,
  Equal and free his fellow-man:
Freedom in church and state, the right to be,
  If Nature wills, the first American.

'Tis well the shaft by him devised
  Rests here in Learning's classic shade;
To be her patron was by him more prized
  Than all the honors that the nation paid.

Oh, may his spirit linger near,
As by old Monticello's slope;
Inspire Missouri's sons who gather here
With all the scholar's love, the patriot's hope.

And He who holds the nation's fate
Within the hollow of His hand
Preserve the Union ever strong and great,
And guide the statesmen of our native land.

ON BOARD THE DERELICT

By YOUNG E. ALLISON

[This poem appeared first in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* of 1898.]

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
—(Cap'n Billy Bones his song.)

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
The mate was fixed by the bos'n's pike,
The bos'n brained with a marlinspike,
And Cookey's throat was marked belike
It had been gripped
By fingers ten;
And there they lay,
All good dead men,
Like break-o'-day in a boozin'-ken—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of a whole ship's list—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and bedamned—and the rest gone whist! —
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

The skipper lay with his nob in gore,
Where the scullion's axe his cheek had shore—
And the scullion he was stabbed times four.
And there they lay
And the soggy skies
Dreened all day long
In up-staring eyes—
At murk sunset and at foul sunrise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Ten of the crew had the Murder mark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
'Twas a cutlass swipe, or an ounce of lead,
Or a yawning hole in a battered head—
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red.
And there they lay—
Aye, damn my eyes!—
All lookouts clapped
On paradise,
All souls bound just the contra'wise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em good and true—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Every man Jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,
With a ton of plate in the middle hold,
And the cabin's riot of loot untold.
And they lay there,
That had took the plum,
With sightless glare
And with lips struck dumb,
While we shared all by the rule of thumb—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen through the stern-light screen—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Chartings undoubt where a woman had been—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,
With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot,
And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.
Or was she wench . . .
Or some shuddering maid? . . .
That dared the knife
And that took the blade?
By God! she was stuff for a plucky jade!—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight—
With a yo-heave-ho!
And a fare-you-well!
And a sullen plunge
In the sullen swell,
Ten-fathoms deep on the road to hell—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

TRISTRAM AND ISOULT.

By MARTHA W. AUSTIN

['Tristram and Isoult,' 1905. Copyright by the author and used here by permission. Selection from Part III, Scene I.]

Isoult Blanche Mains

The casement—wilt thou have it closed?

Tristram

Nay, let it stay, I fain would see the stars
And feel the fitful, faint, salt-breathing airs.
My spirit is so still I know that Death
Hath come. I am too weak for pain or love.
The wind of Destiny drops to a calm.

What are we but a column of towering dust
Raised by a breath of passion in the waste,
And when the wind hath passed we fall to dust
Again . . . Think you Isoult, I might be helped
Into the air, forth on the Battlements?

Isoult Blanche Mains

I'll call thy men and they shall carry thee.
(She calls without)
Brian—Boris—Uwaine—Meliot!

(Enter four retainers. They support Tristram from the room. He leans heavily on them. Isoult Blanche Mains goes to the window and looks out.)

It hath grown dark, I can no longer see.
The moon will be to-night—she steps from out
The middle sea and stands a moment-long
Still on the threshold of the world: the world
That empty seems of any save of her.
The air is full of her, as one we love
When he is near will fill the room, until
We scarce draw breath for his mere presence. So
The moon fills all; and then she walks the path
Straight o'er the sea, and all the little waves
Jump up to kiss her silver feet.

(She takes up the harp that leans against the casement, sweeping it with her fingers.)

Last night
I heard the sea-wind sighing in the strings
As if a sorrow audible did haunt,
For hands that ne'er shall touch its soul again.
My harp, those songs of his live in thee still.
(She sings.)

Sea-Swallow that didst bear her on thy wings
To old Tintagil, hold of Cornish kings,
Sea-Swallow bring her thence again to me,
We will take refuge now, we driven three,
We will take refuge with the friendly sea,
Sea-Swallow.

Sea-Swallow, bear us from the king-owned earth
To those wild realms unruled that gave us birth,
To the waste regions of the restless brine,
Whose life and freedom will I claim for mine,
Whose life and freedom shalt thou claim for thine,
Sea-Swallow.

Sea-Swallow, her sole throne shall be thy prow,
The blowing spray shall crown Queen Isoult's brow,
The warming East shall find her Morning's guest,
The sunset leave us loitering to the West,
The sunset leave thee to thy starry quest,
Sea-Swallow.

Sea-Swallow, hasten ere it be too late,
The Queen is wearied of her empty state,
Come let us lay our lives in the winds' hand
For mine is wasting in the woeful land,
And thine is wasting on the idle strand,
Sea-Swallow.

(*As the last chords die out Isoult Blanche Mains looks up and sees La Belle Isoult standing on the threshold. For a moment, in silence the two steadfastly regard each other.*)

Queen Isoult

I heard the harp—I thought that it was he—
Where is he?

Isoult Blanche Mains

On the battlements, without—
Yet stay an instant. It was I who sent
For thee.

Queen Isoult

How good—how generous—thou art!
Complete thy goodness—lead me to him—quick!

Isoult Blanche Mains

I ask one grace—that thou wilt stand there still,
And let me look at thee. For I must see
What power is in thee to eat men's hearts

And leave the husks. Thou'rt very beautiful,
Yet other women have some beauty, too—
But none those eyes that say—"Within me is
Some dread, sweet mystery. Wilt thou not seek
And find it out?" And at the summons, men
Plunge in and tread thy spirit's labyrinth
With tenuous clue—nor even reach the heart
Of it—of thee—save one—Tristram. What found
He there? For he has never since come back.
Something there is unseized, unseizable
Men die to win. My husband didst thou take,
And my young brother died for love of thee,
When with my lord he went unto thy court
And came too near the passion of you twain;—
Died of that nearness, scorched by the great fire
That could not give him warmth. That tender slip
Of youth transplanted, withered at thy sun,
And yet, and yet, in spite of all my wrong,
Facing thee thus, as I stand here, I do
Not hate.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

By JOHN PAUL BOCOCK

['Book Treasures of Mæcenas,' 1904. By permission of Mrs. John Paul Bocock.]

Sweet as she sat in the twilight dim
Echoed the strains of her Christmas hymn,
Swelling soft through the cozy gloom
And the wreathed grace of the firelit room,
Swelling and falling; and still it rang
To the tune of the song that the angels sang:

"Now, O Lord, for Thy tender grace,
For the deathless love in Thy pitying face,
For the pangs Thou hast borne that we might not bear,
For the blessed sense of Thy constant care—
For Thy dear sake be our sins forgot;
Change our hearts, Thou who changest not!

"Help us, Lord, in the dark and cold,
To feed Thy lambs. From the sheltering fold
Some have wandered and lost their way,
Some have found that the wolves betray,
Some its shelter have never known—
And yet, and yet they are all Thine own!

"Now, in the glow of the Christmas-tide,
For the sake of that tree on which Thou hast died,
May there be never a Christmas tree
But is blessed with the love we would learn from Thee
For the poor, and the weak, and the lost—for them,
As for us, rose the Star over Bethlehem."

IN THE LIBRARY

By JOHN PAUL BOCOCK

['Book Treasures of Mæcenas,' 1904. By permission of Mrs. John Paul Bocock.]

Here in immemorial peace
Sorrow finds a swift surcease,
And Care knits her "ravelled sleeve"
With the dreams that poets weave.

Here the vines that Virgil trained
Hang with clusters purple-veined;
Here the ilex starts to view
Murmuring songs that Horace knew;

And that famed Bandusian font,
Crystal-clear, as was its wont,
Bubbles over with the glee
Of a lilt to Lalagé.

Here, from its Arcadian wood,
Pan, half seen, half understood,
Pipes his wild, bewitching strain
Till the Dryads dance again.

Charlemagne comes hunting here,
Roland, too, and Oliver;—
Hark! the music of that horn
"On Fontarabia's echoes borne."

Old-world phantoms, dearer far
Than the new world's creatures are—
Let the glittering riot pass,
Hic manet felicitas.

THE HEART OF FIRE

By WALTER KEMPER BOCOCK

['The Antiphon to the Stars,' 1907. By permission of Mrs. R. B. Willis.]

Spoke the Volcano:
"The curse is upon me!
Once I was glorious,
Bathed in the sunlight;
Storms were below me;
Peaceful my summit.
Thousands ascended,
Craving the vision
Which I could show them.
Millions admired me,
On their horizon.

"Now the foundations
Tremble below me.
Earth is unsettled;
Hell's fiends are raging
Penned in my bosom.
Heaven is hidden by
Terrible darkness.
There is no firmament;
Day is abolished.
Midnight is starless,
Save when the tempest
Bursts from Inferno,
Showering the world with
Firebrands and lava,
All of my verdure
—Flowers and forests—
Burning to blackness;
Leaving me hideous,
Desolate, barren!"

Slept the volcano
Ages and ages.
Sunshine was bathing
All of his landscapes.
Higher his summit;
Precious the metals
Mined from his bosom;
Green were the forests,
Fair were the flowers,
Healthgiving waters
Flowed from his fountains.
Said the Great Spirit:
"Heaven surrounds thee!
Hell that o'erwhelmed thee
Was of thy making."

IMPERATOR ORBIS

By WALTER KEMPER BOCOCK

['The Antiphon to the Stars,' 1907. By permission of Mrs. R. B. Willis.]

I, it is I, who divide the world to my faithfullest vassals;
I who devour the cannibals, shedding the blood of the bloody;
Carving the continents up into slices to give to the nations:
Sorting the islands out to my police of the navies;
Swaying the sceptre of olive for them that peaceably hear me;
Emperor over all empires, servant of every republic.

Throneless and crownless I sit in an office upstairs or a cellar.
I have no parliament house, no hall for my sessions of congress,
Domeless my Capitol, save for yonder blue vault of the heavens;
Nevertheless the Czars, the Kaisers, the Kings,and the Sultans,
Presidents, ministers, generals, admirals, governors, speakers,
Keep their ears to the ground, and trembling do as I bid them.

I was begotten of Order, but nursed at the bosom of Freedom!
Ever I seek to keep the peace with both of my parents.
Little care I for the forms of constitutions and charters;
Was it not I that these my swaddling garments were made for?

Skilful am I to cut them up when I have outgrown them,
Making my vesture over to suit my work and my season.
I am the world's perpetual court of high arbitration;
Most of my cases are settled without the aid of another.
I am election day, the polling place, and the ballot.
I am the stock exchange, the lecture room, and the pulpit.
I am the stage and the players, the orchestra, also the people.
All of these things am I; my name is Public Opinion.

GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR

By WILLIAM PAGE CARTER

['Echoes from the Glen in Divers Keys,' 1904.]

If I should say to-night, "God bless you, dear,"
And stretch my hand to touch your sun-burst hair,
And say, and say, "Good night!" Oh, would you hear?
And if I said, "Sweetheart!" Oh, would you care?
From out God's holy realms, Oh! would you hear,
If I should say to-night, "God bless you, dear?"

If I should say to-night, "I'm tired, dear,"
And stretch my hand to lay it in your own,
And say, and say, "Sweet rest!" Oh, would you hear?
And if I said "I'm tired," would its tone
Go up behind the stars, and would you hear,
If I should say to-night, "God bless you, dear?"

If I should say to-night, "The years are drear,"
And send my tears to fill the ocean's home,
And say, and say, "Oh, life!" then would you hear?
And if I said "Sweet death!" Oh, would you come
And lead me to the Master's feet and hear
Me say to-night, to-night, "God bless you, dear?"

THE ANGEL OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS

By WALTER A. CLARK

[In this poem the author narrates an act of heroism performed by Richard Kirkland, of Kershaw's Brigade, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862. Mr. Clark was born at Brothersville (now Hephzibah), Georgia, in 1842, and is the author, among other publications, of "Lost Arcadia, or the Story of Old Time Brothersville." He was a Confederate soldier and belonged to the famous Oglethorpe Infantry.]

A sunken road and a wall of stone
And Cobb's grim line of grey
Lay still at the base of Marye's hill
On the morn of a winter's day.

And crowning the frowning crest above
Sleep Alexander's guns,
While gleaming fair in the sunlit air
The Rappahannock runs.

On the plains below, the blue lines glow,
And the bugle rings out clear,
As with bated breath they march to death
And a soldier's honored bier.

For the slumbering guns awake to life
And the screaming shell and ball
From the front and flanks crash through the ranks
And leave them where they fall.

And the grey stone wall is ringed with fire
And the pitiless leaden hail
Drives back the foe to the plains below,
Shattered and crippled and frail.

Again and again a new line forms
And the gallant charge is made,
And again and again they fall like grain
In the sweep of the reaper's blade.

And then from out of the battle smoke,
There falls on the lead swept air,
From the whitening lips that are ready to die
The piteous moan and the plaintive cry
For "Water" everywhere.

And into the presence of Kershaw brave,
There comes a fair faced lad,
With quivering lips, as his cap he tips,
"I can't stand this," he said.

"Stand what?" the general sternly said,
As he looked on the field of slaughter;
"To see those poor boys dying out there,
With no one to help them, no one to care
And crying for 'Water! Water!'

"If you'll let me go, I'll give them some."
"Why, boy, you're simply mad;
They'll kill you as soon as you scale the wall
In this terrible storm of shell and ball,"
The general kindly said.

"Please let me go," the lad replied.
"May the Lord protect you, then,"
And over the wall in the hissing air,
He carried comfort to grim despair,
And balm to the stricken men.

And as he straightened the mangled limbs
On their earthen bed of pain,
The whitening lips all eagerly quaffed
From the canteen's mouth the cooling draught
And blessed him again and again.

Like Daniel of old in the lions' den,
He walked through the murderous air,
With never a breath of the leaden storm
To touch or to tear his grey clad form,
For the hand of God was there.

And I am sure in the Book of Gold,
Where the blessèd Angel writes
The names that are blest of God and men,
He wrote that day with his shining pen,
Then smiled and lovingly wrote again
"The Angel of Marye's Heights."

TO MR. H. W. MORAN

By HENRY MAZYCK CLARKSON

['Songs of Love and War,' 1898.]

You wonder, my friend, why so seldom I print
  The fanciful thought which I weave into verse;
You flatter my Muse by your delicate hint
  Of fame in the future, or gold in my purse:
You ask why I write, if but few are to read;
  You talk of the wasting of talent and time;
I covet not fame, am accustomed to need,
  And men do not offer their riches for rhyme.

Consider the lark! How he rises on wing,
  And mounts to the sky through ethereal air!
He sings as he soars; 'tis his nature to sing,
  To warble his notes tho' no listener be near:
I seek not for fortune, I sigh not for fame,
  I follow my Muse into forest or street;
In sorrow, in gladness, I sing all the same,
  I sing because singing itself is so sweet.

COLD WATER

By NEEDHAM BRYAN COBB

['Poetical Geography of North Carolina and Other Poems,' 1887.]

Come, weary, thirsty mortals,
  Who 'neath life's burdens sink,
Come, try this sparkling nectar,
  And ask your friends to drink.

'Tis not from sim'ring still-worms,
  Where, over smoking fires,
'Mid stifling pois'nous vapors
  The bruisèd grain expires.

'Tis not from sick'ning odors
Of putrefying corn
And rye and wheat and barley,
This beverage is born.

But up in lofty mountains,
Where mighty rivers rise
In leaping, laughing rivulets
Just born of humid skies;

Where storm clouds brood and thunder,
And lightnings leap and flash,
And glittering granite boulders
Fall headlong in the crash—

Or where the red deer wander
O'er grassy glen and glade,
And rippling rills meander,
This beverage was made.

'Twas brewed in grand old ocean
Where tossing sea-gulls scream;
When hurricanes are howling,
And livid lightnings gleam—

When waves are surging wildly,
The sea in anger roars,
And wrecks and shells and sea-weeds
Are dashed upon the shores.

From clouds upon the mountains,
From mists of lowly fens,
From froth of briny billows,
From rills amid the glens—

From all the mighty rivers,
From every glassy lake,
From every dew and raindrop
That falls upon the brake,

From every foggy hill-top,
  From every dewy plain,
Our Maker is distilling
  This beverage for man.

It glistens in the raindrops;
  It dances on the hills;
It laughs along the rivulets,
  And sings among the rills;

Then, creeping through the meadows,
  It glides into the brooks,
Where lazily it lingers
  In many muddy nooks.

Till, meeting other waters,
  It rushes on its way,
And in the mighty river
  It marches to the sea.

There with the briny billows
  It mingles in the main
To be distilled in sea-fog
  And dew and mist again,

Then rising from the ocean,
'Tis blown o'er hill and plain,
To feed again the mountain springs
  And water man's domain.

No poison from it bubbles;
  No headache from it comes;
It starves no wives and children;
  It desolates no homes;

But shining in the ice-gem,
  Or sparkling on the grain,
Gleaming in the glacier,
  Or singing in the rain,

Sleeping in the dew-drop,
Or dancing in the hail,
Or dressing up the wintry woods
In sleety coats of mail,

Sporting in the cataract,
Or sinking 'neath the sod,
It everywhere, in every form,
Reflects the love of God.

REUNION

By JOSEPH TYRONE DERRY

['The Strife of Brothers,' 1906. Copyright, The Neale Publishing Company, and used here by permission. Book VII, lines 439-458.]

May North and South, each chastened in her turn,
From past a lesson of forbearance learn,
And wage through courts and ballots all their fights
For Fed'ral government or for State rights.
Days of fraternal strife, thank God, are past!
Ne'er to return, we trust; nor let there last
Heart-burning thoughts of those embittered years,
Gloomy with force, oppression, wrong and tears,
When the mailed hand of unrelenting Hate
Was raised to crush each prostrate Southern State,
Till the great Court Supreme in might arose
And checked the haughty power of Freedom's foes,
While Northern ballots to our rescue came
And from Columbia's shield effaced the shame
Of sov'reign States by sister States oppressed,
And gave from tyranny a grateful rest.
But in our nation's heart let there remain
Remembrance of each deed without a stain,
Whether of Northern or of Southern son,
On field by Fed'ral or Confed'rate won.

A GALAXY OF SOUTHERN HEROES

By ORION T. DOZIER

['Poems,' 1905. Copyright, The Neale Publishing Company, and used here by permission.]

And o'er yon Old Dominion State,
  Star gemmed, her crown with glory shines,
With Southern pride I here avow
  That nowhere on this earth's confines
Can there be found another land
  Which can so many heroes claim,
And bright amid her brightest stars
  Shines glorious Stonewall Jackson's name.

And glittering like a royal gem
  Above my own fair Georgia high,
I see another brilliant star,
  As bright as ever decked the sky,
Intrepid, brilliant Gordon, brave,
  The patriot, statesman, warrior grand,
Of Southern manhood, brightest type,
  An honor to his native land.

Nor less resplendent is the light
  Of him, old South Carolina's star,
Whose fiery soul was made by God
  To blaze amid the storms of war;
And high on fame's eternal height,
  With all the glorious and sublime,
Wade Hampton's name, in glory set,
  Will shine while roll the wheels of time.

Now see yon grand majestic stream,
  The great mid-continental sea,
Whose course no human force can check,
  With currents deep yet flowing free,
Unswerving in its onward sweep,
  Proud Mississippi, king of streams,
See, and behold while gazing there
  A fitting type to me it seems

Of him whose grand and kingly soul—
  Too strong for tyrant bonds to quell,
Too deep for prejudice to mar,
  Too broad to curb by prison cell—
Proud, God-like man, I breathe his name
  With reverence and with deathless love—
Jeff Davis, brightest star of fame,
  May heaven rest his soul above.

But where, oh! where, my wavering muse,
  Where wilt thou lead me in thy flight
To find a type or simile
  Of him, the grandest, noblest knight
That ever sword from scabbard drew?
  Not in the land Columbus gave
Canst thou a likeness for him find;
  Then seek beyond old ocean's wave

Where God His grandest works designed;
  Go view the Alps and Pyrenees,
Then onward to the Himalayas,
  Where great Mount Everest, rising, sees
All other mountains far below,
  His own grand form enrobed with cloud,
His royal head God crowned with snow—
  Yes, go and view this mountain proud—

This great majestic, towering king—
  The grandest, highest of the world—
God's monument of strength and power,
  Defying every storm that's hurled,
All lightning blows from rival foes;
  Yes, go and you this mountain see,
Then tell me if thou yet hast found
  A prototype of Robert Lee!

HAIL, ST. PATRICK'S DAY

By ORION T. DOZIER

['Poems,' 1905. Copyright, The Neale Publishing Company, and used here by permission.]

Hail! all hail, St. Patrick's day!
And hail to Erin's glory,
A matchless land of heroes grand,
Who live in song and story.
Oh, patron saint of wondrous land,
Thy name shall be immortal,
And light the way through endless day
To Heaven's blessèd portal.

Oh, sainted man of wondrous mind,
Filled with inspiration,
By Heaven lent and Heaven sent,
To civilize a nation.
And where on earth is there a land
Today that does not claim
On history's page some saint or sage—
Some glorious Irish name?

And hail! all hail! to that green flag,
Old Erin's sacred treasure;
A thousand years through strife and tears
And bloodshed without measure,
It floats today without a stain,
An alien though it be,
A tale to tell of freedom's knell,
As doth the flag of Lee.

Yes, hail! all hail! to Erin's flag,
Exiled though now it be,
In other climes and other times
That flag shall yet be free,
And float as proudly to the breeze
As when unfurled of yore,
For Fates decree it shall be free
And float for evermore!

Then hark! oh, hark, ye Irish sons!
Behold your country bleeding,
While saints above and sires you love
With you her cause are pleading,
And bid you, by the sacred ties
Of all that's dear on earth,
To break in twain the tyrant's chain,
And free your land of birth.

Then grasp, oh, grasp the glorious flag
That bears no blot of shame,
And swear by love of God above
And by St. Patrick's name,
That you will ne'er forsake its cause
Till it in triumph waves,
That o'er the foam you'll bear it home,
Or bear it to your graves.

MOTHER-LOVE

(A Lullaby)

By PATTIE WILLIAMS GEE

['The Palace of the Heart and Other Poems of Love,' 1904. By permission of Miss Gee.]

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The Sun to kiss the mighty Sea stoops low
And o'er the world the weird shadows blow
So deep;
But Mother's love sinks lower than the shadows
And sweepeth broader than the ocean's billows;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Life lies in mortal grief where sorrows throng
And press upon the heart so strangely long,
So deep;
But Mother's love is longer than life's sorrow,
A love o'erleaping each unseen tomorrow;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Around thy rest a holier love doth flow,
More tender than the mother-love can know,
More deep;
And He who all the babies' gold curls numbers
Will fold thee close when tired earth-love slumbers;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE TEST OF LOVE

By PATTIE WILLIAMS GEE

['The Palace of the Heart and Other Poems of Love,' 1904. By permission of Miss Gee.]

Wherein is love?
In that calm will content to toil at Poverty's behest,
While twilight falls on fragile hands folded in well-won rest:
Therein is love!

Wherein is love?
In that heroic soul aflame for camp and martial strife,
Some humble burden bearing through a dull and care-worn life:
Therein is love!

Wherein is love?
In that immortal thought the poet never could recall,
Which was forever lost in pity o'er a woman's fall:
Therein is love!

Wherein is love?
In that lone heart dwelling in heights above life's primal laws;
Its human longings crushing to exalt a righteous cause:
Therein is love!

Wherein is love?
Since Christ for man once paid on Calvary the bitter price,
There hath been nothing holier than stern self-sacrifice:
Wherein—wherein, indeed, is love!

THE TWINS
(VITA ET MORS)

By J. M. GIBSON

[*Houston Chronicle*, Houston, Texas, September 23, 1907.]

There are two cities side by side,
  One racked with tumult, noise and riot;
The other where Peace doth abide,
  In solemn quiet.

In one we meet the sad and gay,
  With cries of woe, or shouts of laughter;
In one is silence, night and day,
  Now and hereafter.

In one fair mortals come and go,
  With dauntless mien and graceful traces;
The other none but men of woe,
  With pallid faces.

There are two nymphs who, side by side,
  Through earth's wide corridors are wending;
One woos us with a lip of pride,
  With sorrow blending.

One loudly calls us to her arms,
  With kisses warm and bright eyes beaming;
And with cold lips the other charms
  To moveless dreaming.

To one we rush with giddy brain,
  Although we know she doth dissemble;
And to the last we go in pain
  And weep and tremble.

The first is but a phantom beam,
  A constant sorrow and delusion;
The other, one long Angel dream
  In sweet seclusion!

With one we cling and pray to stay,
  Though all her ways are ways of sorrow,
And say, "Oh, give me but today,
  Come thou tomorrow."

To one we cling although the wine
  Within red lips may burn and blister,
And curse the cup of sleep divine
  Brought by her sister.

With one the bloody cross of pain,
  The harlot's mockery of laughter,
And our mad songs—and prayers in vain
  That follow after.

For her—whose joy is but of shame,
  Whose smile is lust of shine and shower;
And words but songs of moth and flame,
  'Neath Death's watch tower.

We seek not oft the silent maid,
  We kiss the hand of changing riot;
We dread the city in the glade,
  And dread its quiet.

There softliest the moonbeams creep,
  There vespers seem afraid to dally
With mournful song, where sentries keep
  Watch in a valley.

No sound of bird in midnight singing,
  No merry sound of feast and riot,
No timbrel note in gladness ringing,
  But Holy quiet.

The cedar grove there rears its head,
  As though enwrapped in endless slumber
Above the bosoms of the dead
  In countless number!

Even the insect world is still—
The cheerful note of noisy cricket
"Ne'er trills from out the rotting sill
Of gate or wicket!"

We see nearby the yew tree shade,
The faces of pale lilies bending,
And climbing rosebuds faint and fade
O'er young love's ending.

No voice, no sigh—no whispered prayer,
Only a spell of an unseen vision,
Holding the breath of summer there—
Strange indecision.

No message from dead lips of dust,
Whether of love or hate expected;
No heart enthrills the marble bust
With tears erected.

No dream beats back with shining wings,
The silence ever grand and solemn—
The shadow which unspeaking clings
About the column.

White sentries, marble slabs, around
Their pale mementos ever keeping,
Of mortals in this camping ground
Forever sleeping.

They keep the virtues of the dead
Of each fair mortal gone before us,
Who to the bride of death was led
With sorrow's chorus.

That carven slab in this fair place,
The empty urn unloved of flower,
A withered violet in the vase
Mark love's last hour.

Those chiseled words are crumbling fast,
  Which speak somewhat of transient glory,
And Parian wreath not long shall last
  To tell life's story.

Only a time the dream stands ward,
  A sculptured marble sentry keeping,
In faith's lone watch—where passion's bard
  Placed angels weeping.

Oh! side by side two cities stand,
  One full of tumult, noise and riot,
The other motionless and grand,
  At Peace and quiet!

Two sisters who in turn must wed
  Or claim and kiss each wistful mortal,
To one we cling till we are led
  Through death's dark portal.

And then all solemnly and last,
  We come to her whose lips are breathless,
Whose arms will sweetly hold us fast,
  For death is deathless.

THE BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS

By OSSIAN D. GORMAN

[The author of this poem, now Superintendent of the Public Schools of Talbot County, Georgia, was a witness of the scenes described. The battle was fought March 8, 1862, and was the first engagement between ironclads. The poem appeared shortly afterward in *The Macon Daily Telegraph*, of which Mr. Gorman was then a correspondent.]

Ne'er had a scene of beauty smiled
  On placid waters 'neath the sun,
Like that on Hampton's watery plain
  The fatal morn the fight begun.
Far toward the silvery Sewell shores,
  Below the guns of Craney Isle,
Was seen our fleet advancing fast,
  Beneath the sun's auspicious smile.

Oh, fatal night! the hostile hordes
Of Newport camp spread dire alarms;
The Cumberland for fight prepares—
The fierce marines now rush to arms.
The Merrimac, strong cladded o'er,
In quarters close begins her fire,
Nor fears the rushing hail of shot,
And deadly missiles swift and dire,
But, rushing on 'mid smoke and flame,
And belching thunder long and loud,
Salutes the ship with bow austere,
And then withdraws in wreaths of cloud.

The work is done. The frigate turns
In agonizing, doubtful poise—
She sinks! she sinks! along the deck
I heard a shrieking, wailing noise.
Engulfed beneath those placid waves
Disturbed by battle's onward surge,
The crew is gone; the vessel sleeps,
And whistling bombshells sing her dirge.

The battle still is raging fierce;
The Congress, "high and dry" aground,
Maintains in vain her boasted power,
For now the gunboats flock around,
With "stars and bars" at mainmast reared,
And pour their lightning on the main,
While Merrimac, approaching fast,
Sends forth her shell and hot-shot rain.

Meantime the Jamestown, gallant boat,
Engages strong redoubts at land—
While Patrick Henry glides along,
To board the Congress, still astrand.
This done we turn intently on
The Minnesota, which replies
With whizzing shell to Teaser's gun,
Whose booming cleaves the distant skies.

The naval combat sounds anew;
The hostile fleets are not withdrawn,
Though night is closing earth and sea
In twilight's pale and mystic dawn.
Strange whistling noises fill the air;
The powdered smoke looks dark as night,
And deadly, lurid flames pour forth
Their radiance on the missiles' flight;

Grand picture on the noisy waves!
The breezy zephyrs onward roam,
And echoing volleys float afar,
Disturbing Neptune's coral home.
The victory's ours, and let the world
Record Buchanan's name with pride;
The crew is brave, the banner bright,
That ruled the day when Hutter died.

CHANSON LOUIS XIII

By MRS. CHARLOTTE PRENTISS HARDIN

[*Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1908.]

I

Nay, I cannot love you so—
Now you choose a dragging measure
Full of pauses, stepping slow
At the flying heels of pleasure.
Come from out your high-walled gloom,
Let us make a holiday
In the meadow's pleasant room
Where the sliding shadows play.
Here in golden splendor high
Butterfly loves butterfly:
Shall they live and love forever?
Never, never!

II

Still and still you sigh and plead,
Still and still I love you,
While the little breezes speed
Butterflies above you.

Still you love me, while the sun
  Stands so high above us:
Butterflies, when day is done
  Who will think to love us?

III

While there's azure in the sky
Butterfly loves butterfly.
Fluttered pinions in the air
Catch the sunlight, hold it there.
  Over the soft-lifting breeze
Now the drooping branches sigh—
  Love me now! Beneath the trees
Spread the lightest couch of love,
But above
Let there be no canopy
  To obscure the shining skies
Or the shadows, flitting by,
  Of the dancing butterflies.

IV

Still and still you sigh and plead,
  Still and still I love you,
While the little breezes speed
  Butterflies above you.
Still you love me, while the sun
  Stands so high above us:
Butterflies, when day is done
  Who will think to love us?

HAVE YOU HEARD THE SOUTH A-CALLING?

By H. E. HARMAN

['In Love's Domain and the Call of the Woods,' 1909. Stone and Barringer Company, Charlotte, North Carolina. By permission.]

Have you plucked the snowy daisies in the Spring?
Then a memory of their sweetness yet must cling
  To the Past with all its treasure—
  To the Past's untainted pleasure
That in your soul forevermore will sing.

Have you watched the snowy daisy fields at night?
Every stem with heart of gold and petals white,
With the moonlight on them streaming
And half the stars a-dreaming,
And Love beside you walking in the light.

Have you heard the mock-bird singing soft and low?
In the stillness of the night-time, singing slow,
With a harvest moon a-clinging
To the sky where stars are flinging
Worlds of light because they love the daisies so.

Then you've heard the South a-calling in the Spring
When the crocus comes a-blooming, dainty thing;
No matter where you wander,
O'er these memories you'll ponder
When you hear the South a-calling in the Spring.

YELLOW-HOUSE CANYON

By JAKE H. HARRISON

[*Dallas News,* Dallas, Texas.]

Just a seam upon the surface,
Just a scar across the plain,
Just a rift that shows erosion,
Or a slight eruptive pain;
When the world was young and plastic,
And its face was tender, quite;
Possibly the smile of rapture,
At the words: "Let there be light!"

You are, yet, a slight depression,
Visible but at a span,
Just a rill to carry water,
For the use of beast and man;
Still you wind across the prairie,
Like a "love vine" in its crooks,
Passing in your ceaseless turnings,
Many green and pleasant nooks.

And the minnows in your waters,
Frolic through the livelong day,
Stirring water-cress and grasses,
In their never-ending play.
Break the silence of your musing,
Tell me when you first began,
Tell me, do! whence came the waters,
Which at first adown you ran.

And what creatures came to greet you,
On this wide-expanding plain,
Tasting first your rippling waters,
Came again, and then again;
Blessing you, as all must bless you,
Who your liquid blessings taste,
Blessings, which for countless ages,
Seemingly, have run to waste.

Long before the red man sought you,
Long before the bison came,
Long before the deer beheld you,
You were rippling here the same,
As you are this present moment;
Minnows sporting in you too;
Tell me, then, what creatures sought you,
First, to life and strength renew?

Ah, you smile, but you are silent,
Nature's secrets you must keep;
Men may ponder and conjecture—
Speculation aye was cheap—
Yes, the ages now behind you,
Providence would have you hold—
By the tongues that could reveal them,
Nature's secrets are not told!

Wander on, ye rippling wavelets,
While the minnows in you play,
Wander down this winding fissure,
Then away, away, away,

To the ocean in its grandeur;
  Then in clouds return again,
Blessing thirsty-throated prairies,
  With your sweet, refreshing rain.

Never resting, thus you travel,
  Down the canyons, through the air,
First as misty clouds of moisture,
  Then as rippling wavelets fair;
Always moving, never idle,
  Blessing earth, and beast, and man;
Yet a servant of Dame Nature,
  In her all-embracing plan!

THE BLUE-BACK SPELLER

By MISS FANNIE E. S. HECK

['Select Poetry of North Carolina,' 1904, compiled by Rev. Hight C. Moore.]

I'd been mighty busy plowin',
  When there came a half a peck
Of letters, sent from Raleigh,
  And askin' me, direct,
To come and take a hand with them
  At spellin' in a Bee,
For helpin' on a set of folks
  They called the Y. M. C.

I'd been a famous speller
  In the days of Auld Lang Syne,
But that was thirty years ago,
  And I hardly thought to shine;
But Charlie Cook said "Risk it,"
  And I was n't loth to show
That the good old blue-back speller
  Is one thing that I know.

The house was well-nigh crowded
  When the time came for the Bee,
And, after some persuadin',
  There came up along with me

M.D. and D.D. doctors
And M.A.'s full a score,
And editors and teachers,
And of lawyers several more.

'T was funny then to see 'em,
As the hard words came like hail,
A pausin' and a stammerin'
And a turnin' almost pale.
But, law! it all came to me
Like it used to long ago,
And I saw the blue-back speller,
With each long and even row.

And I gave 'em, with the column,
The place, the side, the page,
For I saw those words like faces
Of old friends that do not age;
But those learned folks kept droppin'
Like the leaves off any tree,
And at last there was n't standin'
But a D.D. up with me.

And then there came a poser,
And the doctor he went down,
And a shout went up that startled
Half the sleepy folks in town.
But I did n't care for prizes—
The thing that made me glad
Was to down 'em with the blue-back
I studied when a lad.

THE KINVAD BRIDGE

By WILLIAM HURD HILLYER

['Songs of the Steel Age,' 1907. By permission.]

At the end of the path that all men tread, at the end of the road called Time,
Where the land slopes off to the cliffs of death, and the dolorous vapors climb,

Over the cloudy gulf of hell and the chasm of dim despond,
The Kinvad Bridge swings frail and far to the heavenly heights beyond.
Nine javelins wide is the Kinvad Bridge when passeth a righteous soul;
Royally ample and safe it leads to the distant shining goal;
But when others come to the cliffs of death—ah, yes, the bridge is there—
But oh, what a narrow thread that spans the gray gorge of despair!

THE PASSING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

December 31, 1900

By WILLIAM HURD HILLYER

['Songs of the Steel Age,' 1907. By permission.]

Misty and sad the stars, and the wind a requiem sigheth:
To-night is the last of the year, and to-night the Century dieth.
Century greatest of all—magician and ruler sublime—
Grandest of all that have passed along the Appian Way of Time;
Vast was his triumph, and splendid with silver and gold and steel;
Proudly he rode, with the Thunderbolt chained to his chariot wheel.
Dark and deserted the streets; but across in the neighboring square
The windows are blazing with light where mingle the brave and the fair.
They are dancing the old year out; there is music and laughter within—
Cadence of mel'sonant flute and lilt of the wild violin.
But listen! the dolorous bell! At last it is striking the hour:
Vibrant and full and clear it sounds from the gray church tower.
And the song of the viol and flute dies out with a sigh in the gloom,
And solemnly stroke after stroke peals forth the Century's doom,

Twelve! and the bird called Midnight, that flies at the edge
of to-day,
Passes, formless and silent, swift on his westward way:
And the East Wind, suddenly rising, blows fresh from Atlantic
deeps,
And over the continent wide the Twentieth Century sweeps!

Many there are who tell us that man's best moments are o'er,
Saying, "The rose of his pride shall wither to bloom no more."
Not so; for the day draws nigh, by the Hebrew seer foretold,
When Peace shall interpret the Law, and Love shall be better
than gold.
And though there be sickness and famine, and wars and rumors
of wars,
Yet still through the darkness the future shines forth in the
steadfast stars.
So hail, thou cycle of hope!—Remember, the world is young!
There are victories yet unattained, there are songs that are
still unsung!

FRUITION

By CHARLES WILLIAM HUBNER

['Poems and Essays,' 1881. By permission.]

Let thy life be like the day,
Dying 'mid the sunset's roses—
Fairest when about thy way
Death's eternal shadow closes;

Let it be like summer time,
Season of supernal splendor!
Full of promises divine,
Love, and joy, and music tender;

Like the autumn let it be,
When the world's aglow with beauty—
Rich with golden sheaves, for thee
Ripened in the field of Duty.

TO A MOCKING BIRD

By CHARLES WILLIAM HUBNER

['Wild Flowers,' 1877. By permission of Authors' Publishing Co., N.Y.]

Sweet bird! that from yon dancing spray
Dost warble forth thy varied lay,
From early morn to close of day
  Melodious changes singing,
Sure thine must be the magic art
That bids my drowsy fancy start,
While from the furrows of my heart,
  Hope's fairy flowers are springing.

As changeful as the sounds thy throat
Sets on the charmèd winds afloat,
Till valleys near and hills remote
  Attest thy peerless powers,
Have been to me the sights and scenes,
The cloudy thoughts and starry dreams,
The winter and the summer gleams,
  Of life's ephemeral hours.

But all thy sad or merry lays,
Sweet bird! in thy Creator's praise
Thou pourest from the trembling sprays,
  With love's delicious art;
Thus, too, will I, whate'er my fate—
In sorrow prone, or joy elate—
To God my being dedicate,
  And give to Him my heart.

WHEN SHE COMES

By JOSEPH W. HUMPHRIES

[*Detroit Free Press*, May 7, 1905.]

Like a princess spring will greet her,
    When she comes;
And her loyal friends will meet her,
    When she comes;

Brighter skies will bend above her,
And the flowers—they will love her,
Birds the secret will discover,
When she comes;

Time will fly on wings of pleasure,
When she comes;
Joy will be a golden treasure,
When she comes;
Life will give its gentlest graces,
Home seem dearest place of places,
Love shall be where her sweet face is,
When she comes.

GRANDMA'S SLIPPERS

By MRS. B. W. HUNT

[These lines by Mrs. Hunt, of Eatonton, Georgia, appeared first in *Judge* but have been frequently reproduced.]

Ah, little shoes, with huge rosette,
And heel, "La Marie Antoinette";
So you have danced the minuet
With courtly Marquis La Fayette!
A hundred years you've lain so still
(The thought comes with a sudden thrill),
I wonder if you could forget
Again to dance the minuet!

For I tonight, in old brocade
And petticoat with silver braid,
With patches, powder, and pomade,
Shall wear you to the masquerade.
My grandma's slippers! And I muse
When you last danced, oh, dainty shoes,
'Twas with bright sword and epaulet;
Your partner, Marquis La Fayette!

A hundred years! What interlude
Since that far time! And I intrude
Upon your garret solitude
That you may dance with modern dude!

No! Back within your ancient case
With by-gone gowns and yellow lace,
I reverent lay each little shoe,
No modern man shall dance with you.
Small slippers, you shall not disgrace
The memory of that time and place
When last, with flashing jewels set,
You led the reel with La Fayette!

EL DORADO

A. D. 1540

By JOHN S. KENDALL

The golden glory of the morn
  Fast fades to dewy night;
Then swift the darkling hours march
  Into the hurrying light.
Still burns the desert under foot,
  Still lures the magic West,
To where the wealth of India
  Shall crown our weary quest.

A thousand leagues of battle,
  A thousand days of pain,
The cry of stricken comrades,
  The parched bones of the slain—
All these we leave behind us,
  Forgotten by the way:
Somewhere beyond the desert lies
  The Land of Holiday!

Dark forests pressed upon us,
  Strange rivers barred the path:
In vain the bitter tempest broke
  In impotence of wrath.
Through want and danger, toil and gloom,
  We struggle on and on,
So only is the Lavish Land
  Of peace and plenty won!

But sometimes, when I lie awake,
My rusty mail unbraced,
My dinted sword and battered shield
Beside my pillow placed,
I question—what if baleful chance
To our undoing move?
What if that distant Land of Gold
A ghastly phantom prove?

And then my inmost soul responds
With valiant words and true,
And bids me follow to the end
These roads forever new;
For whether at their end we find
Or gold or worthless dross,
We've dared a great adventure,
And the issue is not loss!

We've known the joy of battle;
We've borne the flag of Spain
Where never man has been before,
Nor man may come again;
We've drained the utmost wine of life,
Yea, to the last strong lees—
What guerdon hath the East to give
Comparable with these?

Each seeks the thing he values most,
To garner or to spend.
Some call it El Dorado,
And some The Journey's End;
Some call it silken robes and gems
To sparkle in the sun;
But I—the Quest alone I seek,
The joy of brave deeds done!

'LONE WITH GOD

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

[Originally published in *The Houston Daily Post* prior to 1905.]

When mamma tucks the covers in an' leaves me comfy there,
An' I lissen to 'er footsteps softly goin' down the stair,
Then th' chair I put my clothes on looks so blurry in th' night
That I crawl beneath th' cover an' I almost die of fright;
An' I shiver 'neath th' cover an' I all squinch up an' hark!
I gits lonesome when I'm all alone with God an' in th' dark.

She leans down an' she kisses me an' then she says: "Good night."
She says brave tads like I am doesn't need to have no light;
An' then th' house gits silent an' still, 'ist like a grave,
An' when th' darkness guthers round I wish I wa'n't so brave,
Fer th' wind outside my winder groans an' whimpers like a snark;
You 'ist know 'at I gits lonesome 'lone with God an' in th' dark!

Seems like mamma oughter sense it, that I git 'most skeered tu death,
An' I squinch up an' I huddle down an' try tu hold my breath;
When I hear th' wind go: "Whoo-ee!" an' th' stairs begin tu squeak,
Then th' goose-flesh sticks out on me an' th' tears is on my cheek!
An' I know th' ghosts are ha'ntin', for I hear the watch-dog bark;
Gee! I sure do git crawly 'lone with God an' in th' dark!

Bet yu need God, too, at nighttime! Yu don't need Him in th' day
When th' sun's a-shinin' gorgeous an' yu wanter run an' play;
But yu need Him right close to yu when you're almos' dead o' fright
An' th' Goggle-eyes are grinnin' an' a-blinkin' in th' night—

When th' watchdog is a-whinin' an' yu 'ist lays still an' hark—
My! I sure am skeered an' lonesome 'lone with God an' in th' dark.

Funny how things looks so diffrunt! Playin' hooky seems a sin,
An' yu swear 'f yu live till mornin' that yu'll never go ag'in
When th' other fellers coax yu, an' yu wont sneak off tu swim,
An' yu whisper: "Now I lay me—" an' yu promise things tu Him,
An' yu say yu'll keep yer soul white, an' with nary smudge ner mark,
Fer a feller feels plum lonesome 'lone with God an' in th' dark.

LONGING FOR TEXAS

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

[Published in *The Houston Daily Post* about the year 1903.]

No, it isn't hot in Texas; and the cool night dews are falling,
And the katydids are chirping in the grass beside the pool;
And from out the moonlit distances the mocking-birds are calling,
And I know the days are hazy and the nights perfumed and cool.

And I know the jasmine's blooming as it bloomed in all its whiteness,
And my heart is heavy in me—for I'm far away today,
And my spirit lags forever, and my tread has lost its lightness,
And I'm humming "Down in Dixie," and my heart throbs: "Look away!"

Oh, it isn't hot in Texas, for the cool gulf breeze is blowing,
And the cattle all are standing underneath the wide oak trees,
Or are wending slowly homeward from the pasture, lowing, lowing;
And a drone comes softly to me from the honey-laden bees.

And I'm longing, longing, longing for the day of my home-
coming,
For the lowing of the cattle and the shadows on the stream,
For the mocking-bird's far calling, and the laden bees' soft
humming,
And the night-dews falling coolly as the shadows in a dream.

Oh, the rolling, rolling prairies, and the grasses waving, waving
Like green billows neath the gulf breeze in the perfumed,
purple gloam!
Oh, my heart is heavy, heavy, and my eyes are craving, craving,
For the fertile plains and forests of my far-off Texas home.

POCAHONTAS

By J. T. LITTLETON

['The Story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas,' 1907. Copyright, Publishing House of the M.E. Church, South. By permission.]

Sweet Pocahontas, Indian maiden born,
With thine we rank thy noble brother's name,
Full worthy each of an immortal fame;
For when our nation in its lurid morn,
A weakling in the wilderness forlorn,
Was feebly struggling, swift to help ye came
Impelled by innate virtues, put to shame
The haughty Christians who thy people scorn.
Thy life, sweet Indian maid, is fitting theme
For poet's pen or sage's puissant brain;
Its beauty lures us, and we fain would know
Its source. Thought-baffled, as before a dream,
We ope our hearts as earth to summer rain,
Nor seek to know, but gladly drink and grow.

VICTORY

By J. T. LITTLETON

['The Story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas,' 1907. Copyright, Publishing House of the M.E. Church, South. By permission.]

Calmly gazing at his captors
  Dressed in bear skins and raccoon,
On their features doubly frightful,
  Painted with the red puccoon,

More like creatures of the forest,
  With the beast above the mind
(Still the feelings in their faces
  Linked them surely with his kind);

Seeing in them superstition
  Throttling with uncanny hand
Every impulse of their bosoms
  Till it be as weak as sand—

Quickly, as by intuition,
  Reckoning thus with reason clear,
Captain Smith, Virginia's father,
  Casting off all marks of fear,

Drew from underneath his doublet
  Slowly forth his compass-case,
Which he opened, deftly showing
  How beneath its crystal face

Ever northward points the needle.
  Childrenlike, they fain would clutch,
Feel the force that moved the magnet
  Which they saw but could not touch.

Wondrous strange! It was a spirit!
  Was it gracious? Was it wroth?
Though afraid, they hovered 'round it
  As the fire the evening moth.

Gone their wrath for very wonder;
They forebore to strike him down.
In an open council standing,
They preferred to lead him round

To their wigwams for their sachems,
Squaws, papooses—all to see,
As some wizard son of evil
From beyond the mighty sea.

So they led him with great triumph
To their tepees here and there,
While their fears were softly fleeting
As doth happen when the air,

Moisture-laden, filled with specters,
Haunting forest pool and fen,
In the wonder of the starlight
Bringing fear to forest men,

Slowly while the morning dawneth
Passes from the pool and fen,
Bearing strangely and so weirdly
Dream and doubt from hearts of men.

Then the tide began its turning,
First with eddies, ebb and flow,
Rippling here and resting yonder,
Hardly knowing how to go.

Blood of kindred crying vengeance,
Savage justice crying death,
And the savage love of prowess
Softly and with bated breath

Whispering to adopt the white man,
Paint him red and spare his life,
Struggled daily with each other
In a crafty, subtle strife.

Though the odds were sore against him
And the stakes his very heart
Yet the doughty English captain
Calmly played his fearful part—

Calmly, for the red papooses,
For the girls and for the boys,
From the fragrant wood of cedar,
With his penknife fashioned toys.

Winning thus the hearts of children,
Softening thus the mothers' hate;
Trusting God, he simply waited
The unfolding of his fate.

THE OLD NORTH STATE

A TOAST

By MRS. LEONORA MONTEIRO MARTIN

[Written for a banquet of the North Carolina Society of Richmond, Virginia, May 20, 1904.]

Here's to the land of the Long Leaf Pine,
The Summer Land, where the sun doth shine;
Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow great—
Here's to "Down Home," the Old North State!

Here's to the land of the cotton blooms white,
Where the scuppernong perfumes the breeze at night,
Where the soft Southern moss and jessamine mate,
'Neath the murmuring pines of the Old North State!

Here's to the land where the galax grows,
Where the rhododendron roseate glows;
Where soars Mount Mitchell's summit great,
In the "Land of the Sky," in the Old North State!

Here's to the land where maidens are fairest,
Where friends are the truest, and cold hearts are rarest;
The near land, the dear land, whatever our fate,
The blest land, the best land, the Old North State!

THE PASSING OF THE BRAVE

(GENERAL J. B. GORDON, JAN. 9, 1904.)

By IDA SLOCOMB MATTHEWS

[This poem was read at the meeting of the Louisiana Division of the U.D.C. at Thibodaux, April 13, 1904.]

Patriot, soldier, statesman,
Prince of the race of men,
Cypress and rue for his passing,
Laurel for sword and pen.

Dust for the hand that wrought,
But for the lessons taught
Life without end.

Gloom for the eye that brightened,
Looking where danger lay,
For the voice of the leader—silence,
And a shroud for the coat of gray.

But of the life's high aim
Echoing rings the fame,
Roll upon roll.

Gettysburg, Appomattox,
Yours were the hosts they knew,
The hand of the man was steady
The heart of the man was true.

Mark now the setting sun
Rests its last smile upon
The field where it rose.

Honored the steel he marshaled,
As honored the steel he tried;
Proud to be friend, ours followed,
Proud to be foe, theirs died.

Slowly the ranks pass on,
Softly the horizon
Clasps them and closes.

Oh men, with the souls undaunted,
Seeking the goal of time,
Forward you went—courageous,
Backward you came—sublime.

Hark, now the muffled beat
Signals the slow retreat
Into the ages.

For not with the sword surrendered,
Was the work of the legions done;
They turned from the silenced canon
To a struggle just begun.

Stirred by no banner's flare,
Thrilled by no trumpet's blare
Warm through the blood.

The fireside's pallid embers
What pledges of guerdon had?
Ah, heroes scarred and wasted
Was battlefield more sad?

What though the storm obscures?
Through darkest night endures
Light of the stars.

Great in the glare of warfare,
Grand in the gloom of peace,
You forged from your fetters—freedom,
You wrung from your bonds—release.

Strong where hope onward led,
Stronger where hope lay dead,
Battling, you conquered.

Through the hush of centuries dawning,
From the dusk of centuries dead,
Do prophecies nobler quicken,
Are holier memories shed?

Shafts graven for your ken,
Shrines in the hearts of men—
These your reward.

For we of the South remember,
And we of the South revere;
As the souls of the brave are garnered
We garner their glories here.

Murmured 'twixt earth and sky,
Hear ye the mingled cry
Hail and farewell!

IN KENTUCKY

By JAMES HILARY MULLIGAN

[The author of this widely parodied poem was born in Lexington, Kentucky, November 21, 1844. "In Kentucky" was first read at a banquet held in the Phoenix Hotel, at Lexington, on the evening of February 11, 1902.]

The moonlight falls the softest
In Kentucky;
The summer days come oftest
In Kentucky;
Friendship is the strongest,
Love's light glows the longest;
Yet, wrong is always wrongest
In Kentucky.

Life's burdens bear the lightest,
In Kentucky;
The home fires burn the brightest
In Kentucky;
While players are the keenest
Cards come out the meanest,
The pocket empties cleanest
In Kentucky.

The sun shines ever brightest
In Kentucky;
The breezes whisper lightest
In Kentucky;

Plain girls are the fewest,
Maidens' eyes the bluest,
Their little hearts are truest
In Kentucky.

Orators are the grandest
In Kentucky;
Officials are the blandest
In Kentucky;
Boys are all the fliest,
Danger ever nighest,
Taxes are the highest
In Kentucky.

The bluegrass waves the bluest
In Kentucky;
Yet, bluebloods are the fewest?
In Kentucky;
Moonshine is the clearest,
By no means the dearest,
And yet, it acts the queerest
In Kentucky.

The dove-notes are the saddest
In Kentucky;
The streams dance on the gladdest
In Kentucky;
Hip pockets are the thickest,
Pistol hands the slickest,
The cylinder turns quickest,
In Kentucky.

The song birds are the sweetest
In Kentucky;
The thoroughbreds are fleetest
In Kentucky;
Mountains tower proudest,
Thunder peals the loudest,
The landscape is the grandest—
And politics—the damnedest
In Kentucky.

LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

By WILLIAM MUNFORD

[The author was born in Virginia in 1775, studied at William and Mary College, entered politics, but found time to complete his version of the 'Iliad' a few months before his death in 1825. It was not published till 1846. The following extract is from the sixth book.]

This said, illustrious Hector stretch'd his arms
To take his child; but to the nurse's breast
The babe clung, crying, hiding in her robe
His little face, affrighted to behold
His father's awful aspect, fearing too
The brazen helm, and crest with horse-hair crown'd,
Which nodding dreadful from its lofty cone,
Alarm'd him! Sweetly then the father smil'd,
And sweetly smil'd the mother! Soon the chief
Remov'd the threatening helmet from his head,
And plac'd it on the ground all beaming bright,
Then having fondly kiss'd his son belov'd,
And toss'd him playfully, he thus to Jove,
And all the immortals pray'd: O grant me, Jove,
And other powers divine, that this my son
May be, as I am, of the Trojan race
In glory chief! So let him be renown'd
For warlike prowess and commanding sway,
With power and wisdom join'd of Ilion king!
And may his people say, This chief excels
His father much; when from his fields of fame
Triumphant he returns, bearing aloft
The bloody spoils, some hostile hero slain,
And his fond mother's heart expands with joy!
He said; and plac'd his child within the arms
Of his belovèd spouse: she him received,
And softly on her fragrant bosom laid,
Smiling with tearful eyes. To pity mov'd,
Her husband saw; with kind consoling hand
He wip'd the tears away, and thus he spake:
My dearest love! grieve not thy mind for me
Excessively! No man can send me hence,

To Pluto's hall, before the appointed time;
And surely none of all the human race,
Base or e'en brave, has ever shunn'd his fate;
His fate foredoom'd when first he saw the light.
But now, returning home, thy works attend,
The loom and distaff, and direct thy maids
In household duties, while the war shall be
Of men the care; of all indeed, but most
The care of me, of all in Ilion born.

THE MARTIN'S SONG

By WILL D. MUSE

[*Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine,* August, 1908.]

Dear Heart, to-day, somewhere I heard a mating martin sing,
In his wild flight above my head upon a tireless wing.
And with the note so new and sweet, so plaintive, strange and low,
There seemed to flood within my soul love songs of long ago.

He did not linger in his flight to rest nor yet to sing,
I only caught a fleeting glimpse of polished breast and wing;
But with it came the fragrant scent of climbing roses red,
And with it came the memory of Summer days long dead.

Sweet Summer days and glorious nights, when hearts beat fast and true;
When down the primrose path of Life I wandered, Love, with you;
But now the days of youth are dead—the path of Life is long;
And only memories of all come with the martin's song.

THE BARDS

By JOHN W. OVERALL

['The Louisiana Book', 1894.]

In their high heroic measure,
In their high heroic truth,
Live the bards throughout all ages,
In the quenchless fire of youth;

We revel in their visions,
And we love the songs they sing,
When they strike the harp of glory
Like the Israelitish king.

They have read the starry heavens
These diviners of the stars—
Read Uranus and the Pleiades,
And the fiery planet Mars;
They have soared among the planets,
They have swept the fields of Time;
They have soared up in the spirit—
Bards heroic and sublime!

And they gather from the planets,
Where their spirit-feet have trod,
Light and supernal wisdom,
And a lucid proof of God;
And feel the truth eternal
O'er their yearning spirits steal,
That the Real is the Ideal,
That the Ideal is the Real!

They come, like John the Baptist,
In the wilderness of Thought,
Preaching in the world's Judea
What the holy Teacher taught;
They come with lips of wisdom,
And they strike the sounding lyre—
Lips radiant with the glow of love
And high prophetic fire.

They summon white-browed Helen
From the old-forgotten strife,
And Platea's men, and Marathon's,
To the vestibule of life.
We see the glittering of the steel
Under the Latian stars,
The backs of the Roman eagles,
And the red, round shield of Mars.

They tell of brave old legends,
Legends of the priestly age;
Of ladye fair, with golden hair,
Courtly peer and gentle page.
We see the knights and barons,
Coming forth in martial line,
And Richard of the Lion-heart
On the plains of Palestine.

We mark the pennon and the plume,
We see the shivering lance,
And Cressy with its bowmen,
And the troubadours of France.
We mark the knights of Chevy Chase,
We see the banners fly,
And the royal Stuart riding down
To Flodden Hill to die.

Ah! the Past with all its visions
Comes before us in its prime—
All the olden, golden glory
Of the golden, olden time.
Thus in high heroic measure,
And in high heroic truth,
Live the bards throughout all ages,
In the quenchless fire of youth.

Unlike the men who speak alone
For the passing things of time,
The bards speak for all ages
In the lofty words of rhyme.
Not for the coming morrow,
Not for the brief to-day,
Stir the bards the harp's wild pulses,
Sing the bards their noble lay.

And they die not, these heroic bards,
They live on with the stars,
With Uranus and the Pleiades,
And the fiery planet Mars.

They are spirits of Earth and Aiden,
Earth and Aiden hear them sing,
When they strike the harp of glory,
Like the Israelitish king.

AT NIGHTFALL

By ALBERT PHELPS

[*Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1899.]

Sunk is the sun behind the western trees;
And the long shadows melt into the dusk;
The garden-flowers look palely from hushed leaves,
Scenting the breeze with heavy-laden sweets.
Sleep.

Now falls the night, down-sifting through the air
Lulled waftures of soft-dripping silences;
And slumber-breathing darkness shrouds thine eyes.
Sleep.

The idle hands lie folded in the lap,
Forgetting the long travail of the day;
The playthings we call work are all put by;
And all the rankling of the bitter world,
Like a dull snake, coils up itself to sleep;
And peace falls, like a flutter of white doves.
Sleep.

For sin and pain and passion and all ills
That tear the unshielded weakness of our souls;
The power that bids us suffer gives us sleep;
And he that says he has no faith lies down,
And in all faith resigns his soul to sleep;
Sure of the morning and the light again,
Forth ebbs the soul upon the tide of dreams.
Sleep.

And all alike are folded in one love;
And all alike are guided by one will;
And on each heart fall the cool dews of rest.
Sleep.

Love, thou art weary, and thine eyes are wet.
Sleep.

ABSENCE

By LUCIEN V. RULE

['The Shrine of Love and Other Poems,' 1898.]

The western skies are starless now;
No beauty's beacon sweet,
When evening comes, smiles softly down
Where happy lovers meet.

Thus from the heavens of my heart
I miss a tender light:
For she my song, and hope, and cheer.
Is far from me to-night.

CONSTANCY

By LUCIEN V. RULE

['The Shrine of Love and Other Poems,' 1898.]

I love thee when the morning hours
Are joyous, fresh, and new;
I love thee when the noontide calm
Descends the forest through.

I love thee when the sunset skies,
Aflame with glory, burn;
I love thee when the twilight birds
Back to their nests return.

I love thee when the silvery moon
Smiles down on vale and hill;
I love thee when the midnight stars
Are glowing far and still.

I love thee when the dawning east
Proclaims the darkness o'er;
Ah, sweetheart, wouldst thou know the truth?
I love thee evermore.

THE MOTHER'S SONG

By JAMES T. SMITH

['The Louisiana Book,' 1894.]

There lay an atom in a darksome tomb,
And there it grew till in periods nine
It came from its hiding-place of gloom—
A lovely babe with a face divine;
And it cried when it came from its lurking-place,
For it feared to look on its father's face.

But when it gazed all the couch around,
And saw the kind faces that greeted it there,
Its father, its mother, its brother it found,
The grandmother, too, with her silvery hair—
It laughed; and its mother, to hear its voice,
That a man had been born did rejoice, rejoice.

And the babe it grew, grew to a man,
And it looked on the garniture spread for the earth;
The forests, the rivers, the mountains, he'd scan;
And he said, Yes, I feared on the day of my birth,
But now I rejoice that I was brought from the womb,
That terrible place of the darkness and gloom.

Yet he knew not then that his soul had been made
To find yet a higher and higher doom,
Till the vision at night came to him and said,
This world, O man, is thy second womb,
And thou must be born to another place
Before thou canst look on thy Father's face.

For this world is placed 'twixt the day and the night,
That the eye of the man might not be destroyed;
By the sun of that sword he shall see flame in light,
When he's born again from this second void,
And then shall he see the eternal sight,
For there ever is day, and there never is night.

Then shalt thou fear too at thy second birth;
But when thou hast wakened and gazed all around,
And seen all who had formerly loved thee on earth,
'Round thy couch stand and cry, Oh, the lost one is found!
Thou shalt laugh; and thy Father, to hear thy voice,
That a god hath been born shall rejoice, rejoice;
And when all the delights of that heaven are unfurled,
Thou'lt rejoice to have been born from this darksome world.

THE OVERTHROW OF SATAN

By LEONARD CHARLES VAN NOPPEN

['Vondel's Lucifer' translated from the Dutch, 1898. Copyright, The Search-Light Information Library. By permission. The extracts are from Act V.]

URIEL: Even as bright day to gloomy night is changed,
Whene'er the sun forgets his golden glow,
So in his downward fall his beauty turned
To something monstrous and most horrible;
Into a brutish snout his face, that shone
So glorious; his teeth into large fangs,
Sharpened for gnawing steel; his hands and feet
Into four various claws; into a hide
Of black that shining skin of pearl; while from
His bristled back two dragon wings did sprout.
Alas! the proud Archangel, whom but now
All Angels honored here, hath changed his shape
Into a hideous medley of seven beasts,
As outwardly appears: A lion proud;
A greedy, gluttonous swine; a slothful ass;
A fierce rhinoceros, with rage inflamed;
An ape, in every part obscene and vile,
By nature lewd and most lascivious;

A dragon, full of envy; and a wolf
Of sordid avarice. His beauteous form
Is now a monster execrable, by God
And Spirit and man e'er to be cursed. That beast
Doth shrink to view its own deformity,
And veils with darkling mists its Gorgon face.

RAFAEL: Thus shall Ambition learn how vain to tilt
For God's own crown. Where stayed Apollion?

URIEL: He saw his tide ebb when his star declined,
And fled: so fled they all. Then, from above,
The celestial ordnance pours forth shot on shot,
With lightning flash and rolling thunders loud,
Causing the monsters that into the light
Have crawled to swell the rout; and pleased are all,
With God's array, to aid in such pursuit!
O! what a whirl of storms in one resolved!
And what a noisy tumult rises round!
What floods sweep by! Our legions, blessed by God,
Advance, and strike and crush whate'er they meet.
What cries of pain now burst forth everywhere,
As from the fleeing hordes one hears, amid
This wild confusion and this change of form
In limbs and shapes, their roars and bellowings.
Some yell, and others howl. What fearful frowns
Those Angel faces wear, the mirrors dread,
Of Hell's infernal horrors. Hark! I hear
Michael return, triumphant, to display,
Here in the light, the spoil from Angels reft.
The choristers now greet him with their songs
Of praise, with sound of cymbal, pipe, and drum.
They come in front, and strew their laurel leaves
'Mid those celestial harmonies around.

CHORUS OF ANGELS. MICHAEL.

CHORUS: Hail to the hero, hail!
Who the wicked did assail;
And in the fight, o'er his might and his standard,
Triumphant did prevail.

Who strove for God's own crown,
From his high and splendid throne,
Into night, with his might, hath been driven.
How dazzling God's renown!
Through flames the tumult fell,
The valiant Michael
With his hand the fierce brand can extinguish:
All mutiny shall quell.
God's banner he doth rear:
Come, wreathe his brow austere.
Now, in peace, shall increase Heaven's Palace:
No discord now we hear.
Then to the Godhead raise,
In His deathless courts, your praise.
Glory bring to the King of all Kingdoms:
His deeds inspire our lays.

MICHAEL: Praise be to God! The state of things above
Has changed. Our Grand Foe has met his defeat;
And in our hands he leaves his standard, helm,
And morning-star, and shield and banners bold.
Which spoil, gained in pursuit, even now doth hang,
'Mid joys triumphant, honors, songs of praise,
And sounds of trump, on Heaven's axis bright,
The mirror clear of all rebelliousness,
Of all ambition that would rear its crest
'Gainst God, the stem immovable—grand fount,
Prime source, and Father of all things that are,
Which from His hand their nature did receive,
And various attributes. No more shall we
Behold the glow of Majesty Supreme
Dimmed by the damp of base ingratitude.
There, deep beneath our sight and these high thrones,
They wander through the air and restlessly
Move to and fro, all blind and overcast
With shrouding clouds, and horribly deformed.
Thus is his fate, who would assail God's Throne.

CHORUS: Thus is his fate, who would assail God's throne.
Thus is his fate, who would, through envy, man,
In God's own image made, deprive of light.

THE BIRDS AND THEIR FALSE LOVERS

By FRANCIS P. WIGHTMAN

['Little Leather Breeches,' 1899. By permission of J. F. Taylor and Company.]

"Well," said the red bird, sitting on a tree—
"I had a mate as well as thee.
But she grew fickle, an' away she fled,
An' ever since then my head's been red!"

"Well," said the blue bird, sitting on a tree—
"I had a mate as well as thee.
But he grew fickle, and away he flew,
And ever since then my head's been blue."

"Well," said the black bird, sitting on a tree—
"I had a mate as well as thee—
But she flew away, and never came back,
And ever since then my head's been black!"

"Well," said the green bird, sitting on a tree,—
"I had a mate ez well ez thee—
But he flew away, an' wuz never more seen,
An' ever sence then my haid's ben green."

"Well," said the brown bird, sitting on a tree—
"I had a mate as well as thee,
But he flew up, and never came down,
And ever since then my head's been brown!"

"Wely," said the gray bird, sitting on a tree—
"I had a mate as well as thee.
But she grew fickle, and flew away,
And ever since then my head's been gray."

OLD DAN TUCKUH

By FRANCIS P. WIGHTMAN

['Little Leather Breeches,' 1899. By permission of J. F. Taylor and Company.]

Ol' Dan Tuckuh was a fine ol' man,
He used t' ride a Durham ram,
Rode 'im down t' de bottom of a hill,

An' ef 'e ain't up, 'e's down there still!
Git out'n de way
Ol' Dan Tuckuh!
Come too late f'r t' git yo' suppuh!

Ol' Dan Tuckuh, he got drunk,
Fell en de fiah an' 'e kick't up a chunk.
A red-'ot coal got in 'is shoe
Great Gran-daddy! how de ashes flew!
Git out'n de way
Ol' Dan Tuckuh!
Come too late f'r t' git yo' suppuh!

Ol' Dan Tuckuh was a fine ol' man—
Washed 'is face innah fryin' pan—
Combed 'is hair withuh wag'n weel,
An' died withuh toothache in 'is heel.
Git out'n de way
Ol' Dan Tuckuh!
Come too late f'r t' git yo' suppuh!

OMENS

By FRANCIS P. WIGHTMAN

['Little Leather Breeches,' 1899. By permission of J. F. Taylor and Company.]

W'en de screech-owl light on de gable en',
En holler "Who-oo, oo-oo!"
Den yo' bettuh keep yo' eye-ball peel,
Kase 'e bring bad luck t' yo'!

W'en de ol' black cat, widde yaller eyes,
Slink aroun' lak she atterer mouse,
Den yo' bettuh tekcayr yo'se'f en frien's,
Kase dey's sholy a witch en de house!

W'en de puddle-duck 'e leave de pon'
En start t' comb 'e fedder
Den yo' bettuh tek yo' omberel,
Kase dey's gwine tubbe wet wedder!

NATURE

By EMMA WITHERS

['Wildwood Chimes,' 1891.]

I sought within men's hollow creeds
A healing for the sorest needs
That vexed my life. They mocked my quest;
The hidden fires within my breast

Burned on. I sought the sylvan meads,
I watched the flight of wingèd seeds,
I found the soul in meanest weeds,
I saw young birds from out the nest
On swift wings soar.

I follow Nature where she leads,
And naught to me are men and deeds;
For in the pathway she hath pressed
I find the benison of rest—
And safe from life's tormenting greeds,
I seek no more.

EVENING

By CARTER W. WORMLEY

['Poems,' 1904.]

I stood at sunset by the solemn sea
And hearkened to its serious refrain;
The sad and muffled murmurs of the main,
Sounding their anthem to eternity.

The dusk of twilight dimmed the weary world,
I lingered yet, though shadows darker fell;
When, at my foot, half buried, lay a shell,
And in its bosom beauty smiled impearled.

In golden youth my soul began a quest
Of happiness, distinction, of renown;
I lingered yet, though shadows darker fell;
When darkness brought its guerdon, and I rest.

PROSE SELECTIONS

These selections are intended to represent the prose side of Southern literature somewhat as the two preceding sections have represented the poetical side. No selection has been admitted if the author has been represented in the preceding volumes. Of the several types of prose literature, only the essay, the oration, the short story, and the character sketch could find place here.

6195

PROSE SELECTIONS

THE GROWING SOUTH

By EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

[An address delivered before the Civic Forum in Carnegie Hall, New York City, March 22, 1908. Reprinted from 'Civic Forum Addresses,' season of 1907-1908, No. 7.]

THE most interesting and impressive social movement to be observed in the world to-day, unless it be Russia trying to comprehend democracy, is the spectacle of the American Republic trying to adjust its new self to its old self in such fashion that it shall lose neither the individualism which guarantees freedom, nor the co-operative genius which insures power and progress. To me, at least, the most impressive phase of that struggle is the self-reliant effort of the Southern States of this Union to transform their economic and social life, to master the weapons of an industrial civilization, and to breathe easily the spirit of twentieth century Americanism, without sacrificing their deepest political and social instincts. I am here this evening to tell you something of this transformation.

A Southern man is usually regarded as a sort of ambassador from one court of public opinion to another. My spirit somehow resents this, though I recognize the sectional distinctiveness of the South, and the plain historical and sociological reasons for this distinctiveness. American sectionalism, properly considered, is the story of imperial sections of one vast continent, reaching up after self-consciousness and social and industrial unity, and then reacting upon each other to achieve finally, let us hope, a national unity and a national spirit. The national America of the future will be a country in which the great historic sections, while conscious of their sectionalism and proud of it, will nevertheless understand each other and sympathize with each other.

It is quite idle to deny that there is at present in the South a new sort of sectional consciousness asserting itself, side by side with a growing nationalism. Perhaps my resentment arises from a feeling that the permanent and triumphant Amer-

ica of the future must be a like-minded or national America, and that the coming of this national America is delayed by separate-mindedness in the North and in the West, just as much as in the South, and without as good reasons for it.

My particular theme is the building spirit now at work in the States of the South. To understand the present South, one must have for a background five other Souths, forming a very dramatic and moving story in American life. There is first to be considered the Nationalistic and Imperial South. Up to 1830, it is not always clear to students of American history that the seat of active nationalism and imperialism was in the South. It was the era of the Virginia country gentleman and his kind throughout the South. It is difficult to see how there ever could have been any union without the continental thinking and thrilling nationalism of this group of men. One needs only to add Hamilton to such a group as Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison and Monroe, and the Union can almost be accredited to their combined genius.

From 1830 to 1860 there existed what might be called the Self-Centered and Defensive South. Unable through the influences arising from the presence of the African in her life, to engage in sincere debate with herself, and exposed to the hostile and often-times cruel criticisms of the world, this attitude of buoyant nationalism and growth soon changed into one of introspection and defence. This is the South that has fixed itself in the imagination of men. This is the South that, under a generation of harsh criticism, developed abnormal popular sensitiveness, so that it is still very hard for a man who loves the South and knows its virtues and tragedies, to criticise it bluntly, or for the people themselves, who have endured that criticism and suffered under these tragedies, to receive such criticism impersonally and patiently. The great corrective forces of bold thinking and plain speaking are not yet at play as they should be in our public life, though material strength and unity of aims with the rest of the country are daily lessening this one stunting inheritance of years of isolation. This defensive South was a land of few cities or centres of population, clinging sternly to a few central ideas. It was a land wherein a tumultuous love of liberty and of chartered rights existed, side by side with human slavery; wherein aristocracy

and democracy went arm in arm together for the last time in human history. This system did not produce in a just degree, either wealth or letters; yet, it did some things remarkably well. Out of it issued a small but wonderfully alert and powerful political force. The strength of this force was not so much in its power of social imagination or breadth of vision, as in an inflexible public integrity and a certain elevation of thought about the State and the whole idea of public service; a passion for principles, though they lead to ruin; and an intense singleness of aim. This society had its faults and it was doomed to pass, but there lived in it a deep historical meaning. Here may be seen the spirit of romanticism with its central note of exaltation of personality and of the class feeling above general social progress, and here was the heroic tradition, with its attributes of feeling and spontaneity and heady enterprise, making its last stand in the new West against efficiency and correctness and form.

The dominant units of this society were men of English and Scotch and Scotch-Irish breeding and consciousness, caught in the grip of an economic misconception and unable to extricate themselves from it by any wisdom of the time. This society as early as 1800 was as homogeneous as England or France to-day. It has retained this homogeneity, and it should be remembered that the wonderful re-ordering of Southern society since 1876 is the work of this homogeneous population. The only truly Anglo-Saxon communities in the world to-day are in rural England and the Southern States. These men were proud men; the dogma of local self-government was their deepest political conviction; they did not enjoy being told how to order their affairs; and, so, they moulded their society and fulfilled their destiny.

As I perceive the Republic to-day, working its will among the nations, a feeling comes that the defensive and self-conscious South did the nation a high service, by projecting into its body of energy a spirit of loyalty to ideas, of passion for principles, of romantic devotion to causes; and it is for our soul's good, I believe, that we breathe deeply of that old air of leisure, and of love of home and country life, and that as a nation we are taking more thought of the conceptions of that age about personality, dignity, and service. And, as we

forge still further forward, I believe we shall hark back with benefit to that single-minded but romantic age, blotted out almost without warning as by the fury of a tempest, with its consciousness of self and of personal values, such as dignity held second to honor; that gameness in the blood; that grand manner; that archaic pride of honorable descent; that steadfastness of ideas; that mingling of the simplicity of a shepherd with the pride of a king; that "moral elegance" in matters constituting a public trust.

From 1861 to 1865, the defensive passed easily into the militant South, counting it a privilege and a glory to stake all for its faiths and theories upon the issues of war.

And then from 1865 to 1880, let us say, there existed the Submerged South, the silent, the enduring, the patient, the grim South, walking in an economic and social "valley of the shadow of death." Our poor human nature has never been put to a severer test than was this enduring South, and our poor human nature has nowhere endured that test more finely. For the first time in history it was sought to place over a white race as their rulers a black race, recently held by them in slavery. Their sense of superiority to the race so set over them, and their extraordinary unity, welded still more firmly by the fires of war, alone enabled Southern whites to emerge whole from the ordeal. It was a sad time, and left behind a bitter deposit. Only the great spirits of the era had the strength to pass happily from that age to this—a spiritual distance of three hundred years.

This is why we who were born in a later day think so tenderly of the gray-haired man of the South to-day, whose heart is unpoisoned with hate or revenge, whose spirit is young and hopeful, and whose devotion to his whole country, which no power now can ever break, is as clear and high as was his faithfulness to the flag which his courage advanced so high and so far. I remember it all dimly as a boy at school, reciting Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner" and the mournful threnodies of the period. I remember the sad and subtle mystery of my father's face as he sat on his gallery and gazed wistfully over the world which seemed so bright and alluring to my young spirit. He was striving in middle life to adjust himself to a new world, whose features he could not recog-

nize, and in which he must live and work as he had in the world gone from him forever, amid the flashing of the guns. That he crossed the perilous bridge between the eras, safely and strongly, was his best legacy to me. That General Lee as a quiet teacher of youth made the great adjustment so simply, that he somehow contrived in such work to wear defeat like a laurel crown, is the chiefest reason for the vast love for him which abides in Southern hearts.

From 1880, roughly speaking, until this hour, there is to be considered the emergent and growing South, striving to maintain its essential social and political traditions, and yet, with a completely altered economic point of view, transferring its energies from combating and enduring, to building and growing.

Instinctively, as has every renaissance period, the Southern States have expended their chiefest energies on the most fundamental of all social tasks—education. It was necessary to understand, to face, and to conquer the followng conditions, in order to establish solidly in Southern life an enduring system of democratic education:

1. The free public school was not possible in the South during its years of isolation and submersion, when plantation life, instead of community life, was the unit; when individualism controlled state policy, and slavery obstructed communal growth.

2. The South was rural and sparsely settled, which are the most difficult conditions for the spread of public schools.

3. The South was bi-racial, involving a duplication of educational effort and a conquest of racial difficulties.

4. The South was the overburdened section of America. No other Americans have ever known in its direst form, the discipline of war and defeat. No other region among the great culture nations, ever lost in less than a decade over one-tenth of its population, three and a half billions of its wealth, the form of its society and the very genius of its life, save a certain unconquerable courage and self-reliance. No other region except Poland ever knew such losses, and Poland ceased to exist. The year 1900 had come and gone before the whole South had regained its per capita wealth of 1860.

5. The South must pass from an agricultural order, de-

pressed by poverty and misrule, to an industrial democracy, wherein it must regain its national consciousness in a country which, itself, was just beginning to understand what real national self-consciousness meant.

6. There existed in the South an untaught and backward race, newly and suddenly projected from slavery to citizenship and economic responsibility.

The State University, the private academy of rare excellence, practical initiative in the education of women, may be considered the chief educational achievement of the antebellum South.

Since 1880, in spite of all the difficulties above enumerated, the South has increased this sum of accomplishment, in the following directions:

1. The Southern people have had the political patience and equipoise not to disturb the only good thing bequeathed to them by the carpet-bag governments, namely, the provision for popular education, placed in their organic law.

2. They have developed an overwhelming public sentiment, with the social and political agencies necessary to sustain that sentiment, in favor of the education of all the people at public expense, thus making of a social system, semi-feudal in nature, a democracy in *social usage,* as well as in political philosophy.

3. They have guided that sentiment to the point where 45 per cent of all their public revenues are expended upon education. They have increased their school revenue, in the past five years, $11,590,000, and two-thirds of this sum has come from local taxation, a community weapon of enormous power, formerly dreaded by the property holders, and hated by the people themselves, to whom it was sparingly permitted.

4. The South has developed the genius of school organization necessary to create a system of popular education in every Southern State, fairly complete as to its machinery and methods, quickened and strengthened by normal and industrial schools for both races, and vitalized by the establishment in the past five years of 650 public high schools. One hundred and twenty institutions of higher learning have been revived or established, instructing nearly thirty thousand students. The establishment and re-building of these higher institu-

tions have been invaluable experiences in interpretation of social needs and in self-reliance and self-sacrifice. It might have been better to have left some of them unrevived, and not to have created others. Certainly some of them stand merely as expressions of local pride, no guiding principle having determined either their location or their relation to an intelligent whole. Nevertheless, in the atmosphere about them of bare sincerity and heroic struggle, young men have been nurtured in such older ideals of a liberal education, as the attainment of culture and knowledge and the exaltation of personal character. A certain honesty, ruggedness, and unselfishness pervaded their teachings. Within their walls, life seemed real and duty easy and opportunity precious. The problem of unifying and relating these institutions to each other as parts of one great process is a task of this generation. The growth of the habit of voluntary helpfulness by private citizens and the perception by the State of its colleges as forces upon which it must lean for guidance in its complex development, have widened the scope of such of these as hold in them the principle of life. To-day the spirit of research and scientific investigation is entering these institutions and is vying with the more ancient conception of rigid acquisition as a ruling motive. Growing Southern universities have a peculiar opportunity to advance this truth-seeking spirit, to protect it from materialization, to idealize its motive in the heart of the seeker, and yet to draw near to the people in the application of scientific truth to life itself.

The combined income of all these institutions does not greatly exceed the combined income of Harvard and Columbia; but this income is growing steadily, and it is largely the result of local beneficence, or legislative wisdom. Less than 3 per cent of the $600,000,000 given in the past thirty years to education has come Southward, and not much more than 1 per cent of that sum has come to the whites. Instruction in agriculture and technology, through the initiative of the National Government and the co-operation of the State Governments, has been carried to the point where 1,000 Southern boys are now studying these subjects, where one studied them a generation ago. Scarcely a town of three thousand population exists in the Southern States to-day without a system

of public schools free to all. The percentage of illiteracy of the white race has been reduced from twenty-five per cent to fifteen per cent, and of the colored race from eighty-seven per cent to forty-five per cent.

5. Owing primarily to the patriotic genius of Samuel Chapman Armstrong, and the human enthusiasm of a select group of patient men and women in both sections and of both races, the two greatest experiment stations in the world for the training of a backward race have been established in the South, and a wise direction given to the education of the African element in our body politic, whose training was missing the mark widely, owing to unintelligent zeal for their welfare on the one hand, and a mingling of resentment and despair on the other.

6. The ability of this generation to recognize education as something larger than mere learning or even discipline, to perceive it as a great force moulding national character, has caused the enlistment into this field of work of young men and young women of creative capacity and exalted character, who, under other conditions in Southern history, would have instinctively turned to political and social fields for distinction and service.

7. The tardy appearance of these States in the field of democratic education has given them an opportunity which they will not pass by, to avoid many of the educational errors of the more forward American communities. Already one notes in their curricula an insistence upon the studies that give emphasis to the duties of men and the glory of service, rather than to the rights of man and the splendors of achievement. The whole educational curriculum reveals the mood of the Southern mind in the effort made in it to discipline the will, to understand social and economic causes, and to see the life about it, not as an atom, but as a part of a related whole.

8. Finally, it may be said that the South, educationally, has passed from the stage of public opinion-making to one of constructiveness and technique, and the child has become the focus of scientific concern in law and politics. General Assemblies spend one-half of their revenue and two-thirds of their time in the passage of laws touching the welfare of youth.

The leading educational measures before the Virginia

Legislature of this year were these: A bill to bring about scientific equalization of taxation; a bill to bring about co-ordination and unity in the whole educational scheme; the development of secondary education as the nexus between the separate parts; bills providing further facilities for the training of teachers, and a bill for compulsory education. The advent of the scientific spirit in education and in the field of economics and sociology is revealed both by the character of such legislation and by the creation of chairs of education, economics and sociology in Southern institutions. In 1895 such studies practically did not form parts of college curricula. To-day no leading University is without such chairs, and the men in them are helping to shape and enact constructive legislation.

The questions arising out of the presence of the African in American life, are not questions to be incidentally discussed. A wealth of ignorance has been expended on their discussion which quite sickens the heart. The deeper one's knowledge goes, the greater one's desire for silence and patience. I would, however, leave these thoughts with you. There are over 8,000,000 negroes in the South to-day. Each Southern State, resisting every effort to distribute its taxation on racial lines, is committed in its statutes and laws to the training of the negro race at public expense. Two million, six hundred thousand colored children are enrolled in the common schools to-day in the Southern States and seventeen thousand in higher institutions. These enormous figures are striking and pathetic illustrations of the faith of the negro in the moulding power of education. Southern States have spent $120,000,000 on their education. Northern people, out of a noble sense of national responsibility, have contributed $15,000,000 to their education. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in a recent notable address, has declared that the negro himself, out of his poverty, has expended nearly $10,000,000 exclusive of his share of taxation. The negro race owns nearly $300,000,000 worth of property. This is a pitiful per capita wealth as compared with prosperous white conditions, but it is wealth and not pauperism. Negroes are at work in the South in more varied forms of useful labor than elsewhere on earth. They acquired land, in one State, from 1895 to 1898, at the rate of over fifty-two thousand acres a year. In the twelve Southern States, negro

land owners in 1900 owned 173,352 farms. In Virginia, negroes own 1,304,471 acres of land. From a condition of absolute illiteracy, practically 50 per cent of them have become literate.

When it is reflected that all this has been achieved in the country in which they were but recently held as slaves, and in which for a time they were placed in an unnatural and absurd attitude of political control, can any sane man assert that they have lived and worked under any conditions of oppression? Is there any parallel in history to such progress under such conditions? If negroes were fierce economic beings like Yankees, or Jews, or Scotchmen, it might be claimed that they had achieved all this in spite of discouragement and oppression, and they do deserve great praise and credit for what they have done; but everyone knows that they are not such beings, and on the contrary, they could not have achieved all this without a strong measure of justice and encouragement, that entitles the people of the Southern States to the credit of having pursued toward them a juster and larger policy than ever before pursued by higher groups toward backward and lower groups in any civilization.

Mr. John Morley thinks the negro problem practically unsolvable, and perhaps it is, but practical men must continue to face it resolutely, quietly, justly. It is an American problem in a very concrete sense, but it is largely the genius of Southern leadership that must be relied upon for its wise treatment. Owing to the rapid subdivision of land going on in rural life, in twenty-five years, every Southern and Western city will face the negro problem as an irritating race question, because of the presence of large numbers of Africans in their population. Essentially, the negro as an irritating race issue, is a question of the presence of the African and his numerical proportion to the whole population. In a community of ten thousand white inhabitants and twenty-four negroes, the question is an academic one and the doctrinaire and the sentimentalist have a beautiful time with it. In a community of ten thousand white inhabitants and eighteen hundred negroes, there is less philosophy and more silence. In a community of ten thousand white inhabitants and ten thousand negroes, the policeman supersedes the philosopher in relative importance, and the prob-

lem moves along, as best it may, over the rough ways of democracy.

Perhaps the chiefest political constructive act of Southern genius in reference to the negro, has been the limitation of the whole idea of manhood suffrage, thus removing the blacks from politics, and centering their thought on industrial life, removing frightful temptations from the politics of the white people, and in a large way, placing the whole idea of suffrage on the highest plane possible in a Republic. When all of its ragged edges and incidental injustices have been worn away, the suffrage regulations of the South in the last decade will be seen to have been wise and philosophical.

At the court of present public opinion in the South, the following things, as to the negro-American have been settled:

1. The white race shall control the political development of the Southern States, as it will and ought to control the political development of the rest of this Republic. As we were European in our origin and structure, so we shall remain, refusing to become either Asiatic on one side of the continent, or African on the other.

2. Agreement has been reached that in insisting upon absolute social separateness, the South is pursuing a far-sighted policy of justice, both to the negro as a race, and to the higher groups that inhabit this nation and to civilization at large.

3. It has been settled that the emphasis laid by Armstrong, the most heroic figure in the whole struggle, and the wiser leader of the negro race, upon training in the industrial and manual arts, promises the best returns in the development of the masses of that race as useful factors in economic life.

4. It has been settled that no form of peonage or helotry, perils worse than chattel slavery, shall creep into our life.

5. It has been settled that the negro having humanity, personality, economic value, shall be trained for citizenship in this Republic, and that the South itself shall exert intelligent and determining influence upon the character of that training, because it is its duty so to act, and because extraneous influence may carry the negro farther from understanding and sympathy with his environment.

6. It has been settled that the final policy of the South

toward this backward man shall be a scientific habit of investigation as to the facts of his progress, coupled with an intelligent interest in his development, causing its thinking people to discriminate between the good individual negro and the negro considered as a mere perplexing, evil problem in sociology. The best Southern thought on this matter is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but watchful and steady. The point of view likely to prevail finally is the point of view that gives foremost place, not to the negro as a pathetic, upward-striving figure, or the negro as a tragic burden, but to the negro as a mighty industrial asset, and to the standards of American character as affected by the presence of the negro in this largest democratic undertaking of the white race. Under changed conditions and in a new age this viewpoint is exactly in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln as expressed in his famous letter to Horace Greeley: "What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it—if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it—and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." Has any group of human beings ever caused so much social and political ferment and change as the American negro? I wonder if this American negro ever thinks of the relative care bestowed by human society upon him and the 3,000,000 white men who inhabit the thin soil of the coastal plain, the Piedmont Hills, and the Appalachian Mountains. For the negro rivers of blood have flowed, millions of treasures have been spent, patient lives have been dedicated, and in virtue of all this expenditure of energy, genius, and consecration, a distance has been created between him and his grandfathers equal to the distance between the jungle and the University. The lot of the Piedmont and Appalachian white man has been forgetfulness, ignorance, and neglect. The world might as well understand that the Southerner is done with this neglect forever. He sees that the redemption of his community lies primarily in the restoration and development of the white population. Without such development the most remarkable story of individual negro achievement will tend to become merely an in-

teresting racial phenomenon. As Mr. Albert Shaw has recently demonstrated, the progress that is now evident along all these lines, in the cotton-mill, the school, the improvement of agriculture, "represents the most transforming movement in American society that the new century can show." The destruction of slavery made possible the social and economic unification of this continent. When these three million white men, scattered over Southern farms and in Southern towns and cities, are trained and developed, "the structure of our Southern society will actually realize unity and similarity to that of other regions where white men live and work."

No amount of prophecy is going to settle this question, but it is not prophecy but fact to assert that the negro race is steadily declining in the South, and must continue to decline in relative numbers; that he will remain socially distinct; that he is yet to undergo the fiercest trials that come to backward races striving to forge to the front in old civilization, and that the nature of this ordeal will increase the migratory impulse of the negro. Nearly a million negroes now live outside Southern limits. In thirty years that number will be increased 50 per cent. Already it is the ultimate fate of the negro that is in the balance in America, and not the fate of the Southern States, as has been pointed out by Mr. Philip Bruce. The remarkable acquisition of land by the negro, even if much of it be poor land and mortgaged, is creditable to his sagacity, and a testimony to the amazing freedom of opportunity accorded him. His opportunities in this direction exceed those of the farmers of England to-day. It should be held in mind, however, that strength alone can guarantee permanence in his land holdings. Weak men cannot permanently hold land, or continue to acquire land. Land is of the essence in the making of any civilization, and the mere right to acquire it is a freeman's privilege. If a land holder, in a complex order, is not worthy of his land, society, sooner or later, finds a way to take it away from him. The harshest experiences of the black people are yet to be, for the South must come to treat them as the world now treats them, demanding that they develop, not only manual and industrial power, but those moral qualities necessary to win freedom through fierce competition. In no other way can real freedom ever be won by a man or a race. Freedom is a

conquest, not a bequest. Considerations of national welfare, therefore, as well as solemn human justice, demand that such training be given to this African element in American life as will enable it to face its supreme struggle, with hope in its heart, will develop its unmeasured capacity for productiveness in the field of labor and will safeguard the quality of American citizenship.

Agriculture remains as of old, the absorbing economic interest of Southern life. Seventeen millions of its population live in the country. Agricultural farm values aggregate to-day $4,000,000,000; farm products $1,300,000,000 and 4,000,000 males are engaged in this work. As the structure and arrangement of this industry determined ante-bellum civilization, so its reordering in the new age is the most potent factor in determining the social structure of the new times. The following constructive changes are coming about, tending to modify the conditions of rural life and to give to Southern society a certain uniformity and likeness to the rest of the nation, which are the conditions of real democracy and nationality.

1. The great plantation, particularly in the upper South, has been supplanted by the small farm, constantly increasing in number. The older rural gentry and their sons have gone to the cities, forming a very formidable element in New York City itself, including Wall Street. A new and potential citizenship has taken possession of these small farms. Of late years, the old affection for country life, and pride of estate, have brought back to the country many of these city dwellers, and their influence will be strongly felt in all measures for rural improvement. This new citizenship is demanding educational facilities, good roads, free mail delivery, telephone systems, trolley lines, and an era of diffused intelligence must shortly appear, assuring a fundamental change for the better in the attractiveness and the general social and material opportunities of country life. These are the men whose needs and whose influence will modify the old and mould the character of the future leadership in Southern politics. One who knows their spirit has recently put their creed into this form: "I will never vote again for any candidate for a State office who does not have some well-worked-out program for conserving and developing our rural communities, for constructing good

roads throughout the State, for placing a respectable schoolhouse and good school in easy reach of every child, for placing in every one of such schools well-trained and amply-paid teachers, and for making our institutions of charity and higher education equal to any. I am tired of hearing men talk, and of voting for men merely because they support a certain man for President and for reward for party service."

2. The unit of the small farm necessitates intensive and diversified production. Intensive and diversified production presupposes a knowledge of scientific agriculture. Scientific agriculture does not demand hordes of untrained labor in order to reap its richest rewards. Whatever labor is employed must develop skill and power, or be driven into the cities to factory employment or household labor. The society necessary to the successful conduct of the small farm unit will furnish a new backbone to our social structure, based on respectability, simple thrift, and contented intelligence. The new rural population will for generations lack the charm of the old, but by means of its very diffusion and its manifest possession of a certain general level of sturdy power and freedom of opportunity, it will contribute strength to the life blood of the whole organism.

When under the inevitable influences of that great new industrial subdivision, ill-tilled and untilled Southern lands are made to quadruple their productiveness, when lands now yielding 20 bushels of corn to the acre are made to yield 50 or 60 bushels, as is being done in numbers of localities, the basis of material prosperity will be gained for the attainment of these higher things which the heart of man desires. There can be no lasting growth in schools without increasing earning power to promote such growth. In 1860, thirty-five per cent of the soil of Virginia was improved. To-day fifty-five per cent of that soil is improved. To-morrow seventy-five per cent of it will be improved, for last year 2,400 farmers from other States came into Virginia and invested ten millions in farming. In eight Southern States, the area of improved lands has increased fourteen per cent since the passing of slavery, while the increase in the actual number of farms in the same region has increased 150 per cent since 1876. All agricultural wealth doubled between 1880 and 1900. The production of garden vegetables, an unknown enterprise in 1861, left $85,000,000 in

Southern pockets in 1900. The great problem in Southern agriculture has been, and is, to increase the net earnings of the average farmer. The agricultural colleges and farmers' institutes and the steady enthusiasm of intelligent agricultural organizations are entitled to first credit for all movements in that direction. Among the most interesting of agencies recently inaugurated are the demonstration and co-operative farms in all the States from Virginia to Texas. Thirty-two thousand such farms under the direction of the United States Agricultural Department and the General Educational Board were at work in 1908.

It should not be imagined that this diffusion of rural population means stagnation or decay of urban life. On the contrary, it exists side by side with the resistless growth of cities and towns. The new, small land owners, unable to make of their lands a place of production for all their supplies, must look for these supplies to the towns and cities. The poorer whites and the landless or improvident negroes flock to the cities to partake of the prosperity arising from the industries gathered there, and a stream of white skilled immigrants, thin but steady, passes to the towns to supply industrial needs. Two hundred thousand white settlers came into the South in 1906, and bought two million acres of land.

While the States of the South still constitute the principal agricultural division of the nation, it was clearly inevitable that its changed economic point of view should cause this section to cease to be merely a producer of raw materials, and become a converter of these raw materials into useful products. The Southerner did not have to learn this industrial habit. He simply had to re-learn it, for he fought hard to make head against the logic of slave economics and the mental paralysis caused by the protective tariff. From 1845 to 1860 he built more miles of railroad than the New England and Middle States, and expended over sixty millions on mills and factories. Slavery gone and its point of view effaced, the whole process seemed clearer and worked itself out easier. Five hundred million pounds of cotton is an average South Carolina crop. Thirty years ago, Massachusetts bought this crop at 7 cents per pound, leaving $35,000,000 in South Carolina pockets. Massachusetts then converted it into cloth at 20 cents per pound, and turned

into her own pockets $100,000,000. Converted into finer forms of cloth, the net return might well be $200,000,000 and upward, almost without limit. South Carolina now does her own converting into cloth and keeps the $100,000,000 change.

Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, in an illuminating article in the *Review of Reviews* for February, 1906, has declared that no country ever dominated, as does the South, an industry of such value and importance as the cotton crop. Mr. Edmonds substantiates this statement by an amazing array of facts and figures. William L. Yancey and Robert Toombs, and men of their stamp, were not far wrong when they saw a vision of industrial power based on cotton, that fired their imaginations and caused them to cry, "Cotton is King." Their stumbling-block was slave labor. Slave labor is now gone and the legitimate sovereignty of cotton is an assured fact. Three-fourths of this great crop, which must be relied on to clothe civilization, and in the exploitation of which, two billions of capital are used, is raised in the South. It is a stupendous God-made monopoly. To-day, the South has invested, in 777 mills, with their 9,200,000 spindles, $225,000,000, as against $21,000,000 twenty-five years ago. The fields of the South furnish the raw material for three-fourths of the mills of all the world with their 110,000,000 spindles. The South now consumes 2,300,000 bales, which is about the amount consumed by the rest of the country and is a four-fold increase over its consumption in 1890. Mr. Edmonds estimates that if the time should ever come when we can spin and weave all of our present crop, we would need 7,770 mills to do it, and the world at large would need an annual crop of thirty million bales. This three-fold increase of the crop can be brought about by increasing, by means of improved agriculture, the productivity of the land, and by the reclamation of land along the Mississippi Valley. If this increase could be accomplished; if the labor could be found to handle it; if the markets for it could be secured in such volume that the price could remain near to its present standard; and, if our capacity to spin and weave our share of the increase could be maintained, the Southern States of America would become the richest portion of the earth. The present value of the cotton crop, raw material and manufactured product, is about $1,250,000,000. Trebled in value, it would

amount to three or four billions annually. It is easy to lose one's judgment in this mounting mass of values, but one thing seem very clear: The opportunity to develop the potentialities of cotton, in field and in mill, to train and handle the labor involved in the development, which would cover the whole field of the poor white, the immigrant and the negro, to evolve the financial genius to move and market this world staple, makes of the Southern States a field for industrial talent and industrial leadership unsurpassed in the world.

It was not difficult to perceive that what was true of cotton might be true also of wood, iron, and wool, and the whole world of raw materials. Six thousand enterprises proposing to convert such raw materials into salable products began operation in the South in 1906. To-day it is using its own accumulated wealth as working capital. Its total property values in 1908 exceed those of 1860 by $6,000,000,000. In the decennial period, 1890-1900, the value of all manufactured products increased $1,250,000,000, and the estimated increase of the true value of Southern property in the past six years has been at the rate of three million a day. On the basis of percentage of increase the South's gain within the last six years is 48 per cent, and that of the rest of the Union 32 per cent. In other words, the old patriarchal staple States in twenty years must become the fiercest industrial region in America, converting into useful articles the splendid wealth of its fields and forests and mines. The giant agent that has made and will continue to make all of this industrial energy profitable, must be the railroad. We are engaged just now in chastising, somewhat hysterically, the spirit of this great giant, and it unquestionably needed regulation, but we shall be merely stupid or self-destructive if we let ourselves forget either its statesmanlike part in our present upbuilding, or our absolute dependence upon it and its imperial methods for our future growth. It is well to settle the fact that the railroad is a public servant, but a solemn duty rests upon our legislatures to-day to approach the study of the railroad and its problems with the patient, scientific care that its importance, as the greatest of all industrial servants, demands.

Passing from the field of accomplishment to the field of character, three sturdy achievements appear:

1. The ability of the Southern people to maintain their character unmodified and their spirit so unweakened by appalling political misfortune and economic adversity, as to enable them to transmute the discipline of defeat and suffering into strength for permanent rebuilding.

2. Their refusal as yet to surrender their moral loyalties and their social and religious conservatism to the grandeurs and temptations of an epoch pre-occupied with conquest and acquisition. The fancied home of the cavalier is the home of the nearest approach to puritanism and to the most vital protestant evangelicalism in the world to-day. We may attribute some of this conserving power to homogeneity, absence of urban masses, or provincialism. One man out of one hundred and thirty in the Southern States is of foreign extraction or birth, and hence older ideals linger more stubbornly, but essentially it is due to the sincerity of Southern life during the period of endurance, its poverty-bred simplicity, its belated appearance on the plane of industrial ambitions, and its ancient conception of government as something to serve and not something to use and profit by. It seems to me a God-send to America that a good section of it is not yet quite "up-to-date."

3. The emphasis of Southern thought has finally passed from an exaggerated individualism to a firm belief in the potential value of the common man as the truest asset of a democracy. One hears more of communities and their aspirations and their developing genius for concerted action, than of individuals and their ambitions. Galveston, New Orleans, Atlanta, Richmond, Memphis, and such cities, now hold the stage as centres of thrilling civic evolution, rather than any picturesque individuals symbolizing those communities.

The social centre of gravity of the South to-day is neither the court house nor the hustings, but the schoolhouse and the university, and its prevailing mood is social sympathy.

The lasting literature of the period, the literature of Harris and Allen, and Page and Craddock, in its closer touch with mankind at large, in its consideration for the qualities of humble folks, its divorce from overwrought sentiment, and its democratic sympathy, reveals, as in a looking-glass, this change of spirit. The unusual honesty of state and municipal governments in the South for thirty years is simply a survival of old

usage, but superadded to this ancient habit may now be noted, not only a strong sense of social obligation, but a definite expression of moral enthusiasm for plain men and women. The most vivid illustration of this moral enthusiasm is the present prohibition movement. The phenomenon of the conquest of the State of Kentucky by the prohibition idea cannot be lightly accounted for, nor accounted for at all, save on the theory that it is a definite expression of moral leadership and moral purpose determined to sweep out of the way of struggling men and women desperate evils and temptations besetting them as they reach toward a finer life. This movement, however lacking in finality, is simply a symbol of an altered social point of view.

Southern politics is permeated with this thought of social progress and community effort. One often hears with regret that the supreme question of the domination of the white race has brought about political conditions in which only one party exists. But this is not quite true. Within the dominant party there are two parties under one name; both standing in varying degree for growth and progress in community-life though relying for differentiation too much on personalities and non-essentials, very much as our national parties do to-day. The ante-bellum Southern voter was perhaps the best informed man in America on national politics, and decidedly careless as to the needs of his own township. He knew all about the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and did not pester himself about the local schoolhouse. Now, Kansas, like the primrose by the river's brim, is just the plainest sort of Kansas to him, and Nebraska is chiefly interesting as saving him the trouble, every now and then, of deciding for whom to vote for president. Now his interest in the Philippines, or even the presidency, is mild as compared to his zeal for the schools and roads of his county. It is the era of domestic politics, and of absorption of the people and the politicians in the welfare of the masses at home. Consulships and ministers plenipotentiary are as remote to his political taste as old wine or caviare to the palate of the working man. This detachment from national politics is an abnormal and a temporary political condition. For the South's sake and the nation's sake, this condition must pass, for the Southerner is an able, healthy-minded political animal, who enjoys having a hand in his country's government, and his country will be

lacking in good sense if she doesn't find a way to make use of his kind of strength. The reuniting of Southern political ability to national service must wait upon time to free it utterly from hesitation and fear arising out of the issues due to the presence of the African in our society and the influence upon our nerves of old horrid memories. When a perception of actual conditions and the spread of intelligence has swept this fear out of the minds of the masses of the people, they will also sweep out the reign of any leadership dependent on that fear. There will be a rebirth of party government, and two or more parties representing the intelligence and patriotism of these states will divide, debate, and consider issues on their merits. An inherently capable and pure political genius will be unloosed and made free to play upon complex and vital national questions. There may be observed to-day a constantly increasing number of men, ready to manifest their independence by voting for candidates of either wing of the dominant party, or of either party especially in national affairs, whenever by so doing, they believe they can best advance the public welfare.

Neither solid North nor solid South can then obtrude their opaque masses between just principles and the vision of patriotic men. Southern men, neither better nor abler, personally, than some now timidly and in desperation mentioned for the presidency, will naturally win the presidency, because they will incarnate the things the people desire a president for. After a half century of national effacement, the South is cool-headed enough to know that the regaining of its prestige in federal politics will be brought about in no frantic, hysterical way, but by educational influences and profound changes in point of view. When some strong Southerner like Daniel, or Culberson, or Williams, or Hoke Smith, harnesses himself to the idea of tariff reform, or to some patient, scientific method of establishing sympathetic relations between industrialism and democracy, or to some just equation between the powers of a growing nation, and the constitutional rights and duties of the separate States, and drives these ideas into the minds of the American people, no outworn bugaboos can keep such a man out of the highest service needed by the country.

Notwithstanding all these considerations, it is my belief

that this Southern detachment from national affairs has been a good and necessary thing for the era just passing, affording to the men of that region freer opportunity to emphasize local self-government, to re-discover it, as it were, in concrete ways, to perceive the identity of things social and political, to set up neighborhood unity and self-sacrifice in public affairs as proper ideals of growth; to learn, in short, to depend upon themselves, instead of upon federal direction or federal support. It is a strange happening that, by an absolute reversal of social emphasis, the Southerner should again find himself, not only defending metaphysically his old best-loved dogma of local self-government as the very core of democracy, but re-rooting it in the popular heart as a form of efficient machinery for beautifying and enriching the State.

As our revolutionary age demanded human enthusiasm, and our Civil War period steadfast courage, and our industrial period imagination and daring, and our rebuilding a faith in education and sympathy with men, so for adequate leadership in the new age about to be, the Southerner is developing an increasing scientific mindedness in intellectual approach and mental habit. I mean by the scientific-minded man one who observes closely, who has mental patience, who thinks with his brain, and not with his emotions, who is satisfied with the whole truth and with nothing less. His reverence is for the past, but it is tempered with the common-sense patriotism which gives him enthusiasm for the future. He is at home in the Republic, and a sense of mastery of the methods of his age, and a perception of his kinship to all the world, have freed his energies and widened his vision. He has not attained wholly the ideal mental condition. He would be rather lonesome in America, if he had reached it; but he is moving that way.

I mean by common-sense patriotism, the patriotism that impels a man to make things better about him, to sympathize with the plain man at his task, and the child of that plain man reaching up into life, to have a hand in building cities, and in rescuing waste lands, to shed light and hope, if he can, upon multitudes of both races reaching up after better things.

Steadfastness of spirit and purity of thought about public service have been stamped into the life of the South by its

strange, sad history. There are now added to these moral tonics, social sympathy and practical faith in common man, and these new ideas have been won out of such experience as to guarantee their genuineness and permanence. This nation should not forget that such qualities are spiritual forces needed to combat coarse power and indifferentism to finer issues. Industrialism must modify but will not wholly destroy this spiritual quality. Our country is a venerable example of Republican Government, but, after all, as a society, it is young and unformed. The golden age of the Southern half of this unformed society is about to dawn—an age of wealth, of buoyant power, of freedom to run an unhindered race. Golden ages are the ages of danger to the character of individuals or peoples. The eternal merits and treasures of our risen empire, standing upon the threshold of its golden age of peril and opportunity, believe me, my friends, are not its mighty potencies of wealth, but a clear idealism bred in the bone, a tutelage of fidelity, an instinct for integrity, an aptitude for ethical insight powerful enough to steady the course of this great experiment as it encounters its recurring moral crises, and to contribute abundantly to the realization of the old hopes and faiths that give such solemnity and majesty to American beginnings.

THE ORATORY OF ANGLO-SAXON COUNTRIES

By EDWARD A. ALLEN

[Introduction to 'The World's Best Orations,' 1899. By permission of the Ferd. P. Kaiser Publishing Company.]

THE English-speaking nations of the earth have always been the freest people, the greatest lovers of liberty, the world has ever known. Long before English history properly begins, the pen of Tacitus reveals to us our forefathers in their old homeland in North Germany beating back the Roman legions under Varus, and staying the progress of Rome's triumphant car whose mighty wheels had crushed Hannibal, Jugurtha, Vercingetorix, and countless thousands in every land. The Germanic ancestors of the English race were the only people that did not bend the neck to the lords of all the world besides. In the year 9, when the Founder of Christianity was playing about his

humble home at Nazareth or watching his father at work in his shop, our forefathers dealt Rome a blow from which she never recovered. As Freeman, late professor of history at Oxford, said in one of his lectures, "in the blow by the Teutoberg wood was the germ of the Declaration of Independence, the surrender at Yorktown." Arminius was our first Washington, *"haud dubie liberator,"* as Tacitus calls him, the savior of his country.

When the time came for expansion, and our forefathers in the fifth century began the conquest and settlement of the island that was to become their New England, they pushed out the Celts, the native inhabitants of the island, just as a thousand years later their descendants were to push out the indigenous people of this continent, to make way for a higher civilization, a larger destiny. No Englishman ever saw an armed Roman in England, and though traces of the Roman conquest may be seen everywhere in that country to-day, it is sometimes forgotten that it was the Britain of the Celts, not the England of the English, which was held for so many centuries as a province of Rome.

The same love of freedom that resisted the Roman invasion in the first home of the English was no less strong in their second home, when Alfred with his brave yeomen withstood the invading Danes at Ashdown and Edington, and saved England from becoming a Danish province. It is true that the Normans, by one decisive battle, placed a French king on the throne of England, but the English spirit of freedom was never subdued; it rose superior to the conquerors of Hastings, and in the end English speech and English freedom gained the mastery.

The sacred flame of freedom has burned in the hearts of the Anglo-Saxon race through all the centuries of our history, and this spirit of freedom is reflected in our language and in our oratory. There never have been wanting English orators when English liberty seemed to be imperiled; indeed, it may be said that the highest oratory has always been coincident with the deepest aspirations of freedom.

It is said of Pitt—the younger, I believe—that he was fired to oratory by reading the speeches in Milton's Paradise Lost. These speeches—especially those of Satan, the most human of

the characters in this noble epic—when analyzed and traced to their source, are neither Hebrew nor Greek, but English to the core. They are imbued with the English spirit, with the spirit of Cromwell, with the spirit that beat down oppression at Marston Moor, and ushered in a freer England at Naseby. In the earlier Milton of a thousand years before, whether the work of Caedmon or of some other English muse, the same spirit is reflected in Anglo-Saxon words. Milton's Satan is more polished, better educated, thanks to Oxford and Cambridge, but the spirit is essentially one with that of the ruder poet, and this spirit, I maintain, is English.

The dry annals of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle are occasionally lighted up with a gleam of true eloquence, as in the description of the battle of Brunanburh which breaks forth into a pean of victory. Under the year 991, there is mention of a battle at Maldon, between the English and the Danes, in which great heroism must have been displayed, for it inspired at the time one of the most patriotic outbursts of song to be found in the whole range of English literature. During an enforced truce, because of a swollen stream that separated the two armies, a messenger is sent from the Danes to Byrhtnoth, leader of the English forces, with a proposition to purchase peace with English gold. Byrhtnoth, angry and resolute, gave him this answer:

"Hearest thou, pirate, what this folk sayeth? They will give you spears for tribute, weapons that will avail you nought in battle. Messenger of the vikings, get thee back, take to thy people a sterner message, that here stands a fearless earl, who with his band will defend this land, the home of Aethelred, my prince, folk and fold. Too base it seems to me that ye go without battle to your ships with our money, now that ye have come thus far into our country; ye shall not so easily obtain treasure. Spear and sword, grim battle-play, shall decide between us ere we pay tribute."

Though the battle was lost and Byrhtnoth slain, the spirit of the man is an English inheritance. It is the same spirit that refused ship-money to Charles I. and tea-money to George III.

The encroachments of tyranny and the stealthier step of royal prerogative have shrunk before this spirit that through the centuries has inspired the noblest oratory of England and

America. It not only inspired the great orators of the mother country; it served at the same time as a bond of sympathy with the American colonies in their struggle for freedom. Burke, throughout his great speech on Conciliation, never lost sight of this idea.

So, too, in the speeches of Chatham, the great commoner, whose eloquence has never been surpassed, an intense spirit of liberty, the animating principle of his life, shines out above all things else. Though opposed to the independence of the colonies, he could not restrain his admiration for the spirit they manifested.

Wherever the principles of Anglo-Saxon freedom and the rights of man have been at stake, the all-animating voice of the orator has kept alive the sacred flame. In the witenagemote of the earlier kings, in the parliament of the later kings, in the Massachusetts town-meeting and in the Virginia House of Burgesses, in the legislature of every state and in the congress of the United States, wherever in Anglo-Saxon countries the torch of liberty seemed to burn low, the breath of the orator has fanned it into flame. It fired the eloquence of Sheridan pleading against Warren Hastings, for the down-trodden natives of India in words that have not lost their magnetic charm. It aroused the enthusiasm of Samuel Adams and James Otis to such a pitch of eloquence that "every man who heard them went away ready to take up arms." It inspired Patrick Henry to hurl his defiant alternative of "liberty or death" in the face of unyielding despotism. It inspired that great-hearted patriot and orator, Henry Clay, in the first quarter of this century, to plead, single-handed and alone, in the congress of the United States, session after session, before the final victory was won, for the recognition of the provinces of South America in their struggle for independence. It loosed the tongue of Wendell Phillips to plead the cause of the enslaved African in words that burned into the hearts of his countrymen. It emboldened George William Curtis to assert the right to break the shackles of party politics and follow the dictates of conscience.

So long as there are wrongs to be redressed, so long as the strong oppress the weak, so long as injustice sits in high places, the voice of the orator will be needed to plead for the rights of

man. He may not, at this stage of the republic, be called upon to sound a battle-cry to arms, but there are bloodless victories to be won, as essential to the stability of a great nation and the uplifting of its millions of people as the victories of the battle-field.

When the greatest of modern political philosophers, the author of the Declaration of Independence, urged that, if men were left free to declare the truth, the effect of its great positive forces would overcome the negative forces of error, he seems to have hit the central fact of civilization. Without freedom of thought and absolute freedom to speak out the truth as one sees it, there can be no advancement, no high civilization. To the orator who has heard the call of humanity, what nobler aspiration than to enlarge and extend the freedom we have inherited from our Anglo-Saxon fathers, and to defend the hope of the world?

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS

ANONYMOUS

[This sermon first appeared about the year 1850 in a New Orleans paper. It is reprinted in Burton's 'Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor' (1858) and Watterson's 'Oddities in Southern Life and Character' (1882). The scene is a village on the Mississippi.]

I MAY say to you, my brethring, that I am not an edicated man, an' I am not one of them as believes that edication is necessary for a Gospel minister, for I believe the Lord edicates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edicated; an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gets bigger congregations nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethring, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you, my brethring, that I'm a Hard Shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard Shell Baptists, but I'd rather have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethring, dressed up in fine clothes; you mout think I am proud, but I am not proud, my brethring, and although I've been a preacher of the gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm capting of the flatboat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethring.

I am not gwine to tell you edzactly whar my tex may be found; suffice to say, it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhar between the first chapter of the book of Generations, and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and search the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texes as will do you good to read, and my tex, when you shall find it to read thus:—

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

My text, my brethring, leads me to speak of sperits. Now, thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fuss place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, and thar's the sperits uv turpentine, and thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an artikel of them kind of sperits on my flatboat as ever was fotch down the Mississippi river; but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits, for the tex says, "He played on a harp uv a *t-h-o-u-s*-and strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex, is FIRE. That's the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex, my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fuss place there's the common sort of fire you light your cigar or pipe with, and then thar's foxfire and camphire, fire before you're ready, and fire and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex says, "He played on the harp uv a *thousand* strings, sperits of jest men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the tex, my brethring—it's Hell Fire! and that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for "He played on a harp uv a *thous*and strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the first place we have the Piscapalions, an' they are a high sailin' and high-falutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up, and up, and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down, and down, and down, and is a fillin' himself on the carkiss of a dead hoss by the

side of the road, and "He played on a harp uv a *thou*sand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirril runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis beleeves in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he cums kerflumix and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallen from grace, ah! and "He played on a harp uv a *thous*and strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

And then, my brethring, thar's the Baptist, ah! and they have been likened unto a possum on a 'simmon tree, and thunders may roll and the earth may quake, but that possum clings thar still, ah! and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and clings, and he clings furever, for "He played on the harp uv a *thou*sand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

WIT, HUMOR, AND ANECDOTE

By CHAMP CLARK

['Modern Eloquence,' volume X. By permission of John D. Morris and Co.]

MANY persons who never had a bright idea in their heads or a generous sentiment in their hearts, assuming an air of owlish wisdom, affect to disdain wit and humor and to be vastly superior to the practitioners thereof, forgetting, or most likely never having heard of the great truth enunciated by Charles Lamb: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

In most instances it is a case of sour grapes. To be disparaged is the penalty which brilliancy must pay to dullness. It is natural for jealous souls to belittle those qualities which they do not possess. It is a mean sort of egotism, a vainglorious pride, which is apt to have a sudden fall.

As the non-humorous and unwitty constitute the overwhelming majority, they have succeeded, partially at least, by dint of ceaseless iteration, in propagating the idea that mental dryness is indicative of wisdom and that a wit or humorist is

lacking in the substantial qualities of mind—all of which is mere moonshine.

It was the success of the theory of the dry-as-dusts which forced Tom Corwin in his old days, in an address to a law class, to utter this pathetic plaint: "Young men, if you desire a reputation for wisdom, never joke; be as solemn as an ass!" Considering who said it, that is one of the saddest sentiments ever fashioned by human lips, for he went to his grave in the firm belief that his reputation as a wit and humorist had cost him the chief magistracy of the Republic. But in that he was mistaken; it was his speech against the Mexican War—by far the greatest he ever made, and one of the greatest ever delivered in the Senate of the United States—which removed him forever from the list of Presidential possibilities.

No sane person would elect to be cooped up with another who is witty or humorous on all occasions, any more than he would desire to dwell in a land of perpetual day; but sunshine is a good thing, nevertheless. So are wit and its cousin humor. King Solomon tells us that there is a time for every purpose under the heaven—a time to weep and a time to laugh.

Laughter is the sweetest music that ever greeted the human ear, and the chief purpose of wit and humor is to produce laughter.

Henry Ward Beecher, who was created for enjoyment, once said: "If a horse had not been intended to go, he would not have had the 'go' in him." Wit and humor, like all other of the numberless and precious gifts of God to man, undoubtedly have their proper uses. They help to float a heavy speech and give wings to solid argument. A brilliant sally, a sparkling epigram, a "fetching" simile, a happy *mot,* an *apropos* anecdote, may extricate one from a perilous predicament, where all else would utterly fail.

For example, take the case of Tom Corwin whose splendid genius lighted up and glorified the age in which he lived. While the anti-slavery agitation was becoming acute and the Abolitionists growing strong enough to defeat candidates, though still too weak to elect them, Corwin—who was swart as Othello—being a candidate for Congress, was once addressing an open-air meeting in Southern Ohio, and doing his best to offend no one, when a wily and malicious auditor, in

order to unhorse him, interrupted him with the query: "Are you in favor of a law permitting colored people to eat at the same tables with white folks in hotels and on steamboats?" "Black Tom" did not follow the Scriptural injunction: "Let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay." That was too concise and direct for the end he had in view, which was to dodge, or, in prize-ring parlance, to "duck." If he should answer, "Yea," all the pro-slavery votes would be cast against him and he would be defeated. Should he answer "Nay," the Abolitionists would defeat him. He answered neither "Yea" nor "Nay,"—but his dark, mobile countenance shining with the gladness of certain victory—he replied: "Fellow citizens, I submit that it is improper to ask that question of a gentleman of my color!" The crowd, delirious with delight, yelled itself hoarse and the "Wagon-Boy" carried the day and election. Now, I propound to a candid world this pertinent question: Could any dry-as-dust statesman have escaped the net of the fowler as easily and gracefully as did Corwin? I think not.

The truth is that the man who is dowered with wit and humor is in first-class intellectual company—with Shakespeare and Bacon; Swift and Sheridan; Jerrold and Sydney Smith; with Dickens and Thackeray; Curran and Lamb; with Burns and Byron, and countless master-spirits of the older world; and with our own Washington Irving, Tom Marshall, and George D. Prentice; with Sargent S. Prentiss; with Lowell and Holmes and Lincoln; with "Sunset" Cox, Henry Watterson, and Proctor Knott; with Hoar, Ingersoll, and Thomas B. Reed; with Justice Harlan and George C. Vest; and with a bright and shining host of statesmen, orators, poets, and literati —not to mention all the professionals from "John Phoenix" to "Mark Twain."

It is a significant fact, pertinent here and well calculated to furnish food for reflection, that the three most distinguished living New York humorists are now comfortably located in these downy berths: Joseph H. Choate is Ambassador to Great Britain; General Horace Porter is Ambassador to France; Chauncey Mitchell Depew is United States Senator. It may also be interesting to state that one of the most illustrious New Yorkers of the last generation, William Maxwell Evarts, the

foremost lawyer of his time, owed his world-wide fame as much to his wit as to his legal attainments; and he filled the great offices of Attorney-General, Secretary of State, and Senator of the United States. It is safe to say that Dr. Talmage's humorous faculty has netted him over a quarter of a million on the lecture platform, and Governor Bob Taylor's has placed him in the ranks of rich Tennesseeans.

Unless Republicans as well as republics are ungrateful, they will some day erect a magnificent monument to their pioneer, Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, whose irresistible humor compelled the attention of men who were ready to stone his sober-minded companions.

This is *par excellence* the land of orators. Here within the life of the Republic—a mere span in the history of the human race—the divine gift of moving the mind and heart by the power of spoken words has been bestowed upon more men than in all the rest of the world since the confusion of tongues at the unfinished Tower of Babel. By universal acclaim Demosthenes is *the* Grecian orator, Cicero *the* Roman orator, Mirabeau *the* French orator, Castelar *the* Spanish orator, and Edmund Burke, *the* English orator. Their "right there is none to dispute." Who is *the* American orator? Ask that question of any American audience and there will be a score of answers, precipitating a heated wrangle.

The universal gift of utterance in America renders appropriate, haply instructive, a discussion and illustration of the use of wit, humor, and anecdote in public speech, for all use them who can and they are found in every species of public speech—bar none. Henry Ward Beecher enlivened many of his sermons with them, as did John Smith of Kentucky and Missouri, commonly called "Raccoon" John Smith, because he was once remunerated in raccoon skins for pronouncing the marriage ceremony. He was famous in the Southwest as one of the great pioneers in the religious reformation with which the name of Alexander Campbell is forever associated in the nickname of "Campbellite." In our time Sam Jones has rivaled Beecher and Smith in this respect. Of course all three have been severaly criticised as innovators; but imitation is the sincerest flattery, and scores of young preachers pattern after them with various measures of success and applause.

One of the greatest surprises of my life was to discover that some genius had compiled and published a volume with the rather startling title of "The Wit and Humor of the Bible." I once made the round of the St. Louis bookstores in quest of that "curiosity of literature." From the furtive manner in which the clerks glanced at me out of the tails of their eyes, I incline to the opinion that they thought I was suffering from incipient lunacy.

After all, it must be confessed that the use of wit, humor, and anecdote—*i.e.,* amusing anecdote—in sermons or in funeral orations is meager and of rather a lugubrious effect. They are used most frequently and most appropriately at the bar, on the stump, in Congress, on the platform, and in after-dinner speeches.

The most famous after-dinner speech within the memory of any living man is that of Henry W. Grady at the banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York in 1886. It is a rich mine of eloquence, wit, humor, and anecdote. To illustrate the power of faith, he told this story, which is perfect: "There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: 'When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was'—then turning the page—'one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopherwood, and covered with pitch inside and out.' He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made!' "

I once heard Vice-President Garret A. Hobart in an after-dinner speech in Washington, speaking to an audience made up largely of newspaper men, utter this *mot:* "Since I have been in office, I have given the newspaper men everything they asked of me—except my confidence!" which was enjoyed immensely by all his hearers, especially by the newspaper men themselves.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate is no less celebrated as a post-prandial orator than as a lawyer. Nothing verbal could be

more delicious than his description of the dinners of the New England Society of New York as "those gatherings of an unhappy company of Pilgrims who meet annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl, and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history." At one of those dinners he proposed the following toast, which contains more wit than do most witty speeches: "Women, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

New-Yorkers agree that either Choate or Chauncey M. Depew is the finest after-dinner speaker on earth. Some one says: "At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas Society Choate was down for the toast, 'The Navy,' while Depew was to respond to 'The Army.' Depew began by saying, 'It's well to have a specialist: that's why Choate is here to speak about the Navy. We met at the wharf once and I never saw him again until we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear Choate on the Navy.' Choate responded: 'I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker. If after-dinner speaking as I have heard it described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all, then Dr. Depew is the most marvellous speaker in the universe.' "

In joint discussions on the stump every weapon in the mental armory is brought into service. In that species of public speech wit and humor are invaluable and are most used—especially that sort known as repartee. By far the most memorable performance in that line was the series of debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas in 1858. The United States senatorship was the prize directly in sight, but both looked beyond that to the presidency as their goal. In winning the senatorship Douglas lost the presidency to Lincoln. Unlike in everything except ambition, they were most

equally matched, each being wondrously strong. They had known each other from early manhood and were on the friendliest footing; but they laid on and spared not, being none too particular about "hitting below the belt." On one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln retailing whiskey. "Yes," replied Lincoln, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whiskey by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar and the Judge was on the outside: I busy selling, he busy buying"—which is about as neat a retort as the annals of the stump afford—rich but not malicious. It perhaps had a greater effect on the audience than if Lincoln had spent an hour talking about temperance in general and his own temperance in particular.

On the stump, in a hot campaign, it is not the elegance of an anecdote that tells so much as its pointedness, snappiness, above all, its applicability. Probably no better story-teller than former Lieutenant-Governor David A. Ball of Missouri ever stood before an American audience. In 1896 he was trying to persuade the Gold Democrats that notwithstanding the fact that they differed with the regulars on the financial issue, they agreed with them on so many others that they ought to vote for Bryan anyway. He wound up that part of his speech as follows: "How would a mossback Missouri Democrat look voting with the Republicans? I will tell you. Up in Pike county an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle. Just as he was about dead his son cut him down. The old man rubbed his eyes and said: 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer, I would have been in heaven!' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'you would have cut a devil of a figure in heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?' And that," concluded Governor Ball, "is the way a Missouri Democrat would look voting for a Republican under any circumstances whatsoever!" I have heard that anecdote told all the way from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and it invariably brought down the house.

One of my predecessors in Congress, now a leader of the St. Louis bar, Colonel David Patterson Dyer, owes his advancement in life fully as much to his wit and humor as to his professional attainments. He is an intense Republican and was sent to Congress during the reconstruction period, though

his Democratic opponent received a large majority of the votes cast. He understands thoroughly the philosophy which teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath. He is *persona grata* to his old Democratic constituents and though he tongue-lashes them dreadfully, they turn out in large numbers to hear him when he comes back to his old home to speak. Once in a while, however, he presumes too much upon their personal affection and nothing except his readiness at repartee saves him from serious trouble. For example, when he was a candidate for re-election to Congress he was making a speech in which he was imputing to the Democrats all the sins denounced in the decalogue and a great many which are not mentioned in that comprehensive document, when an irascible Democratic veteran exclaimed: "Shut up! You were never elected to Congress in the first place!" Dyer looked at him a moment in a quizzical sort of way and replied: "Well, my old friend, any blamed fool can serve in Congress who is elected, but it takes an unusually smart one to serve there who was never elected!" —a happy shot which restored the *entente cordiale* between the Colonel and his Democratic auditors.

Allen V. Cockrell, a brilliant Washington litterateur, gives this felicitous account of how ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott of Colorado once rescued himself from a ticklish position by a happy use of wit: "During his twelve years of senatorial service the Coloradoan has won for himself the honor of being about the most eloquent Republican in the Senate. In addition to his oratorical talent, he is wonderfully clever at campaign repartee. This gift was well demonstrated before he became nationally known, when he was sent to a Southern State to advocate Republicanism. At a certain place he was politely informed that the 'rally' would begin and end about the same time, and that not since 1883 had any Republican been permitted to finish a speech there. Wolcott was determined, however, and upon learning that the citizens, as a rule, were kind enough to permit the speakers to get out of town and fill their next appointment, he concluded to make his speech as billed. The chairman was instructed to dispense with the music and introduce him to the audience in as few words as possible. The advice was followed a little too literally.

He simply pointed at the audience and then at the speaker, and disappeared behind the scenes.

"Wolcott began his speech at once, with one of his best stories. The audience was separated, the colored folk all being in the gallery, and only white people below. In about five minutes Wolcott's discretion was overcome by his Republicanism, and he made a pointed thrust at the opponent party, whereupon a body of young men in the center of the theater shouted in concert, 'Rats!' Wolcott paused for a moment, and then, waving his hand at the gallery, said, 'Waiter, come down and take the Chinamen's orders!' The effect was electrical and effectual. In laughingly referring to the incident afterward, the Senator said: 'You should have seen that dusky hillside of faces in the gallery break into ledges of pearl!'"

Occasionally the humor at a public speaking comes from the audience instead of the speaker. Sometimes the humorous auditor makes a hit unconsciously. Notwithstanding the fact that in the summer of 1900 I indulged in the luxury of some twenty-five joint political lectures—really "knock-down-and-drag-out" political discussions, but denominated lectures because they were delivered at Chautauqua assemblies—with Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa and Representatives Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio and Charles B. Landis of Indiana, and in addition thereto heard several other Republican orators of great repute, my candid and well-considered opinion is that the best Republican stump speech that I heard during that campaign was delivered by one of my stanchest friends, personal and political, a well-to-do farmer in the district which I have the honor to represent. He voted the Democratic ticket straight from Bryan down to constable—never voted or thought of voting anything else in his life. His speech, which consisted of only one short sentence, was injected into mine, which consumed about an hour and a half in delivery. It came about in this wise: One very hot day in August I was making a Democratic speech in a magnificent grove up in Ralls County, at a Modern Woodmen's picnic. My friend Enoch G. Matson, popularly known as "Nuck," was standing directly in front of me, about five feet distant, listening intently to what I had to say. I was mauling the Republicans, with all the power I possessed, about their policy and conduct in the Philippines.

declaring that they were ignoring the Declaration of Independence, overthrowing the Constitution, and otherwise deporting themselves in an unseemly and un-American fashion. After I had been going on for about forty-five minutes Matson remarked *sotto voce:* "Well, I guess we can stand it as long as beef cattle are five cents a pound on the hoof!" That was the gist of the whole argument which carried the Middle and Western States for the Republicans. I have always thought it lucky for me that no quick-witted newspaper man was within ear-shot of "Nuck" when he uttered his ejaculation. If that dangerous epigram had ever got into print, I should not have heard the last of it till the polls closed.

While a man may be both humorist and anecdote-teller, it does not necessarily follow that because he is one he is also the other. The best anecdote-teller, pure and simple, who has been in Congress in the last ten years is Hon. W. Jasper Talbert of South Carolina, who will probably be the next Governor of the Palmetto State. He is a free trader of the Henry George sort. In order to illustrate his theory of the operation of the high protective tariff as it affects the different sections of the country, he told this story in a speech in the House: "Down in my district a boy went to mill for the first time, and did not understand the *modus operandi.* So when the miller took out the toll, the boy thought he had stolen it; but as it was a small matter he said nothing about it. When the miller took up the sack, poured all the rest of the corn into the hopper, and threw the sack on the floor, the little chap thought he had stolen that too, and he thought furthermore that it was high time for him to take his departure. Consequently he grabbed the empty bag and started home as fast as his legs could carry him. The miller, deeming the boy crazy, pursued him. The boy beat him in the race home, and fell down in the yard out of breath. His father ran out and said: 'My son, what is the matter?' Whereupon the boy replied: 'That old fat rascal up at the mill stole all my corn and gave me an awful race for the sack!' Now," said Mr. Talbert, "that illustrates the working of the high protective tariff precisely. The tariff barons have been skinning the farmer for lo! these many years. They've gotten all our corn and now they are after the sack!"

Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall of Virginia, after several

years' service in the House of Representatives, retired with a great reputation for capacity and none for wit and humor; nevertheless he told one of the finest and most effective anecdotes ever heard in Congress. It was at the expense of William Bourke Cockran, whose fame as an orator extends all over the English-speaking world. Among his many qualifications for successful public speaking Cockran has a voice which would have aroused the envy of the Bull of Bashan, if that historic animal had ever heard the Tammany Demosthenes. It so happened that O'Ferrall and Cockran locked horns on a contested election case. Cockran's big voice was in prime condition and made the glass roof of the hall of the House rattle. O'Ferrall, though chairman of the Democratic Committee on Elections, advocated the seating of the Republican, for which Cockran assailed him bitterly and bombarded him with his heaviest artillery until everybody within half a mile was deaf with the noise. O'Ferrall began his reply as follows: "The remarks of the gentleman from New York remind me of a story of an old colored man down in Virginia who was riding a mule, and who was caught in a violent thunder-storm while passing through a dense forest. Being unable to make any headway except through the agency of the fitful flashes of lighting which occasionally revealed his surroundings, and becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion: 'O Lawd, if it's jes' the same to you, I'd rather hev a little less noise an' a little mo' light!' Now," concluded O'Ferrall, "we have had a hogshead of noise and would be thankful for a thimbleful of light on this important subject!"

The dry-as-dusts solemnly asserverate that humor never did any good. They are cock-sure of that. Now, let's see. How did Private John Allen of Mississippi get to Congress? He joked himself in. One "fetching" bit of humor sent him to Washington as a national lawmaker. The first time John ran for the congressional nomination his opponent was the Confederate General Tucker, who had fought gallantly during the Civil War and served with distinction two or three terms in Congress. They met on the stump. General Tucker closed one of his speeches as follows: "Seventeen years ago last

night, my fellow citizens, after a hard-fought battle on yonder hill, I bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember as I do the times that tried men's souls will not, I hope, forget their humble servant when the primaries shall be held."

That was a strong appeal in those days, but John raised the general at his own game in the following amazing manner: "My fellow citizens, what General Tucker says to you about the engagement seventeen years ago on yonder hill is true. What General Tucker says to you about having bivouacked in yon clump of trees on that night is true. It is also true, my fellow citizens, that I was vedette picket and stood guard over him while he slept. Now then, fellow citizens, all of you who were generals and had privates to stand guard over you while you slept, vote for General Tucker; and all of you who were privates and stood guard over the generals while they slept, vote for Private John Allen!" The people caught on, took John at his word, and sent him to Congress, where he stayed till the world was filled with his renown.

It would perhaps be cruelty to animals to ask any or all of the dry-as-dusts to specify one piece of solemn wisdom which ever did as much for a congressional candidate as John's brief bit of humor did for him in his contest with General Tucker, and at the General's expense. Right or wrong, success is universally admitted to be the standard of merit, and by reason of his humor John Allen succeeded.

Of course, every Representative must make his "maiden speech" in Congress—that is, if he intends to try the oratorical caper at all. Much depends on that effort. The congressional tyro feels that the eyes of the House, of his constituents, perhaps of the whole country and of posterity, are fixed upon him. Generally he is mistaken as to the number of eyes rivetted upon him, but nevertheless he feels as he rises to say "Mr. Speaker" for the first time, that he is a sort of universal optical target, and so feeling he is liable to an attack of heart-failure or stage fright. Lucky the member who catches the ear of the House and of the country in delivering his "maiden speech." He is not only lucky. He is scarce—almost as scarce as hens' teeth.

In due time Private John Allen delivered his "maiden speech" in Congress. It proved to be one of the lucky ones,

and took an instant secure hold on the auricular appendage of the House, which he held as long as he occupied his seat. The members regarded Allen as a godsend—as a welcome and grateful relief from what the late lamented Mr. Mantalini would have denominated "the demnition horrid grind" of the congressional mill. John arose to make his "maiden speech" an obscure member. Next morning he awoke to find himself famous, as did Lord Byron after the publication of the opening cantos of "Childe Harold," and the fame of the Mississippi humorist was as fairly won and as justly bestowed as was that of the English poet.

The river and harbor bill was up. John wanted to offer an amendment making an appropriation for the Tombigbee River. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Willis of Kentucky, had promised him time and had then forgotten it. John asked unanimous consent to address the House, and Willis tried to help him get it, but some one objected, whereupon John, with tears in his voice and looking doleful as a hired mourner at a funeral, said with melancholy accent, "Well, I would at least like to have permission to print some remarks in the 'Record' and insert 'laughter and applause' in appropriate places." That was his astonishing exordium. The palpable hit at one of the most common abuses of the House—"leave to print"—tickled the members greatly, and he secured the unanimous consent which he desired. He closed that speech with an amazing exhibition of assurance, which added to his fame more than the speech itself. He wound up by saying, "Now, Mr. Speaker, having fully answered all the arguments of my opponents, I will retire to the cloak-room for a few moments, to receive the congratulations of admiring friends"—which set the House and galleries wild with delight. He did retire to the cloak-room, and did receive the congratulations of admiring friends —a performance which has been going on at frequent intervals ever since.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

By JOHN W. DANIEL

[Closing part of an oration delivered February 21, 1885, at the dedication of the Washington National Monument.]

But not yet was Washington's work accomplished. Peace dawned upon the weary land, and parting with his soldiers, he pleaded with them for union. "Happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced," he said, "who have contributed anything in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions." But still the foundations of the stupendous fabric trembled, and no cement held its stones together. It was then, with that thickening peril, Washington rose to his highest stature. Without civil station to call forth his utterance, impelled by the intrepid impulse of a soul that could not see the hope of a nation perish without leaping into the stream to save it, he addressed the whole People of America in a Circular to the Governors of the States: "Convinced of the importance of the crisis, silence in me," he said, "would be a crime. I will, therefore, speak the language of freedom and sincerity." He set forth the need of union in a strain that touched the quick of sensibility; he held up the citizens of America as sole lords of a vast tract of continent; he portrayed the fair opportunity for political happiness with which Heaven had crowned them; he pointed out the blessings that would attend their collective wisdom; that in their fate was involved that of unborn millions; that mutual concessions and sacrifices must be made; and that supreme power must be lodged somewhere to regulate and govern the general concerns of the Confederate Republic, without which the union would not be of long duration. And he urged that happiness would be ours if we seized the occasion and made it our own.

In this, one of the very greatest acts of Washington, was revealed the heart of the man, the spirit of the hero, the wisdom of the sage—I might almost say the sacred inspiration of the prophet.

But still the wing of the eagle drooped; the gathering

storms baffled his sunward flight. Even with Washington in the van, the column wavered and halted—States straggled to the rear that had hitherto been foremost for permanent Union, under an efficacious Constitution. And while three years rolled by amidst the jargon of sectional and local contentions, "the half-starved government," as Washington depicted it, "limped along on crutches, tottering at every step." And while monarchical Europe with saturnine face declared that the American hope of Union was the wild and visionary notion of romance, and predicted that we would be to the end of time a disunited people, suspicious and distrustful of each other, divided and subdivided into petty commonwealths and principalities, lo! the very earth yawned under the feet of America, and in that very region whence had come forth a glorious band of orators, statesmen, and soldiers to plead the cause and fight the battles of Independence—lo! the volcanic fires of Rebellion burst forth upon the heads of the faithful, and the militia were leveling the guns of the Revolution against the breasts of their brethren. "What, gracious God! is man?" Washington exclaimed: "It was but the other day that we were shedding our blood to obtain the Constitutions under which we live, and now we are unsheathing our swords to overturn them."

But see! there is a ray of hope, Maryland and Virginia had already entered into a commercial treaty for regulating the navigation of the rivers and great bay in which they had common interests, and Washington had been one of the Commissioners in its negotiation. And now, at the suggestion of Maryland, Virginia had called on all the States to meet in convention at Annapolis, to adopt commercial relations for the whole country. Could this foundation be laid, the eyes of the Nation-builders foresaw that the permanent structure would ere long rise upon it. But when the day of meeting came, no State north of New York or south of Virginia was represented; and in their helplessness those assembled could only recommend a Constitutional Convention, to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787, to provide for the exigencies of the situation.

And still thick clouds and darkness rested on the land, and there lowered upon its hopes a night as black as that upon the

freezing Delaware; but through its gloom the dauntless leader was still marching on to the consummation of his colossal work, with a hope that never died; with a courage that never faltered; with a wisdom that never yielded that "all is vanity."

It was not permitted the Roman to despair of the Republic, nor did he—our Chieftain. "It will all come right at last," he said. It did. And now let the historian, Bancroft, speak: "From this state of despair the country was lifted by Madison and Virginia." Again he says: "We come now to a week more glorious for Virginia beyond any in her annals, or in the history of any Republic that had ever before existed."

It was that week in which Madison, "giving effect to his own long-cherished wishes, and still earlier wishes of Washington," addressing, as it were, the whole country, and marshaling all the States, warned them "that the crisis had arrived at which the People of America are to decide the solemn question, whether they would, by wise and magnanimous effort reap the fruits of Independence and Union, or whether by giving way to unmanly jealousies and prejudices, or to partial and transitory interests, they would renounce the blessings prepared for them by the Revolution," and conjuring them "to concur in such further concessions and provisions as may be necessary to secure the object for which that Government was instituted, and make the United States as happy in peace as they had been glorious in war."

In such manner, my countrymen, Virginia, adopting the words of Madison, and moved by the constant spirit of Washington, joined in convoking that Constitutional Convention, in which he headed her delegation, and over which he presided, and whose deliberations resulted in the formation and adoption of that instrument which the Premier of Great Britain pronounces "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

In such manner the State which gave birth to the Father of his Country, following his guiding genius to the Union, as it had followed his sword through the battles of Independence, placed herself at the head of the wavering column.

In such manner America heard and hearkened to the voice of her chief; and now closing ranks, and moving with reanimated step, the Thirteen Commonwealths wheeled and faced

to the front, on the line of the Union, under the sacred ensign of the Constitution.

Thus at last was the crowning work of Washington accomplished. Out of the tempests of war, and the tumults of civil commotion, the ages bore their fruit, the long yearning of humanity was answered. "Rome to America" is the eloquent inscription on one stone contributed to yon colossal shaft —taken from the ancient Temple of Peace that once stood hard by the Palace of the Cæsars. Uprisen from the sea of Revolution, fabricated from the ruins of the battered Bastiles, and dismantled palaces of unhallowed power, stood forth now the Republic of Republics, the Nation of Nations, the Constitution of Constitutions, to which all lands and times and tongues had contributed of their wisdom. And the Priestess of Liberty was in her Holy Temple.

When Salamis had been fought and Greece again kept free, each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor; but all agreed that Themistocles was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature, of which time holds record, was thus happily concluded in the muniment of their preservation, whoever else was second, unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States—their President, their Senators, their Representatives, and their Judges, do crown to-day, with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, Him whom Virginia gave to America—whom America has given to the world and to the ages—and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness; whom Liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great republic of Humanity.

Encompassed by the inviolate seas stands to-day the American Republic which he founded—a freer Great Britain—uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city.

Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions—long may it be

the citadel of that Liberty which writes beneath the Eagle's folded wings, "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, Right and Justice."

Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington's example; may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave who know the rights of man and shrink not from their assertion—may they be each a column, and altogether, under the Constitution, a perpetual Temple of Peace, unshadowed by a Cæsar's palace; at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of Liberty and Brotherhood.

Long live our Country! Oh, long through the undying ages may it stand, far removed in fact as in space from the Old World's feuds and follies—alone in its grandeur and its glory—itself the immortal monument of him whom Providence commissioned to teach man the power of Truth, and to prove to the nations that their Redeemer liveth.

LE TOMBEAU BLANC

By JOHN DIMITRY

['The Louisiana Book,' New Orleans, 1894.]

I

THERE was no doubt of it. Fernand Torres had the freshest, pinkest complexion of any man in the great city of the Crescent, wherein those two natural enemies, trade and music, for three-quarters of a century, have worked together in the pleasantest of unions.

This Fernand was a man—and his type is not met too often—whom men could respect without envy, and women love without humiliation. For the men, he had the muscles of Milo and the graces of Juan Giron. It was he who had set the city agog, after a foolish wager, by tooling a six-in-hand pony-trap along the "Shell Road." It was he who had ridden his own "Lightning" in a famous race won by that more famous horse—the proudest victory recorded in the chronicles of the

old "Ridge." It was he who had struggled for a brave five minutes with the rushing waters of the Father-stream and brought out all dripping but safe, all pale but heroic, a certain Mademoiselle de Beaumanoir. For the rest, he was a pronounced dandy, affected the fragrant *Viuditas* of Ambalema, opened the freest of purses, had the readiest ear for needy friends, and the scantiest memory of favors granted. In short, he was the half of a modern Admirable Crichton, one who would have ridden shoulder to shoulder with the marvellous Scotchman at the tilting matches of the Louvre, although he might not have cared particularly to claim brotherhood with him in his bout with the wise heads of the University of Paris.

"A devilish fine fellow," cried the club men; "but, by Jove! too much of a prig. Why doesn't Fernand drink and gamble like the rest of us?"

"Isn't he handsome?" sighed the society girls, "so strong, so noble-looking, so rich; but dear me! just a little too good. Why *doesn't* he flirt like the rest of them?"

To speak the truth, Fernand's comrades were not without cause for complaint. He was—in his inmost nature—something more than they were allowed to know; a quite other creature than the courtly man known to society, the stately framer of compliments to fashionable beauties, the breathful swimmer who could cheat even the Mississippi of its prey, and the bold rider who on the Metairie could win heavy stakes and laughingly decline to receive them. Somebody asked lightly, of Fernand's friend, Père Rouquette, what he thought of him.

"*Ce cher* Fernand," quietly replied Chahta-Ima,* while he pressed back with both hands his long black curls, "is a veritable modern Saint Christopher. He has broad shoulders, you say? *Eh bien!* so had Saint Christopher."

This nut was the next day presented to Society, which at once tried its teeth on it. "Saint Christopher's shoulders were broad," exclaimed Society; "*bon!* but what has that to do with Fernand?"

Puzzle or no puzzle there was one point I wish to make plain, on which everybody agreed. Fernand's complexion was simply perfect. "A surface white as snow touched with the

*"Chahta-Ima" (Choctaw-Leader) is a name given by the Indians to Père Adrien Rouquette, the poet-priest of Louisiana, and their apostle.

blush of the arbutus," was what a dainty admirer, evidently feminine, had called it. To say the truth, there were some in the circle who were rather envious of that pink blushing in the snow.

Who was Fernand, after all? He was a *campagnard,* not a city man. He was the heir, as he had been the only child, of a wealthy planter, whose magnificent plantation spread a mile or more along the low banks of Bayou Lafourche in Louisiana. A grave old citizen remembered well that, somewhere about the '30's, Torres *Père* had taken refuge in this free country from the vengeance of a volcanic government in New Granada. That he was rich was proved by his purchase, cash down, of a splendid estate, house, lands, slaves, and by his subsequent style of living. He recollected perfectly that the wife, a beautiful woman crowned with piety, had died in a few years (he had forgotten how many), and of what disease he had no clear idea.

"As to Camille, he died in 1855," said the grave old citizen, exhaling, meditatively, the smoke of his cigarette.

Of the son he had known nothing until his appearance in the city. What, between those dates, had really become of him? That was soon displayed by the youth himself on several open pages before an eager Society, which turned all its eye-glasses upon them. He had gone to Heidelberg, had not come out ill in its student-quarrels, had returned after an extended tour to receive his dying father's blessing, and had come to pass the winter in New Orleans, which, in the two languages of the Mother State, is known as the "city" and *"la ville."*

About himself there was no mystery—not the smallest. But could the same be said of an old Indian woman, who was his constant companion—who had stood by him in student-quarrels at Heidelberg—who would not be left behind during his tour in the East—who insisted on keeping clean his rooms in Paris, London, New York—and who was now doing the same service in his quiet chambers on Royal Street?

Some had chanced to meet Confianza, as she was named—a tall, lean woman, whose head was persistently muffled in a mantilla; a woman who, though unbent with the years that had crowned that head with the glory of old age, had a strong-set, many-wrinkled face; a woman with a swarthy skin, and a

wishful look that seemed to tell of inward wrestlings; a woman, in a word, cursed by one absorbing thought.

Here the opened page of Fernand's story came to an end. But there was another page—a tender, timid page, which no one could read save Fernand, Confianza, and a certain fair young girl who lived in his own parish.

A flutter of interest, as sudden as it was temporary, had sometime before centered in this very young lady, Mademoiselle Blanche de Beaumanoir, because, as already told, she had, while crossing the ferry to Algiers, lost her balance and fallen overboard in mid-stream. Her preserver, Fernand himself, was thrown forward, at this supreme moment, into the broad glare that falls upon all gallant saviors of endangered beauty.

He did not take over-kindly to the glare. No more did Mademoiselle Blanche, who, however, had never shone more brightly than when friends trooped around her to congratulate her. At last, congratulations ceased perforce. Mademoiselle Blanche, it was given out, had returned to her country home. No one noticed it—yet such was the fact—that, after this incident, Fernand's visits to his plantation were more frequent and more prolonged than before.

Fortunately, there was no icy *rigueur* of Creole domestic life to block the happiness of these two. It had melted before the priceless services of the suitor. I do not say that the good people on Bayou Lafourche did not suspect this happy idyl dropping its roses among them. To the proverbial walls with ears must be added the proverbial servants with tongues. Gossip flew on free wing around the neighborhood of La Quinta de Bolivar, as Torres *père* had named his Southern home, or La Quinte, as the popular ignorance had corrupted it. But it never reached the city.

It was in the spring-time. The magnolia grandiflora was slowly baring her white bosom to the eager sun, while the myrtle tossed him, in odorous coquetry, her plumed crest; the mystic oleander, telling of desert founts and dark-haired Arabian girls, was opening its rosy petals; and when the sun had left his loves lamenting to seek an unknown couch beyond the *cyprière,* a great, heavy, pervading perfume, coming from under the wings of the night, told of the nearness of the jasmine. But above all these scents there stole over the railings

on low, broad balconies fronting the bayou, and in the causeries high and low, the gentle odor of orange blossoms—blossoms that were not real, but were the gracious prophecies of coming happy hours, a sacred altar, and a holy ring.

II

One star-lit night in April, the moon rose clear, full, queenly. She threw the forest into gloom, but touched with silver the broad-spreading fields in front of it. And as the waters of the bayou caught upon their dark and frowning bosom her radiance, they broke into rippling laughter and flowed in smiles gulf-ward.

Beaumanoir itself was all brilliant with light, which blazed through the open doors and windows. M. de Beaumanoir had this evening, through a *soirée,* made a formal announcement of the engagement of Fernand and Blanche. The spacious rooms were crowded. At every door and window the slaves, with open mouths but tender hearts, were watching that mysterious process which was to usher *Mamselle* into the dignity of *Madame.* The vast grounds were filled with a motley crowd, because the poorer neighbors and slaves alike had come to catch that light of joy, which, like marriage in the Mother Church, comes but once in a lifetime. The veranda was here and there lit by colored lanterns. Through the raised windows was to be caught the flitting of the dancers; and the sound of laughter and music made the outer crowd, under the trees of the avenue, turn round and round in many a fantastic twirl unknown to the guests.

While eyes and ears among the open-mouthed servants at the doors and windows, among the uninvited guests in the garden and on the grounds, are fully occupied, two figures leave the brilliant parlors to take the air.

"Mais, v'la M'sieu Fernand," cries a voice. "Yes," echoes another. *"M'sieu Fernand* and *Mamselle Blanche!"*

The lookers-on were right. It was Fernand and Blanche who had appeared on the veranda. The conversation was as brief as, judging from signs, it must have been tender. To the horror of gossips female, and to the chuckles and nudgings of veteran gossips male, the watchers without saw a sudden lifting of Mademoiselle Blanche's face and a bend of M'sieu

Fernand's. And there was not one of the unseen observers who would not have said that there had been a kiss given and taken on the broad veranda at Beaumanoir, under the blessing of the full moon.

A light form was seen gliding back to the parlors, Fernand remaining behind. One old gossip under the trees thus commented: *"Tiens,* you see M'sieu Fernand. He stay to tank de *bon Dieu. Oui-da! mais il a bon raison."*

But something else was presently visible; for at a bound Fernand had left his place and was fighting fire—fire that seemed to envelop a woman. A Japanese lantern, hung in the doorway, had caught fire, burnt the cord that upheld it, and had fallen upon the light wrap worn by Blanche. It was but a moment for Fernand to grasp the filmy lace fastened by a pin, to tear it burning from his darling's form, and with his hands and feet to crush out the leaping flames. All told, he had not been sixty seconds at it. But the guests in alarm were now crowding the veranda. Mademoiselle Blanche had come out of it well. Her white neck was slightly blistered. By good fortune her face—that lovely face—had escaped uninjured. And as to Fernand, only his clothes had suffered.

"See," he cried, holding out the brave hands which had fought the flames and conquered them, "see, friends, my hands are not even scorched!"

Each guest judged the miracle from his own point of view. "It takes Fernand to be lucky," called out his acquaintances. "Monsieur Torres is surely protected by God," echoed Mademoiselle Blanche.

"The most amazing thing I ever heard in my life," shouted that old hero, General Victoire. *"Sacré bleu!* What would I not have given to have had that Fernand at Chalmette! and thou, too, Beaumanoir, wouldst thou not? Fire enough behind the barricades there for my salamander, eh, *mon brave?"* and the veteran chuckled while he took a pinch of Périque *fin.*

"There is something abnormal in this," was Dr. Tousage's professional comment, whispered to himself.

Once again Fernand's cheery voice was heard. Exhibiting wristband and coat-sleeve all charred, leaving the strong muscular arm mocking at the trial by fire, he exclaimed laughingly:

"I am off. It is early—a little past nine o'clock. La Quinte is a bare half mile away. A sharp gallop, and it will be but a short ten minutes to change my clothes and return. Don't wait for me. Let the dance go on. *Au revoir, mesdames.*"

And with the light limbs of young manhood he was away. He reined his horse where he saw a light in a room—a light that told of the faithful watch of his old nurse. Crazy with joy he burst upon her. Why not? He looked upon his last adventure as the crown of his love. Surely it was he who had been destined from creation to be Blanche's savior. He was full of that proud happiness which is born of danger encountered for one beloved. What true lover would not rejoice if, twice, his love had owed her life to him?

"Here, Confianza, another coat and a clean shirt! I have been fighting fire."

"Fightin' de fire?"

"Yes; see what it has done."

He laughed as he showed his coat and shirt, both burned and well-nigh sleeveless. The old woman had no eyes for these. She had crept close to him, and was caressing his hands nervously—furtively almost, as it seemed.

"An' de poor hands—dey must hurt you, no?"

"They? Not at all. Why, now I come to think of it, that is the most astonishing part of it all. Old General Victoire was right. I am a real salamander."

"*Hijo mio, que está diciendome?*" broke forth from the old Indian in her native tongue, as she leaped to her feet, all trembling.

She stood as might some Priestess of the Sun, devoted unto death, when the head of royal Atahualpa deluged with its sacred blood the holy Peanan Stone!

Fernand was struck by the old woman's look. Once before had he seen it—once, when a round, dull white mark had come upon his forehead, stayed for a month, and then, fought by science, had left the tiniest of scars. That was when he was a student at Heidelberg, and holding his own in the fighting-gardens of Zur Hirschgasse. Once afterward it had appeared—this time on his broad breast—but he had said nothing of it to Confianza.

"Don't be crazy, dear old nurse. Look at my hands. Touch them for yourself; there is nothing wrong about *them*. I said that I fought the fire; I was wrong. I only played with it. Come, kiss your boy, and after that a clean shirt and another coat!"

She threw her withered arms around Fernand's neck. She pressed her lips to his mouth—one looking on might well think with a touch of sublime defiance. She kissed his two hands—those hands that were so strong and had been so brave. Then she sat on the floor near him, still holding them within her own. She tried to smile; but it was not a smile that would have done one good to see.

"Fernand," she said gently, "tu remember of dat book which tu papa to you gave, when tu has not more of *quince anos?*"

"Yes, yes; I have read it a dozen times or more. But what has that to do with my going out? Don't you know Blanche is waiting for me?"

The old woman seemed not to hear him.

"No forget what a book dat was—dose poor peoples?"

She felt the hands on which her tears were now streaming growing cold. They did not tremble, but the chill of the grave had fallen upon them. Still he said nothing, but shivered as though the cold had really struck him on that balmy April night smiling among its roses and gardenias.

"Der' was something 'bout de fire. Dose who sick no can burn 'esef, no can feel notin'—*oh! hijo mio*—have calm!" she pleaded; and he rose to his feet murmuring:

"My God!—not this—not this!"

He staggered as he rose, and swayed like some tall tree touched by the tempest's wrath. He understood now his doom too well; but he threw off the weakness as he began to pace the room, first slowly, then rapidly. The pink did not leave his cheeks; but his eyes glittered piteously, yet half defiantly, like those of a noble animal caught in a trap unaware. The old woman, still seated on the floor, was reciting her rosary. There were words that came unbidden to the sacred beads, words of a personal application, that, through tears, tell of human pity, and better still, of human trust in the Divine pity: "May God have mercy upon my boy! May God

have mercy!" And from the man treading the floor came, in lugubrious response, the wail of that sorrowful Sister of Human Prayer—that Sister, haggard, hopeless, tearless, who knows no invocation to Divine Justice save to call it to judgment:

"My God! what have I done to deserve this?"

Suddenly, in his rapid strides, Fernand halted before the table, on which a lamp was burning. Seizing the lamp, he deliberately circled the heated chimney with his right hand. Then he clasped it with his left hand. Removing the chimney, he kept one hand steadily in the flame. After that, the other.

"You are right, Confianza," he said coldly; "I must not go back to Mademoiselle Blanche."

"Que Dios tenga piedad de mi hijo!" (May God have mercy on my boy!) rose again from the praying woman. She knew her boy well. Whosoever might be deceived by his calmness, it was not she who had nursed him—oh, no, not she!

"The fire-test is satisfactory," continued Fernand, in a tone that appalled her. "There can be no illusion here. The leper's skin can burn, but the burn leaves no mark; nor can pain be felt. My hands should have been burned; I feel no pain; it is clear, then, *I am a leper!*"

"Que Dios tenga piedad de mi hijo! Por Dios! Por su Santissima Madre! Por tedos los Santos y Santas del cielo!" (May God have mercy on my boy! For Christ's sake! For His Holy Mother's sake! For the sake of all the saints and angels of Heaven!) wailed once more from the floor, like a prayer for a parting soul. It was unheard by Fernand. A bitter smile passed over his lips as he said:

"But come! Blanche must not be forgotten. She must learn this charming finale to our hopes and our loves."

Paper, pen, and ink were before him. Not pausing to cull phrases, much less to think, he wrote a note and put it into an envelope which he sealed. Ringing a bell, a black presented himself.

"Baptiste, take this letter at once to Mademoiselle Blanche. Place it in her own hands. You need not report."

After Baptiste had left, Fernand said:

"My good Confianza, I wish to be alone. Leave me now. To-morrow by eight o'clock let Dr. Tousage be here."

He did not leave the chair through the long black night. He was alone—alone with the sorrowful Sister of Human Prayer. He made no movement, he breathed no sigh, he murmured no word through all the hours, but fell like a death-bell upon the heart of the figure crouched like a faithful dog, on the other side of his chamber door.

And so the bright sun found them.

III

Baptiste's master had told him that he need not report the result of his visit to Mademoiselle Blanche. But long before noon the next day, Fernand, had he chosen, might have heard his story from a hundred tongues. There was not a guest at Beaumanoir, over night, that had not borne it away, through the darkness and gardenia-scented air, a fearful but delicious burden. There was not a passenger on the boat which had left that morning, who had not carried Fernand's name, and blasted love, a morsel of the juiciest for the delectation of the great city. His tragic story, too, was in the mouths, and had touched the hearts, and had filled the eyes, of rude but sympathetic workers a-field in the early summer sunshine; and there was a dew that had not fallen from the sky upon many a plough-handle and many an axe-helve. For there was not a slave at Beaumanoir or La Quinte that had not prayed to hear the joyful marriage-bells, which would bring the two plantations under the same master and mistress.

Then, too, there were—unhappily, not far off—men and women whom all avoided; men and women hobbling on crutches, crawling around, moaning on pestiferous beds, who, selfish by nature, had for once been brought together, not in cynicism but pity. To them the gossip was not sweet. It was bitter—as bitter, as abhorrent, as their own flesh. Fernand had been their truest friend and most fearless neighbor. *"Lui, un lépreux? Mon Dieu!* if he has got it from *us,* we are accursed indeed," old Père Carancro had said; and with blurred eyes and shaking hands, all had concurred.

After all, what had happened at Beaumanoir?

Obedient to his master, Baptiste had sought Mademoiselle Blanche privately. He had found her seated with two friends, Mademoiselle Diane de Monplaisir and Mademoiselle Marie

Bonsecour, in a small room giving on the veranda and opening into the parlor through a curtained door. Baptiste, on presenting the note, had simply said:

"Mamselle Blanche, M'sieu Fernand, he tell me to give dis to you."

Mademoiselle Blanche had opened the note eagerly. It could not have been long, nor could its contents have been over-pleasant. So afterward affirmed Mademoiselle Diane, who added that Blanche had turned pale *"mais oui, pâle comme la mort,"* had uttered a faint moan, and, in attempting to rise from her chair, had fallen back insensible. What had become of the note itself? Mademoiselle Diane had kept her black marmoset eyes fixed upon *that*. She declared dramatically that Mademoiselle Blanche had thrown it haughtily away after reading it. Mademoiselle Marie, however, did not agree with her. She said that the note, if it had fallen at all, had not fallen until Blanche became unconscious.

Bad news fills the air like electricity. It was scarce a moment before the curtained doors were torn aside, and a crowd of well-bred, though curious, guests came streaming into the room. At their head was the father. He was about approaching his daughter, but, hearing from a mob of angels in white organdie and tulle that she had recovered consciousness, he was turning aside when he felt his arm touched gently. It was Mademoiselle Diane who had touched him. She pointed silently to a letter on the floor. Monsieur de Beaumanoir picked it up. It was strange. He was in a white heat of anger, certainly; but, on reading it, he did not look so much angry as puzzled.

"What can this be?" he muttered. *"Vraiment, un mauvais farceur* is this Fernand. But come, my friends," he called out in a loud voice, to the crowd of guests who had already thronged the room. *"Mademoiselle ma fille* is in good hands. This note is from Monsieur Torres. She has been somewhat excited by that, and is naturally nervous. The whole affair is a riddle to me. Perhaps some among you may read it for me."

The crowd surged back, still curious-eyed, but clearly more anxious than when it had torn away the curtained door.

Monsieur de Beaumanoir had stationed himself by the

mantel, on which blazed, with their double score of waxen lights, the great golden candelabras that had descended, son to son, from that doughty knight, Sieur Raoul de Beaumanoir, who had died with Bayard hard by the bloody waters of the Sesia. I do not know how it was, but the fair women in gauze and the white-cravatted men seemed to be a court; Blanche forced to be the plaintiff; Fernand, the defendant; and the owner of the mansion the advocate of the—mystery. For mystery in that note there must be, so whispered one to the other, those flurried beauties that circled, in broadening folds, around the mantel, and as they whispered, turned just a little pale.

For his part, M. de Beaumanoir, a trifle puzzled and unmistakably stirred, seemed nowise anxious. He re-opened the note impetuously.

No date, no address, no signature. Nothing save these words:

"Do not misjudge me; but I must not go back to-night. You have seen the last of me. Oh, my God! to think that *I* have seen the last of *you!* I do not know wherein we have offended heaven; but God is angry with us. I am what they call—I am—I dare not write what loathsome creature I have become to myself since a half hour. Read Second Chronicles, chapter XXVI., verse 20. That verse speaks for me who cannot. Read it, and you will know why I have hastened to go out from what to me was not a sanctuary of the Father, but higher still, his Paradise."

Nervously moving his spectacles, M. de Beaumanoir turned interrogatively to the brilliant company.

"Eh bien!" said a pert and petted beauty; *"c'est une question de la Bible.* Let us see the Bible."

Mademoiselle uttered the voice of Society.

"Yes, yes; where is the Bible?" cried all.

A youth of tender mustache, and with the reddest of roses granted him by the grace of Mademoiselle Diane, had, at that lady's nod, already sought the great Douay Bible, which rested upon a side table immediately under a sword crossed with its scabbard upon the wall. Without a word he put the book into the hands of M. de Beaumanoir. The gray old man, mustached like a veteran of Chalmette, opened the Holy Book

gingerly, as though he did not know, gallant gentleman and ex-*sabreur* that he was, its quiet pages quite so well as the temper of his sabre. He had seen the volume certainly, but only accidentally, so to speak, as he might be leaning over it to read for the thousandth time the inscription: "Tribute to—hem!—by admiring company—*hum!*—patriotic services—*ha!*—January 8, 1815." Written in French, bound in Russia, heavily edged with gold, and published in Paris, the Sacred Word, while being little noticed by the master, had brought comfort to the late Madame de Beaumanoir, as it was, without his knowledge, the daily guide of his daughter.

The company drew nearer to the father. From the press of loveliness, as might a dainty Bourbon rose from a basket of flowers, stepped Mademoiselle Diane de Montplaisir. It was she who crept close to the side of M. de Beaumanoir, and with her jewelled fingers turned the leaves till her index finger rested upon the chapter and the verse which were to reveal the mystery devouring her. With a stately old-fashioned bow, though with no suspicion of the tragic story in verse 20, the old man read these words slowly aloud:

"*And Azariah, the chief priest, and all the priests, looked upon him, and, behold he was leprous, and they thrust him out from thence; yea, HIMSELF hasted to go out, because the Lord had smitten him.*"

At these words, so passionless yet so vivid, so filled with fire yet so death-cold, a great hush fell upon the company. It was as though a breeze laden with the poisonous breath of poppies had passed through the room. Psychologists tell us that a single thought may work in madness upon a crowd, a thought springing not from a visible danger, but from the spur of a hidden terror. Of such must have been the feeling, which swept like a cyclone over the joyful throng that had been drinking in excitement under the golden lights to the sound of voluptuous music. A thought of flight, certain, no matter how or whither, only that it should be that very instant, out of the house, out of the grounds, out into the open road, shining yellow-white under the full moon—anywhere, anywhere beyond the evil spirit that had seized upon the princely hospitality of Beaumanoir, and was even then draping, by a mystic and awful hand, its laughing walls in mourning.

In the *sauve qui peut* of an army, pride is thrown aside with the knapsack. In the *sauve qui peut* of Society, it is courtesy that is dropped with the slippers.

One by one the courtly company, with its color and its glitter and its laughter, left the salon. One by one, without even a nod to their old host who stood more dazed than indignant on his threshold, they streamed, with burnous and nubias, and what not, snatched pell-mell on the way, down the broad steps of the front veranda, and into the gravelled walk, where were the carriages of the ladies and the horses of their escorts. For once, one may fancy, there was none of that idle talk—none of those soft whispers, those empty phrases, those vaporous compliments, given with an air and received with a blush—that make up the unwritten literature of carriage-windows. A mighty fear shook all, and the colored coachmen were told in sharp tones altogether new to those fatted favorites, to drive fast and stop at nothing. Through the noble avenue of live oaks, famous throughout that section, through the Arcadian scene, under Chinese lanterns, by rustic groups at their simple pleasures, the carriages thundered, and the riders rushed by plying whip and spur.

Among the last that reached her carriage was Mademoiselle Diane de Monplaisir. She was in no sense excited—that young lady was too poised for that, but it had suited her to play with the fears of her friends. Her garments had rustled with the rest down the steps, but, on leaving the salon, she had been particularly careful respectfully to courtesy before her host, as he stood erect at his post like a forgotten sentinel. Having given this lesson of social tact, she thought herself justified in raising her voice to a decorously high pitch, and saying, in the shape of a problem presented to her escorts: "*Ma foi, Messieurs,* is not this a pretty comedy with which Monsieur Torres has favored us?"

Trained though they were in the young lady's imperious service, none of these gallants answered. The call was too sudden, and the danger altogether too pressing for that.

It had not struck eleven o'clock before the mansion, still blazing with the lights of a joyous betrothal, was left to the ghosts destined to haunt its walls so long as they shall stand. Of the hundred who had frou-froued that evening up the

carpeted steps, who had opened with promising flirtations of their own, who had envied Blanche while they coveted Fernand, not one remained save Dr. Tousage and Mademoiselle Marie Bonsecour. It was not long after that hour that the doctor himself, having seen that Blanche was recovered and in gentle hands, took leave of the old man, who sat crushed and broken under the wasting lights of the great golden candelabras. As he descended the steps, Dr. Tousage said to himself: "I must refer to my abnormal cases. It was what I suspected. There *was* something extraordinary in his insensibility to fire. I shall see Fernand to-morrow."

For that matter, Dr. Tousage, had he chosen, might have suspected years and years before. He had known Fernand's mother. He had attended her in her last illness, and had seen with surprise the ante-mortal pallor give place to a post-mortal rosiness. The case had been something beyond his experience. He had contented himself with classing among his "Abnormal Cases" this woman who had looked as blooming in her coffin as she had done in her boudoir, and whose roses in death were like the gorgeous blossom plucked from the twin sister of Rappacini's daughter.

The good doctor had taken no account, however, of the fact that La Quinte, fronting broad on the bayou, and spreading deep in smiling fields of sugar-cane, back to the great funereal *cyprière,* bordered perilously on *a* world ostracized by *the* world, between which and it there rises a wall broader, deeper, higher, more deadly repellent, than ever Chinese fear raised against Tartar aggression. A world not populous, save in wrecked hopes, harrowing dreams, and mournful shadows. A world of agonized hearts, of putrid ulcers, of flesh dropping from rotting bones, of Selfishness holding a Spartan throne with Horror, of the Divine likeness distorted, year by year, till the very semblance of man, born in His gracious image, comes to be blotted out. A world, the men and women in which are players in a life-tragedy, to which *Hamlet* is a comedy, and the *Duchess of Malfi* a melodrama.

A terrible world this—in short, a world of LEPERS.

In the parish of Lafourche, along Bayou Lafourche, there are lepers as poisonous as Naaman, and as incurable as Uzziah. It is an old story barely touched here, not even surfaced. It is

a curse which law-makers, in these later days, are called upon to rub out or to wall around. Practically, there has always been a walling around this curse—this blot—whatsoever one may choose to call it; practically, because the neighbors of these unhappy people have lost the sentiment of neighborliness. The feeling against them is as old as the first human deformity, and as bitter as the first human prejudice. What has happened to races before them, offending the eye of civilization, has become their fate. Civilization frowns upon her accursed races, her lepers, her Cagots, her Marrons, her Colliberts, her Chuetas. She prescribes for them certain metes and limits, and says to them, "O God-abandoned, pass not beyond these, at your peril."

The doctors prop up with their science this feeling. They agree that a peculiar disease is confined to a certain class of the population living along Bayou Lafourche; declare that disease to be leprosy, and pronounce it cureless. On their side, the sufferers, protest vehemently in denial. No one takes their word, while they themselves, when compelled to wander from their fields, creep with furtive look and stealthy step. Like lepers everywhere, those of Bayou Lafourche are the Lemuridae of mankind. After all, what destroys their case is the single fact which separates them absolutely from their fellows—*if once attacked, these people never get well.* Science is not always consistent; but ages ago she pronounced a judgment against herself which still stands. She admitted then, as she admits now, that she is powerless to heal the leper. It needs a Christ to say: "Be thou clean, and the leprosy is cleansed."

The life of these lepers, if a tragedy, has a plot of sorrow simple enough. There are not many of them. They may now count between twenty-five and fifty families, principally poor, all of whom raise their homes of corruption on Bayou Lafourche. They are not bunched together in one settlement, but stretch out along the stream a distance of thirty or forty miles, scenting, at one end, the soft saccharine smell of growing cane, and at the other the sharp saline odor of a mighty gulf. Their awful malady is an inheritance with them; their sufferings are acute; their disfigurement becomes, in time,

complete; but their deaths, though from the same disease, do not create an epidemic.

What the Caqueurs were to Brétagne, and the Vaqueros to the Asturias, these lepers are to Bayou Lafourche. Many-sided are the rumors about them; but a wide-spreading, far-reaching tongue adds that there are among them some who are rich in this world's goods, and yet are forced to take this world's refuse.

No one knew all this better than Dr. Tousage. He had been prominent among those brave physicians who strive to be healers. But, as it happened, he was not thinking of Leper-Land while riding slowly towards La Quinte. Honest Baptiste was in wait. There was a mystery about his *p'tit maître* —so much Baptiste knew. Confianza's eyes were filled with tears, and they dumbfounded the simple slave. Traditions of any kind, save the peaceful, oftentimes tender gossip of La Quinte, where two generations of kindly masters had made the furrows of labor almost as full of roses as the "path of dalliance," had never turned Baptiste's brain into a race-track; so, on the doctor's arrival, his eyes were full of a terror inviting inquiry, but above all sympathy. The doctor was pre-occupied; he gave neither.

"Where is your master, Baptiste?" was all he said.

"M'sieu Fernand, he ees in la bibliotec," replied Baptiste, with a certain awe crossing his terror at right angles. Baptiste fervently believed that the ghost of his old master walked that particular room at midnight. And, for that matter, it would have been hard to find any slave within five leagues who did not agree with Baptiste.

"He is there, is he? Then I know the way very well."

Dr. Tousage found Fernand in a small, well-lighted room, divided from the great wide parlors, sombre even at that early hour, by a falling lace curtain. The sunbeams of the morning streamed through the windows, glinting tenderly the backs of books of great thinkers loved by Don Camilo, and cherished for association's sake by his son. It was a chamber rich in windows as it was brilliant in light—a chamber for the strong, not for the weak.

"*Sapristi!*" said the doctor to himself, "open windows are a sign of joy. The case is not so hopeless, after all."

The good doctor was wrong for once. Fernand had lost hope; or, rather, despair had pushed hope from its place, and there brooded. The young man was seated by a table on which were laid two books. One was a copy of the Bible; the other, Maundrel's work on the Syrian leprosy, a very old book, and as rare as it is old. Rising as his old friend entered, for the first time in his life he did not offer his hand.

"Be pleased to take a seat, doctor."

"*Eh bien!* Fernand, what is all this? You a Hercules, and sick?"

The attempt at ease, if intended to deceive, was a failure.

The young man faced his visitor.

"Stop, doctor. This is no time for comedy. I am still a Hercules, if brawn and muscle and twenty-five years can make one. But there is a plague about me more deadly to bear than Dejanira's robe."

"And that plague is—?"

"Leprosy!"

"Have you convinced yourself of that?"

"Perfectly; and you also, you need not deny it. I have not studied that kindly face so long without being able to read it."

"To speak frankly, I am not surprised. But does the disease really exist? It is because I wish to assure myself on this point that I have come. Think over my question quietly."

"Look at this, doctor. This may help you to a conclusion."

While saying this he was throwing open his shirt, revealing a small white-reddish sore slowly eating into his brawny chest.

"I have never been, as you know, doctor, much of what you call a thinking man. At any rate, I have taken this to be the mysterious 'date-mark,' which, at some time in his life, pursues and brands each traveler to Bagdad. It first broke out while I was in Paris, some months ago. My old nurse knows nothing of it. I accepted it gayly enough. I had not forgotten Bagdad—why should Bagdad forget me?"

While he was speaking, the physician had been examining the ulcer. He grew more thoughtful as he looked.

"Has this increased in size since it first appeared?"

"Yes; but very little"

"Any pain?"

"No, I cannot say that it has pained me, but it has annoyed me considerably. Remember that, until last night, whenever I thought of it, it was solely in connection with Bagdad. With my physique, what else could give it birth? But that is over now. It is not the date-mark. What, then, is it?"

Dr. Tousage knew his young friend's courage. He did for him what he would not have done for a weaker soul. He took refuge in that truth, which is more often a kindness shown by this world's healers than they are given credit for.

"This," he replied slowly, "represents a leprosy already developed."

"And the Salamanderism of last night?"

"Was a strong, although a wholly accidental, proof of its existence."

"Accidental, you think it? I look upon it rather as providential," retorted Fernand, while adding: "You regard my case as hopeless, then?"

"Absolutely, though the danger is not immediate."

"In other words, *cher docteur,* one must pay for being Hercules. A long life, and each knotted muscle prolonging the torture which it doubles, that is the story, eh?" said the young man, bitterly, as he touched a bell on the table.

In response, the old Indian nurse appeared and stood, quietly waiting, near the door.

"Look, and then listen, doctor," said Fernand, as he pointed with his finger to her. "This old woman—you know her? —has fairly haunted me through life. She was the one to receive me at my birth. She tended me through my babyhood. She protected my boyhood. When my mother died, she became mother and nurse in one. She watched me in my plays. She interfered in my disputes. She made me the laughing-stock of my schoolmates until I fought them into respect. As I grew older, I saw that in her love there was a large leaven of anxiety. She showed it during my years at Heidelberg. She grew thin and more despondent during our stay in the East. She hovered around me in Paris. The Quartier Latin, at a very feverish time, could raise no barricade against her. Mabille had no terrors for her. I found her every-

where on watch, and always with her eyes fixed wistfully on myself. It was then I took to thinking of her as a woman cursed with a single thought that had borrowed the intensity of a mania. It is not three months since I began to believe that that single thought might be for *me*. Last night I knew that I was right. It was she who prevented my returning to Beaumanoir. Such devotion is rare. I say, again, look at her, doctor."

Wondering a little, Science scanned Devotion.

The woman was well worth looking at in her brown-skinned, white-haired, brave, honest, faithful old age. A prophetess of evil had she always been, but not of the order of Cassandra. She had foreseen. She had not chosen to foretell.

Fernand resumed in a reckless manner, as though he had something to do that hurt him, and of which he wished to be rid:

"Would you believe after this, doctor, when I am beaten down to the earth, that she refuses to speak? She talks to me in the jargon of my childhood. Last night she reminded me of a book containing the story of a leper. That is her way of telling me that I am one. There lies the book on the table. Have you ever read it? Old Maundrel held a wise pen in his hand. He reports the case of a man in Syria, who knew himself to be leprous by having passed unscorched through flames. Confianza remembered the story, but I wish to know *why* she recalled it.—Nurse, here is the doctor. He is a friend, and a true one. In his presence, tell me why you have feared for me through all these years."

The old Indian remained silent. Her tongue was bound by a pledge that it could not break. The dead in their graves forge chains indissoluble.

"But I can tell you, Fernand," said the doctor, gravely, "what Confianza, under oath, dares not."

"You! And what—what can you tell?"

"Your mother died a leper!"

IV

The small world about La Quinte had soon a tidbit to roll around its tongue more to its taste than even that delicious

morsel from Beaumanoir. Workmen, it heard, were busy building a cottage under the ancient live oak that was old when Iberville's ships sailed through the waters of Manchac, and moss-crowned when simple *Acadiens* from the Northern ice, camping under it, broke out in wild enthusiasm over its knotted knees and spreading boughs, while their children plucked the giant by his frosty beard, and shouted gleefully as they crowned themselves with the mossy theft. The same oak had, for generations, been the pride of the country around. They called it lovingly *le Père Chêne,* the Father Oak. Superstition had added a special charm to its head, grown gray in the circling rings of a thousand years. Lovers' vows, pledged under it, for once ceased to be false, and a happy marriage never failed, it was fervently believed, to follow the kisses for which the old tree had for ages stood sponsor. To build a cottage under the *Père Chêne,* therefore, was a violent shock given to the love, the pride, the superstition of the entire neighborhood. But what could love, pride, or superstition say? The tree itself was private property; the old graybeard stood on land belonging to La Quinte. It was quite clear, therefore, that the owner had ordered the erection of the cottage, and that he had a right to do so.

Mademoiselle de Monplaisir spoke the voice of a critical circle:

"*Ma foi, c'est bien noble de la part de M. Torres.* He wishes to be near to his kin."

There was always a sting in the honey vouchsafed by this young lady to her friends. The sting in this particular honey was that Leper-Land began within half a league below the terminus of La Quinte.

A low-roofed, broad-verandaed cottage soon nestled under the protecting branches of the old tree. The roof once reached, farm wagons, filled with furniture, stirred up the white dust of the Bayou highway. Then came carts filled with books. The cottage itself was only a three days' wonder, after all. Something came afterward, that was to prove a plethoric, full-mouthed nine days' talk. After the last cart had deposited its burden, the workmen reappeared. They came in crowds. In an amazingly short time, a great whitewashed brick wall rose high enough to look down upon the cottage, which it had

been built to screen. It loomed up full thirty feet in the air, stretching in a square on all sides of the giant oak, whose head, turbaned in mosses, could be seen behind it from the road and from boats passing swiftly on the Bayou. There was nothing cheerful in this strange pile. In the sunlight it looked like a prison; in the moonlight, like a graveyard. The Pantheon of Bogotá is not more ghost-like.

The wall being finished, but one entrance was left to the interior. This was at the lower end, to the rear, where a strong oak door, iron-bound, challenged the way. On the side of that door was a turn-window in the wall, through which could be passed such articles as might be needed for the dweller within. Close to that window and outside of the wall was a small hut. It was the home of Confianza—martyr to the child of her love in his weakness, as she had been faithful to him in his young strength under the skies of Damascus and on the shining shores of the Mediterranean.

And what did Society, that part of it which whispers its wisdom behind summer fans, think of all this? It only sighed prettily, and itched the more to know all. Fernand's story was an exciting one so far, but society is never wholly satisfied unless it sees the green curtain fall on a tragedy on which it has seen it rise. For the rest, it had been told that he had remained shut up in his rooms and had been seen by no one but the doctor and Confianza. It clamored, however, for the end. Somehow, this did not come to it as soon as expected. It was very long after Society had retired, so to speak, from the boxes, and the lights had been put out, that it heard that Fernand, on the very night of the day when the strong oak door was hung on its hinges, had passed through it alone. Little by little it came out, that, for that particular night, an order had been given to all the slaves of La Quinte, somewhat in the fashion of that borne by the herald of Coventry,

. . . a thousand summers back.

The old Indian had taken the message through the house and the quarters. "The master is going," she said, "to leave La Quinte to-night for his new home. He is very sick and very unhappy. He knows that his people love him, and he begs them all to go to their cabins early to-night, and not to leave them."

In the old story of Coventry it was a "shameless noon" that, from its hundred towers, clanged the triumph of a peerless sacrifice. In the new one, it was a pitying midnight which, from its hundred shadows, shrouded the sacrifice of a noble life. La Quinte, fertile as she was in sons and daughters, had not bred a "Peeping Tom" among them all; and by nine o'clock there was not one of her children who was not abed.

Fernand had died to the world. So the world, true to its traditions, avenged itself by calling his retreat *Le Tombeau Blanc,* a ghoulish fancy, which had received its inspiration from a remark accredited to Mme. Diane Dragon (*née* Monplaisir), while daintily sipping her orgeat, that, "since M. Torres has chosen to bury himself alive, his home is well called The White Tomb." For the rest, Society had no time for a tragic tale already told. Autumn had laughed with Summer over the richness of their common harvest. Winter, which had passed in storm over the parish, had found time—there is a deal of unrecorded kindly blood in these stern old seasons—to press a parting kiss upon Spring's virgin lips, and to whisper: "Be good, my daughter, and spare not thy sweetest blossoms." It scarcely seemed cause for wonder, then, that Society should have forgotten the hermit as completely as though he lay, indeed, stretched cold and dreamless in his last bed.

As to the leper's actual condition, even the old Indian knew but little. He had locked the gate behind him and kept the key with him in his cottage. The turn-window remained the only medium of communication between them. Before burying himself, Fernand had said to her: "You know that I am very sick; what is worse, I am hopeless. My life may be short or long. Whether long or short, I am forced to suffer. I wish to die, but it is my duty to live. Cook my meals and put them twice a day in the turn-window. I shall call for them at eight o'clock in the morning; then again at four in the afternoon." That was all which had passed between the two. It seemed a sorry exhibit enough, this gratitude smothered in the fumes of a gastronomic edict. But the true old woman took it all to herself, and that night, with her worn rosary in hand, she broke into an extra plea of *Paternosters* and *Ave Marias.*

In the meantime, and in his bitter solitude, shuddering and

sick at heart, Fernand would turn from his mournful future to the compensation which must be his so long as his skillful hands could win music from the strings of his Cremona. This instrument was a gift to him, when a lad, from Duffeyte, that brilliant tenor whose sweet notes had entranced Creoledom somewhere in the '40's. His power over his gift was not unworthy of the donor. His soul was alive with music as a heated forge is with flame. Compositions of the great masters weighted his music-rack; but memories of Verdi and Donizetti, and melodies of Liszt and Strauss were with him, and through the cords of his Cremona, with an almost human sympathy, spoke tenderly and consolingly to the leper's heart. The cool and quiet of midnight were wont to fall like a dream of peace upon his tortured soul. He had cried with Themistocles, "Give me the art of oblivion!" But the unpitying sun was not his friend. Its torrid glare already revealed that fatal whiteness which separated him from his fellows. He felt that, for him, the moonlight was better than the sunlight; and the night's black mantle friendlier than the day's blazing shield. In his isolation, he learned, too, to acknowledge a comradeship, during the short spring and long summer months, with the whippoorwill, that sad brown bird of the *cyprière,* which, shunning the haunts of happier men, had been won by the mystic shadows and unbroken silence within the wall, and had come to grieve with him through moonlit nights, coyly hidden, but fearless, among the leaves of the ancient oak.

For in the meantime, Dr. Tousage's judgment had been verified.

Fernand's leprosy was already developing when he fought the flames at Beaumanoir. But when Spring came, in memory of her agreement with Father Winter to drop blossoms on the trees and to fill the black earth with flowers, the second stage was already reached. It was to the credit of the doctor's sincere friendship that not a whisper of this was breathed beyond the old woman's hut. But the fight was held within the wall and under *Père Chêne,* all the while. The old physician's visits were for a time regular. Then, all at once, his knock ceased to be heard at the oak door. Something had taken place between the two—a quarrel, everybody said. Oh, no! not that; only a bit of truth from Science, told in a broken

voice, and with great tears streaming down from under the gold spectacles of the leech:

"I can no longer hope to do you good, Fernand, and I may possibly injure others by my visits. The physician does not belong to himself. Your disease, always incurable, has within the last six months become practically contagious. God bless you, my son, and give you courage to bear unto the end."

This was, for Fernand, a dismissal that had long been foreseen. There was death in his heart already, and all that he asked was that he might indeed cease to live, and be at rest forever. But of what he suffered, and of the storm that, raging in him, broke out in bitter rain, all this the great wall hid, as a new and sadder secret, among the branches of its monster oak.

When Dr. Tousage left him, Fernand was fighting with the second stage of his disease. The arbutus-like pink of his complexion had faded out. He had become a "leper white as snow." He saw before him a Calvary on whose *viâ dolorosa* he could hope to meet no Cyrenian to bear his cross. He found himself thinking of a time when the white skin would change to a coarse yellow; when deep into its surface a growth of tubercles would fatten in ulcerous corruption; when the hand that had grown so warm in love might lose the use of its shapely fingers; and when even the face hallowed by the first and last kiss of Blanche, might, if seen in its awful disfigurement, come to frighten timid women in mother's labor. He knew himself to be like another Vivenzio in the castle of Tolfi. His own life, in its decaying physical form, measured for him as surely the year-posts to death as the lessening windows of his iron shroud had for the Italian.

Behind his wall, perhaps in a bitter spirit, perhaps in resignation, he had gauged the world and believed it wanting in remembrance. But he was not forgotten. Old Confianza, at his window, sat day and night, as silently and faithfully watching as Mordecai at the Persian's gate. And there were others. In those dark hours dear to him, there were passers-by along the bayou-road. These were men and women who had learned to make that road a Mecca, because they had loved the kindly man now forced to live a pariah.

The road seemed haunted with ghosts.

For, as the darkness fell upon bayou and swamp, shadows would come stepping softly out of it to pass a moment in fearful silence in front of *Le Tombeau Blanc;* to point out, each to his neighbor, the great ghostly wall, and to raise their black hands in whispered blessing over it; and then, as their creeping-off would drop into a half-trot, they would break out into a wild hymn, which, beginning soft and tremulous, would grow into loudness, drowning the whippoorwill's plaint, and filling the woods with the presence of an uncultured but mighty *miserère.*

Following these ghosts, but avoiding always to meet them, would come others. These would creep from the forest depths lower down, stand for a longer time than the rest staring at the wall; would raise their hands, too, in silent benediction, and, in their turn, retire as noiselessly as the shadows that they were. Lepers in body, the souls of these ghosts were clean. For out of the agony that was Selfishness had bloomed the flower that was Gratitude.

But, after a time, these loving ghosts left the bayou-road to its loneliness. Then a ghost, gaunt and tall, assuming a woman's shape, would step out into the road and stand, looking up with patient sadness. This shape would appear so suddenly after the lepers' flitting that it was clear it had been lying in wait.

Then *a special phantom, also a woman,* with strange black robes floating around her, would glide quickly in front of the wall, stop, clasp its hands wildly, with face upturned toward it, as though in supplication; lower its head, with hands still clasped, into the dust of the road, to pray and weep, and weep and pray again.

After a while, the first ghost would draw near, gently touch the shoulder of the kneeling figure, and together both phantoms would become lost in the deeper shadows of Confianza's hut.

Of all these ghosts Fernand knew nothing.

Fernand was a prisoner for life. But the world outside had not, for him or his wall, ceased to move. Action had clutched the scabbard from Argument, and with its right hand drawn the blade. Of the war that had drenched the land in blood, he had heard but once. Men in blue and men in gray

had marched past his wall, awed at its height, marvelling at its quaintness, wondering at its use. Then, learning its tragic story, the brave men had turned, somehow, a free and easy route-step into something suspiciously like a double-quick. Confianza herself was mute. A curt order for silence, given by Fernand in the beginning of his malady, had been loyally obeyed by the old Indian; and by long prohibition, no copy of the *Picayune* had come to tell him that Mars, sword in hand, was sweeping over fields of sugar, corn, and cotton. One day—the date thereof is fixed in the war annals, not in these pages—a single boom was heard under the branches of *le Père Chêne*. Faintly but distinctly, the boom soon came to Fernand's ears—fast, furious, continuous. Evidently a distant cannonade. He could not hear the wild yell, nor the great answering shout that kept time to its martial challenge. But Battle has a voice of its own, and that spoke in the heavy guns of Labadieville.

"What is that, Confianza?" came hoarsely shouted from the turn-window.

"Son las tropas, Señor."

"Troops! men playing at soldiers, you mean."

"Oh, no, *hijo mio!* Dey de troops of the Nort and de Sout. Dey fight demselves togeder. *Ya* ees old *la guerra."*

Then, with ears alert and eyes distended, she raised herself to listen—listening not to the guns, but to a cry that wailed through the silence—a cry harsh, sinister, discordant, horrible—a cry that was the roar of a wild beast hunted to death in the jungle.

"My God! my God! why cannot I find death among the fighters yonder?"

This was an episode—not the least ghastly among the episodes of that sorrowful time.

Years had passed since then. The leper seemed to have forgotten the day when he had heard from within *Le Tombeau Blanc* the guns of Labadieville. After all, it was time that he should do so. Already he thought of himself as a creature like Moore's "bloodless ghost," speculating bitterly on the day, sure to dawn, when, chained to his bed, he would come to sit by his

. . . own pale corpse, watching it.

Bear in mind that it was through all these years from that night at Beaumanoir, through peaceful times, through quiet harvests, through gathering clouds, through deep thunderings, through lightning bursting from those clouds, through a great war, through a noble effort, through a mighty liberation, through a peace that was not a calm and a calm that became peace, that Fernand had changed from the figure of a perfect manhood to what he then was. On the whole, his dread disease had been merciful to him. The muscles, once firm as Samson's, had long since betrayed their strength into eating ulcers. But Gangrene—Death's grimmest lieutenant—still refrained from striking. It hovered with its scythe over the feet, filled with a growth of pustules. It threatened those hands once so strong, so soft, as instinct with music as with daring; but ten fingers still remained to be counted between them. His voice had become *rauque* and broken; but the hair, beard, and eye-brows, although prematurely white, had not yet dropped from their follicles. His features were enlarged, had turned to ghastly grotesqueness, but so far they had escaped the teredo-like borings of leprosy. With all this, he felt himself growing weaker day by day. He had ceased to use Dr. Tousage's medicines, left at intervals on his window. He could have no faith whatsoever in the physician who had none in himself, and who had told him frankly: "Palliatives, not remedies, Fernand, these are all I can promise you." But even these were now beyond his reach—the good old doctor had written his last prescription.

Little by little, Fernand yielded his consolations. A fine dust, setting around the strings of Duffeyte's Cremona, had clogged their melody. Of the wild-beast-like, circular paths around and about the *Tombeau,* no sign remained. The grass had grown thick over them, as well as over that which, night after night, had so long been his road in the old days, to the lowest rung of a ladder by which he had reached the summit of the great solemn wall, and where, condemned like Moses on Pisgah's height, he would direct yearning glances "westward and northward, and southward and eastward," toward the black waters of the bayou swirling by in the darkness, and the shadowy outlines of fertile fields, once his own, and of

dark forests which had been his hunting-ground as boy and man.

. . . . . .

There is now but one path in the *Tombeau Blanc*. It was the leper's first, as it will be his last path—the walk which leads from the cottage to the turn-window, which holds, each morning and afternoon, his food and drink.

There are two parts fairly mixed in our humanity when in extremity. One is animal; the other, spiritual. The two cannot live apart, so long as the body itself holds together. Fernand feels this keenly. He seeks his food, as a beast, maimed in the fierce wars of its kind, might crawl to seek it —by habit. But unlike the beast, his spirit, which stands for his pleasures, is confined to his cottage, or, in fair, sunny weather, to his seat under the Father Oak. He can no longer find solace in his Cremona. He can no longer see to read. He can only—think, think, think! He totters, while he keeps back the groans, as he now makes the daily trips for his food. He remembers how, years, years ago, he had firmly planted his feet on that well-beaten path, hopeless then, but self-poised. Now, he can only creep painfully along it, stopping at intervals to gasp, taking a half-hour where once the half-minute had sufficed. Then, he had clutched his food with the appetite which young manhood gives, even when it knows itself doomed to lingering disease. Now, he puts his hand up for it with loathing, and turns aside with a shudder when he draws it down.

That terrible path! This is what he now most fears. His hands are not of the strongest for the carrying of food, none of the safest for bearing a full pitcher. For over their swollen surface the skin has thickened and stretched tight and hard like a drum's head. His fingers are gradually turning within like a harpy's claws. He is far from sure of them. One day he doubts whether they will be able to take the food without dropping it. The next day he fears that they cannot carry drink without spilling it. The sorrowful truth is that he is growing afraid of himself. He trembles as he looks down at his pustuled feet, now always bare. At times he holds before his eyes in the sunlight his two yellow swollen hands with their curved fingers. Then, indeed, he breaks out into

sudden despair; he bows his head upon those fingers, blotting out the tell-tale sun, while through them trickle the scalding scanty tears which lepers weep.

He knows that he is now far in the last stage of his disease; that the end of all this must be impotence. The certainty of his fate haunts him like a spectre. He has marked with a ? that unknown day, soon to come, when he shall be too weak to leave his room. One way or other, he feels that that day, when it does come, must break the self-will which has grown almost marble under the *Père Chêne*. The Church has taught him that suicide is a crime. Though in a tomb, whence he can neither see the blaze of altar-candles, nor hear the chimes in steeple-bells, he believes it from his soul to be one. He is utterly alone in these days. Even Nature, the tried ally of solitary man, has neglected, if it have not altogether forgotten him. For years, that wizard of the forest, the mocking-bird, has cheered him with its "lyric bursts" of unmatched melody. But, true to its own instincts, it has set up its throne in the thickets around Confianza's hut. Outside of, not within, the gloomy wall is where the singer chooses to reign; and there it reigns, day and night, content if it only knows that the leper within gains from its wondrous notes a single hope. Fernand does not doubt his consoler, I think; or, if he do, his is only the faint shadow of a fainter doubt. Both were bred in the land of the orange and the sugar-cane. In the man's philosophy, born of his old nurse's lullabies, a certain sorcery attaches to this wondrous bird of wondrous song. As he listens in his agony to its joyous bursts, he so bound, it so free, he murmurs half unconsciously, in the wild words of an old Creole hymn of Nature, caught breathing from her by Père Rouquette:

Ah, mokeur! Ah, mokeur shanteur!
Ah, ah! to gagnin giab dan kor!
To gagnin tro l'espri, mokeur.
Mé, shanté: m'a kouté ankor!*

*Ah, mocking bird! Ah, mocking songster,
Ah, thou hast the devil in thy heart!
Thou hast too much wit, mocking-bird.
But sing on; I must listen—once more!

Thus, in its own fashion, is the gray maestro faithful to him. But not so his old shy comrade, the whippoorwill, which has long since left the tree that, in its depths, it haunted, and the master whom, in its coyness, it had seemed to love. The *cyprière* has sent none other of its songsters; and even the little twittering birds, that dote on freedom and space and glitter and company, avoid the mournful Father Oak as though he were a plague. Or, perhaps, these tiny creatures have finer senses than man, and know of *the* plague that sits and ponders, a breathing corpse, under the grand old tree.

Here it is that Fernand passes hours in figuring over and over again what will come of the inevitable invasion. Confianza must, of course, be admitted. And Blanche? Oh, would that she could! But how foolish all this is, none knows so well as he. He would not let his darling in, no! not were she even to knock at the gate and ask that it be opened unto her. Nor can Blanche—but I had forgotten, there is no longer a Blanche.

There is a *Sœur Angélique* who once bore her name—a fair and sinless woman dedicated to God, of whom her black-robed sisters speak with love and pride. Nothing of all this passes into the *Tombeau Blanc*. Fernand has not forgotten Blanche, but he has no knowledge of *Sœur Angélique*. He is ever intent upon the old problems that vex his waning life. The great iron-bound door, so long closed, must soon turn upon its rusty hinges. Who will dare pass the gate? Who will, having once passed it, dare advance to confront the odor of the charnel-house which fills the square, and which seems to have blasted the green old age of *le Pène Chêne*. Who?

The world? No!

His old doctor? No!

His former slaves. No!

Delegates from Leper-Land? Yes!

Forgetfulness forbids the first; death, the second; superstition and "exodus," the third; brotherhood admits the last.

At this prospect, leper as he is, he shudders.

These fancies fill his dark hours. He keeps his failing eyes fastened wearily upon his narrow domain. The grass is growing thick and green over all the paths which he once circled in his madness. It is with eager longing he awaits the

day when it shall spring up as thick and green around and cover his last walk.

"It took years to cover those," he murmurs hoarsely. "My God! how many weeks will it be before this last one is covered?"

. . . . . .

December 25, 187—. A letter just received from my friend, the Mayor of Thibodaux, contains this simple announcement:

"Death, the Consoler, has at last come to Fernand."

THE NATIONAL ELEMENT IN SOUTHERN LITERATURE

BY JOHN BELL HENNEMAN

[*The Sewanee Review,* July, 1903]

It is well understood that in any proper acceptance of the term, American literature must reflect the progress and processes of American thought and life. What seems a truism in uttering it, was long hidden from the practice of American writers. At first American letters represented almost anything but American life, and, in consequence, no life anywhere. The American inherited English law and English custom; these he made his own and modified them to suit his convenience. He also inherited the English language and English literature complete at his command; but not so happy always were the uses to which he subjected the language, and his direction in literary work was frequently obtuse.

There could not here be the same mastery over matter as in the laws; there was not the same independence of conditions nor the same self-reliance. In this case isolation wrought a harm that in the other had stimulated development. In thought, in literature, or in the attempts that passed under the name of literature, English traditions, English models, English productions, were long dominant; English culture in education and letters was merely transferred, and too often, after tradition became weakened, there was current what purported to be the genuine article under borrowed forms that were but shoddy. Nor in the nature of the case has this influence ever been

entirely removed. The war of independence was waged, and the two countries were severed as States politically, but the thought of the new nation was still largely molded in forms of the old. The whole course of American literature may be described as a continual struggle: first, for existence; then, for recognition; and, at length, as many of us believe, in certain departments for rivalry. How far this last has gone could lead to interesting and serious questioning.

If we take the history of American literary achievement, and run over the names and select that portion of the work of each which has secured permanence, there will always be found in what has survived, the native and local, united with the national and spiritual, character as opposed to the imitative.

Franklin was the first American in his sturdy manhood as revealed in his Autobiography. Irving lives to us of to-day in what he made his possession: the beginnings of a Greater New York, the haunts of the Hudson Valley, and the Catskill Mountains. Cooper treated interior New York, which was then border land for white man, Indian, and beast. Hawthorne portrayed the spirit of early New England Puritanism —its sternness and severity, as well as its faithfulness and strength. Poe saw visions of the artist, and depicted vividly what was to his active fantasy a very real dream land. Bryant caught the poetry lurking in American woods and streams. Longfellow lived and spoke the sweetness of the simple dignity of American home life. Whittier sang of the New England farmer boy in the attitude, though he could not attain the voice, of Burns. Emerson was a clarifying voice delivering to the growing material conditions of a new world a message of humanity and of fuller and richer spiritual life. Whitman was a sound from the same new world, so acute and in phases so novel that he is not yet satisfactorily placed. Holmes was the genial poet of occasion; Lowell, the first distinctive American critic; and Curtis, the man of letters in public and political life. Timrod's lyric pipe rejoiced with the coming of spring in his Carolina home, and Lanier found music in the cornfields and marshes and streams of Georgia. The historians began with the settlement of their own country, and were thus led to related Spanish and French worlds and to kindred Germanic institutions.

The point is, that the rule and degree of success has been that what a man found nearest his heart and into which he had most closely and spiritually lived—what was his own and could not be taken away—is that which a later generation has accepted and received from him as individual and is not willing to let die. When the local and national and racial flavor has been caught, together with insight into elemental truth of character, and artistic form has fused these qualities, then a masterpiece of literature results. When this large insight has failed or is limited, there has necessarily arisen the tinge of provinciality.

Now, it is just this touch of provinciality that has continually been urged against the literature of the South. But it is true not only of the South. It is in the South as elsewhere in America. It is the sad, admitted truth of American literature generally. The new nation as a whole must confess that there has been and is much truth in the charge of provinciality. And so it may be repeated: much said of Southern literary conditions is not simply Southern, but a common American characteristic, with special modifications and limitations springing from local causes. To be rigidly scientific in this mode of investigation, one ought first to find out what is generally American, and then determine what is specifically Southern by special deviation from the type. It is evidently unfair to charge a section with what is frequent enough and, indeed, common elsewhere. This is constantly to be kept in mind. The greatest mistake made in judging Southern literature, even by its friends, is that we are apt to speak of it by itself as if it were a thing apart and of a country apart. "There is so little that is permanent in Southern letters," one will cry; another will explain that the conditions were unfavorable; and so forth and so forth. But one feels very much like answering: true—and it has been largely true of the entire country. There is little that has been permanent in American letters; the conditions have been unfavorable to literature. It is a half-truth everywhere in our country. It is true also of the South, but it is not of the South alone.

Another point of difference must not be overlooked: the immense disparity in population and wealth created for the last generation by the four years of war. In New England

the literary men largely remained at home, and were still writing and singing at its close. Nor Bryant, nor Longfellow, nor Holmes, nor Emerson, nor Whittier, nor Lowell engaged in active warfare. True, they were engaged strenuously with their pens, a happy circumstance not permitted to others. There was necessarily much loss throughout the country, but the physical and spiritual resources of the losing section were prostrated and reduced to exhaustion. In New England, Theodore Winthrop and Fitz James O'Brien met death in service, and doubtless other gallant youth died in the glow of a splendid promise. But the loss of the South was peculiarly from her heart and of the best, and many a young man with literary aspiration did not live to see twenty-five. Such losses cannot be estimated, but they are to be felt and measured, nevertheless, for a succeeding generation. Then following upon this struggle came a second and more bitter struggle—a fearful blight. It was not merely that of poverty; it was the demands of entirely changed conditions of living upon the survivors, struggling at the same time for bare existence even. For, in a pathetic sentence, attributed to Sidney Lanier, concerning the decade immediately after the war: "With us in the South it has been for the past ten years a question simply of not dying." Out of these conditions in a whole section of country a new literature was to spring. The wonder of it all is that when it came it was so spontaneous, so rich, so full of life and hope!

There can be no doubt of the great change wrought by the war between the States everywhere in America. This consequently finds its purest expression in American literature. This war makes a true line of demarcation between the old and the new. Its close introduced a period of great expansion and development and change everywhere. In literature it was a formative period. Run over the files of the current magazines and periodicals of the time, and you can read between the lines and discern the high color, the unsettled condition, the exaggerations, and the alarms everywhere. But just as in the turmoil of the Middle Ages the roots of the Renaissance struck deep, so on a less scale the disturbances of the war contributed to the soil nourishment for the rejuvenating, creative epoch to follow. Historic consciousness was bound to grow: there was history from whatever side one viewed it. The nation was

shaken to its center, and the people stirred to the quick. The soil and atmosphere were formed. The national sense was developed, and literature was the gainer. National feeling exulted on one side; on the other the love of old traits and affection for their characteristic types. Both necessarily aided in inducing the romantic cast of mind. Hope and self-reliance were present to the youth everywhere. The spirit of expansion naturally ushered in an epoch of travel, and we consequently find descriptions in abundance, telling of spots and corners unvisited and unknown before. The sense of isolation was being done away with; the connection with the rest of the world becoming closer. The spirit of provincialism was gradually passing. The American tourist began traveling over the globe and revealing new phases of civilization; the American engineer penetrated to the heart of the wilderness in his own country, and left no waste places. A romantic revival in American literature was most natural and inevitable.

Side by side with this, and apparently very contradictory, in that part of the country most settled in its economic and social conditions and least affected by these movements of expansion as was the great West, and least influenced by the changes in social and physical being as was the South, there arose at the same time in New England the beginnings of a school of analysis and dissection in fiction. But even in New England at first, as in other parts of the country, the native romance in localities was finding utterance. The early effects of the war were seen. There had sprung up a general interest in the varied phases of American manhood thrown together at haphazard in the camps. Old types in odd corners were studied anew, and fresh types were revealed.

Thus, after 1865 and before 1870, appeared Mrs. Stowe's 'Old Town Folks,' descriptive of New England village life, Mr. Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy," Whittier's "Snow Bound," an idyl of New England, and his 'Ballads of New England,' and Longfellow's 'New England Tragedies.' All were romantic and sprung from their soil and section. The same note echoes over the land. Even Mr. Howells begins his literary career poetically enough in describing his 'Venetian Days' and 'Italian Journies.' Parkman is portraying with picturesque vividness the history of French possession in the

new world. A voice from the far West, in California, finding a new material, striking full upon his native note, and recognizing an essentially fitting form in the short story, is obtaining recognition in Bret Harte. Of writings in the South, Sidney Lanier's 'Tiger Lilies,' imperfect as it is, was perhaps the only significant publication in those first five years after the war. How silent is the voice of a whole section of people! They were struggling for bare existence even, as Lanier had put it.

Not until after 1870 does the new Southern literature begin —the year in which the two recognized leaders of the past, John Pendleton Kennedy and William Gilmore Simms, both died. It was also the year of the death of Judge A. B. Longstreet, the author of 'Georgia Scenes,' those frank expressions of home growth. That too was the year of the death of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at the head of Washington College, Virginia. Nothing emphasizes more the fact that the old was over. The new was looked forward to, half fearfully almost.

The half decade of years before the centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence in 1876, rounds out the nation's century of existence. With this sense of fullness American literature takes firmer hold. The contrast is growing between the warm, full-blooded romantic spirit and the more cold, though scientific and subtle, analysis of realism. The strife becomes at times even acrimonious. The sway of the analytic school of fiction in New England shows that the domination of the past singers and prophets, the generation of Longfellow and Whittier and Emerson, is over. Other ideas have taken their place, and new writers have supplanted them in controlling taste. A departing note, though a full one, is struck in Emerson's 'Society and Solitude' in this same year, 1870. The new method is seen in Mr. Howells, who for both art and conscience's sake enters upon a career of novel-writing and propagandism. With Mr. James he announces for American fiction the more philosophic doctrine of naturalism and realism—a means obtained by analysis of motive and character and study of environment, as apart from more imaginative story-telling. It is interesting to note that neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. James, at this time so closely identified with Boston and the *Atlantic Monthly* in their work, was of New

England birth, and the spirits these conjured had little kinship with Hawthorne's Salem witches; they were not of American raising, but were the results of wider acquaintance with the schools and systems; they were foreign, but were meant to be world-wide; they were not native, but sought to escape the local and provincial.

In sharp contrast, beyond the Hudson, the newly discovered types through the slowly evolving South and over the rapidly developing West takes on a local and native and more romantic setting. This spirit becomes particularly strong in the South, and ultimately receives there perhaps its finest and freest expression. This movement in American letters—a momentous one for the development of our national life and spirit in the twenty critical years from 1870 to 1890—cannot be understood without the clear recognition of the importance of the Southern writers and some little study of the significance of the Southern romantic spirit. There had been hardly an issue of a typical magazine like the *Century* in ten or fifteen years without a native romantic story, and that usually a Southern one. So completely did this movement dominate the American thought and output of the time! This is the true significance and glory of the new Southern literature. Its weakness was the prevalence of dialect and a seeming aversion from characters who spoke even the elements of the King's English. But even in this particular the dialect was at first used not as an end in itself, but as a means of interpreting more directly both native character and actual life. As a frank revelation of fresh modes of national life and thought, even dialect could find its justification. Here was something admittedly spontaneous and rich, racy of the soil and filled with warmth and color—for, if one may be permitted the reference, there is plenty of both in the South—and in however narrow and restricted a sphere, it represented an American spirit at last. And thus by an apparent paradox the spirit of this literature in the South became for a time in certain aspects the least sectional and the most representative and national.

This native spirit became exemplified in many places and in many ways, for it is not intended to assert that it was not elsewhere too; the meaning is solely to emphasize this literary movement in the South in its relation to the national movement

going on. From California came Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." In Indiana appeared Edward Eggleston's 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster' and 'The End of the World.' Mark Twain gave experiences of the far West in 'Roughing It.' Charles Dudley Warner revealed a new and delightful vein in 'My Summer in a Garden' and in 'Backlog Studies.' John Burroughs was poetically alive to Nature, whether in birds or in poets, both songsters. Mr. Aldrich continued in 'Marjorie Daw'; Miss Alcott presented childhood to 'Little Men' and 'Little Women'; Mr. Stedman stimulated American criticism of American poets in a frankly sympathetic and graceful vein.

The new era was first fully announced with the spirit of the centennial year of 1876. Literature in the South, showing feeble signs here and there, grew bolder and more conscious. It was well for our common country and for the fostering of the national sentiment that so closely upon Appomattox, the tragic close of one war, followed at Yorktown the celebration of the close of another. Between 1865, the close of the Civil War, and 1875, the year of the first centennial celebration of the Revolution, there was but a brief decade. At the centennial of the Declaration of Independence, written by a Virginian, who could deny a Virginian and any Southerner a welcome to the centennial city? There followed the era of good feeling; then it was made possible that in a short time after division a closely contested national election could be held; then all sections became represented once more in the President's Cabinet by the selection of a Tennesseean.

The feelings of the war had mellowed and fallen into retrospect, and one could write tenderly and with full pathos of its romance and its tragedy. The beginnings of a new national life and literature and of Southern literature in national aspects had become possible. A Virginian writer, John Esten Cooke, could drop awhile stories of war time and go back to the colonial days held in common by all. A new writer, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, could become introduced to literature and draw inspiration by describing Yorktown and Old Virginia at the time of the Revolution. Societies of the Revolution soon sprang up, cementing national life over the country, looking away from the struggle of State against State to the

previous common struggle side by side. A new era had arrived for the whole country, and gloriously did Southern letters appropriate its spirit. New names were to become known, older ones were to gain fresh luster. It was a time when a new generation was preparing for college, and those who had just entered the University of Virginia—so long representative of the best in the South—when the surrender at Yorktown was celebrated will recall how with a thrill the Southern young manhood at *Alma Mater* rejoiced that this was their inheritance too, not to be taken away.

The centennial year, 1876, saw also the beginnings of a new educational movement and of higher ideals of scholarship and culture. It was the year of the opening of Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, halfway between North and South, the first instance of German university methods fully applied to American conditions, destined to revolutionize the attitude of education in America and particularly to exert a deep influence upon the training of young Southern scholars. The most notable member of its literary faculty, Dr. Gildersleeve, was brought from the University of Virginia as professor of Greek. It was also the year of the opening of Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, near the center of the Southern Mississippi Vally. The University of the South, at Sewanee, Tulane University, in New Orleans, as well as the new development of Washington and Lee University, in Virginia, were all growths mainly of this later period; and most of the Southern State Universities and private colleges gradually mapped out new and more modern lines of development. Particularly the new movement in the study of English in the South, first distinctly promulgated in 1868 by the late Prof. Thomas R. Price—who was then at Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, and who died as head of the Department of English in Columbia University, New York—spread and vitalized continually in the hands of his pupils new centers over the Southern country.

Keenest of all, the national centennial year, 1876, strengthened the voice of the new Southern literature. It was the year of Mark Twain's 'Tom Sawyer,' his most characteristic sketch of Mississippi River reminiscence. "The Centennial Cantata" was written by the Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, whose symphony of "Corn," uniting intense local color with

a classical spirit, had appeared but a year before. This centennial year was also the year of the publication of Lanier's poems, the chiefest expression of poetic feeling in the South, and one of the most original and intense the entire country could claim apart from Poe. That it was not permitted Lanier to enter upon the land he confidently hoped and battled for, made his position all the more notable. To him was decreed not the victor's wreath, but the martyr's crown. Like some Moses, he was permitted only to view afar off from the mountain top the glories of hopes he felt some day must be realized. His early end was prophetic. In the pathos of his struggling life, checked by untoward conditions and thwarted by ill health, in spite of which he still achieved, there was revealed all the more clearly the symphony utterance of the emotions that passed delicately yet deeply across his soul.

The influence spread rapidly. Before 1881, the year both of the celebration at Yorktown and of Lanier's death, Cable had furnished his early and best-known work: 'Old Creole Days,' 'The Grandissimes,' and 'Madame Delphine.' Richard Malcolm Johnston's stories were characterizing Middle Georgia cracker life—the Middle Georgia of the former 'Georgia Scenes' and 'Major Jones's Courtship.' From the same Middle Georgia section came 'Uncle Remus,' and the grown-up boys of the South of all ages smiled tenderly once more at the recollection of negro "mammies" and "uncles" and the sunshiny and rainy days of youth, which they too had passed in the company of Brer Rabbit. The East Tennessee mountaineer was brought out as picturesquely as his surrounding landscape in the pages of "Charles Egbert Craddock." Virginia contributed the spiritual record of the war fought on her soil, and the tender relationship that existed between man and master in Mr. Page's "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady." And not long after the Kentucky blue grass land was to take up the note in Mr. James Lane Allen. Those were the first glorious summer days of Southern letters.

Other sections moved in the spirit, using a native and romantic background for the portrayal of the varied phases of American life and experience. There were the verses of James Whitcomb Riley and H. C. Bunner, and later came Brander Matthew's 'Vignettes of Manhattan' and Hamlin Garland's

'Main Traveled Roads' and 'Gene Field's lyrics with America writ large in varied characters. Stockton sometimes went deliberately southward to Virginia for his setting; and Maurice Thompson, from his Georgia and Confederate experiences, told some of the best of all negro dialect tales. A little later in the South were the stories of H. S. Edwards from the same Middle Georgia section of watermelon, peaches, darky, and mule; the scenes of John Fox, Jr., in the mountains of Kentucky ("On Hell-for-Sartain Creek" admits an epic breadth in four pages); the character sketches of Miss Grace King, Mrs. Stuart, and Mrs. Davis in New Orleans; new pictures of Old Virginia by Mrs. Burton Harrison; stories of Tennessee mountain life by Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott, of Sewanee; Mr. Harben's stories of Northern Georgia; the society verse of Samuel Minturn Peck; the dainty stanzas of Father Tabb; and the more thrilling and dramatic notes of Madison Cawein.

The style of romantic fiction steadily—perhaps too steadily—persisted; but the people, like those of England before them in the case of Dickens's London creations, recognized it as their own and did not tire. They insistently refused to learn from the critics and the fashions on the Continent. Then was ushered in the wave of romance over the country. No American novel much talked about but was romantic and historical. Taking a time but five or six years back, the leaders of 1897 were Dr. Mitchell's 'Hugh Wynne' and Mr. Allen's 'The Choir Invisible.' Both had the native, historic, romantic setting, and went back whether in Philadelphia or in Kentucky to the days of the fathers of the republic. For the next year, 1898, Mr. Page's 'Red Rock' was a story of the South under Reconstruction. And then in 1899 and 1900 the novel-reading public saw the phenomenal advertising and sale of 'David Harum,' 'Richard Carvel,' 'Janice Meredith' and 'To Have and to Hold.' The secret of 'David Harum's' hold upon the people was the same native flavor, the portrayal of an elemental and universal character—a character that smacked not of Central New York alone, but could have come from anywhere in any of our States. Such a conception was closely akin in method to many of the characters and oddities portrayed in Southern life, and in its very defects and limitations was intensely American. 'Richard Carvel' was of colonial

Maryland amid all the largeness of outline and careless ease of a Southern colony. 'Janice Meredith' might have gained her name farther South—for both were good Virginian and *pace* the dedication, some of the sunlight from the terraces of Mr. Vanderbilt's estate of Biltmore, in the Western Carolina mountains, may have been caught and become confined within its pages. 'To Have and to Hold' was a full-length picture of a colony of cavaliers. Maurice Thompson's story of the original Virginia Territory Northwest of the Ohio, 'Alice of Old Vincennes,' was of the same general class. So far did the movement take hold that the *Century Magazine* denominated its leading feature for 1901 "a year of romance." The strength of the same movement appeared in works like Mr. Churchill's 'The Crisis,' portraying St. Louis, and Mr. Stephenson's 'They That Took the Sword,' picturing Cincinnati, both border cities in border States, in war time. Mr. Cable's 'The Cavalier' was a tale of war and love with a New Orleans regiment doing service in Mississippi. And at the present, Kentucky emphasizes its happy central position as a promise for a center of literary endeavor, both for the South and the country, not only in the more serious workers already named, Mr. Cawein in verse and Mr. Allen in prose, but also in instances like Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks's 'Oldfield,' the Kentucky 'Cranford,' and in the authors of those uneuphonious feminine, but very characteristic Dickensy sketches, 'Juletty,' 'Mrs. Wiggs,' 'Lovey Mary,' and 'Emmy Lou.'

Despite the fickleness of popular impulse, and apart from the question whether the supply both of the dialect story and the historical novel be already exhausted, this eagerness and enthusiasm of the American public disclose a craving in the popular heart. The inherent weakness is that this order of work is not necessarily in the line of development toward something else, something better and greater, but it constitutes a species and end in itself and yields itself too obviously to imitation. Nevertheless the paths mapped out in historical romance are as old as Scott and Dumas and as modern as Robert Louis Stevenson, and herein lies one of the roads toward creating a national literature. To become national, a literature must draw succulence from the roots of past achievement and the spirit of former generations. And read-

ers of the late Mr. Fiske's volumes know that no history is more romantic in setting and more rich in literary possibility, more distinctly national in elements and character, than the early heroic living of 'Virginia and Her Neighbors,' and the history of the planting and forming of the various English, Spanish, French, Indian, and Negro Southern and Southwestern colonies in America.

In this school of rich color and imagination Southern intensity and depth and emotion and Western unconventionality and largeness have played a leading part. Less artistic, beyond doubt, than the calmer perfection of the New England school of objective analysis—a very important source of influence and one more in consonance with contemporary world thought and in advance telling of the morrow—yet it possessed at least the personal appeal. Looking at the history of the actual movements and the obvious feelings of the American people, apart from any theory as to what might or ought to be, there has been an essential difference in the appeal of the two schools.

The principle may be illustrated with a comparison. Before Shakespeare's day there was a struggle between the classic imitators and the native romantic, albeit crude and exaggerated, English spirit; and with all its excesses, nature won! So the intensely analytic school in America, however painstaking and studious in art, has seemed to the people too impersonal, has borrowed its impulse from foreign sources—from George Eliot in England, from Tolstoy in Russia, from Zola in France, and from Ibsen in Norway. While less significant in meaning and in power, the more romantic school was yet native in the hearts of the American people, sprung spontaneous from American soil, and struck roots deep down into American life. It was following the example of its early masters: of Irving and Cooper and Hawthorne and Poe. And it was geographically located everywhere; in New England and in New York, in Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee and Georgia and Louisiana, in Indiana and in California. It was the buoyancy of American manhood finding utterance; it was the expression of reflections passing over the soul of American life. It has not been the full accomplishment, it has not become formulated into a system in its great variety of utterance; but it has shown

at least the rich world of native and national material. It has been a new world entered upon in the new century of national existence. The American centennial of 1876 opened the gates of the nation wide; the heart of the people responded. American life was obtaining a distinctive expression in its literature. Could it only continue in its advance to something higher!

Has that something higher come? Has the advance been a steady upward one? Is it that the soil is not yet deep enough? Is it that we are a new country? Is our material poorer? Is inspiration crushed by untoward circumstances and want of nourishment? Are the moods so compelling? Are culture and interest in the problems of life deep, genuine, unmistakable, true? Is education faulty? Are our universities devoted to over-specialization, and while the practical knowledge of doing things and matters of technical investigation are unquestionably advanced, the higher creative work and the literary spirit ofttimes restrained? While we seem to have better training than ever, is true culture a matter of such slow growth that another half dozen and more generations are needed to nurture it? Is it that the paths followed permit of a certain development, but forbid greater reaches? An undiscovered country had been revealed and roamed through, but there did not always follow more careful draughting and added power of characterization. The same types were too often repeated and the sense of freshness and novelty was gone. Is it that the romantic tendency must be restrained by the laws of growth in thought, experience, and art, by more highly intellectual and thus by an approach to more analytical and realistic work? Is it that the intense sociological and spiritual ideas characteristic of the new century are forcing themselves also in a New South and an expanding West and casting out romantic dreams and ideals, as is seen conspicuously and curiously in the evolution of the stories of Mr. James Lane Allen?

In any case, the decade after 1886 must be confessed as a whole to have been one of rebound. The promise was not altogether kept up. Our American writing, like our American life, did not develop in all directions, but had to confess its limitations. It could often write the successful short story,

but not the long novel; it would inspire a quatrain and a sonnet in verse, but not sustain a long narrative or complete dramatic poem. But the outward flow of the tide was again American and not merely Southern. The South shared in a common depression and weakening with other parts of the country. The two cannot be looked at except as closely conjoined; for the law of development and influence and evolution is also traceable in literary life.

The decade from 1876 to 1886, as described, was the period of American discovery in new fields. The old *Scribner's Monthly* could change its name to *The Century,* and boldly declare an advanced patriotism. It raised the standards of belief in a native literature, and for a time promulgated the principle that the writing in its pages should not be borrowed, but should be our own—it should henceforth be only American and not, as hitherto, largely British. This was in 1880. Verily, the experiment had its reward. Mrs. Burnett's earliest and best writing; Mr. Cable's artistic 'Grandissimes' and 'Madame Delphine'; Mr. Howells' strong pieces, 'A Modern Instance' and 'Silas Lapham'; Mr. James's 'Bostonians'; work of Mr. Harris, Mr. Allen, Harry S. Edwards, John Fox, Mrs. Stuart—all appeared in rapid succession in that one publication. Also American criticism by Stoddard and Stedman, Edward Eggleston's colonial sketches, the War Series, the Life of Lincoln, Joe Jefferson's Autobiography, numerous history sketches and character portrayals, attempting to bring out national life and spirit, appeared rapidly in its pages and gave the new magazine the character its name hoped to illustrate. However, whether unfortunately or not for the promise of this national movement then so earnestly advocated, this magazine, too, later receded from its first strenuous position in its early note for a purely native and possibly national school of letters. Yet perhaps its very change of front was derived from a greater sense of security and a stronger consciousness of what literature had to be.

But if the first surprise of newness and originality was gone, yet in certain directions of literary and intellectual life in the Southern States there has been steady effort crowned with the strength of growth and accomplishment. True, this has not always been with an even advance in art, but certainly

with advance in energy and outlook and power and vitality.

Among instances the development of a school of literary criticism in the South is discernible. Passing over Sidney Lanier's lectures about 1880 at the Johns Hopkins University on 'The Science of English Verse,' 'The English Novel,' and 'Shakespeare,' important in the history of American criticism, but isolated phenomena in their section, there have been recent appearances which promise in their influence to be the source of a conscious movement. In 1892 appeared the 'Life of William Gilmore Simms' in the American Men of Letters Series, which became a study of former general Southern literary conditions. Its author was Prof. Trent, then of the University of the South, at Sewanee. Whatever the objections raised to the Simms volume, it was a brilliant production as a young man's first effort, and declared that a school of criticism was forming in the South. It was the same year, 1892, that the Sewanee *Review* was started under Prof. Trent's eye, and through him became the chief, and for a time the only, critical literary mouthpiece of its section. Five years later appeared the first serious critical contribution on the contemporary literary movement in the South in the volume on 'Southern Writers' by Prof. Baskerville of Vanderbilt University, a piece of work unfortunately left incomplete by the author's untimely death, but carried on by a number of his pupils. It is interesting to note that this critical movement thus begun has been associated with two pupils of Price and two chairs of English literature in neighboring institutions, representative of the entire Southern country in their spirit and in the national consciousness of their work.

In its educational activity the South has contributed some of the brightest scholars to the splendid list of Johns Hopkins alumni during its first quarter of a century, one of whom, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, as the new President of Princeton, has conceived his oppotunities and duties in a national sense. As representative of a thought movement, Mr. Walter H. Page has filled the editor's chair successively of the *Forum, Atlantic Monthly,* and *The World's Work,* a worker in the broadest and sincerest national feeling. As a literary and historical interest, chairs of English Literature and of History are receiving the greatest emphasis in nearly every Southern college and univer-

sity, and their work is usually conceived beyond the sectional on behalf of the national ideal and the widest appeal. The emphasis of truth and principle, the production of men of culture, and the conquering of provinciality, are objects of their untiring effort. Indeed, this intense literary and historical interest now manifest at a number of points in the Southern States, and particularly the number of historical publications, ought to prove, despite all deficiencies and limitations of sphere, an important means whereby a true development may ultimately be assured.

Similar signs are discernible in the more special field of creative literature. It is hardly six years ago, in 1897, that both Mr. Allen and Mr. Harris, and a year later Mr. Page—all of whom are still actively engaged in writing—published their first long stories. Two years later, in 1899, Miss Johnston's first courageous bid for recognition was a complete novel, followed at once by a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 'To Have and to Hold,' with the promise of its splendidly audacious opening chapters hardly fulfilled. Hitherto the new movement in Southern letters, apart from Mr. Cable's noble 'Grandissimes' had been too far restricted to the limits of the short story. These writers now wished to show their added strength—that their flights could be sustained through an entire volume.

In the steady growth and increase in strength of two writers like Mr. Harris and Mr. Allen through a number of years lies the greatest promise for the future. Literature is made the serious business of life. No more unwearying student of local color and of elemental human nature can be found in America to-day than Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. The best-known of his early works, 'Uncle Remus,' as I had occasion to say in another paper, was a contribution to the folklore of the world. It was the happy intuition of genius to record and invent these sayings and doings of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, and such finds are not of every day. But Mr. Harris is also portraying other life about him which he sees and knows as no other. His later work, such as 'The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann' and other pieces, places him as a portrayer of character and observer of human nature, as well as reproducer of setting in an interesting phase and period of

Southern and American life, among the leaders of our contemporary fiction.

The case of Mr. Allen is, in many ways, even more significant. It is not simply that his boyhood suffered from the effects of war, and that by a severe moral struggle he has made his literary life his own. It is not that he has been a teacher and a college professor, though perhaps there can be traced the care and self-criticism that this experience has likewise taught. He possesses natural gifts, and he has conserved them and trained them. He belongs almost wholly to the period after 1886, and atones for much else lacking in Southern letters in it. Distinct stages may be traced in his development, so marked has been the evolution in himself, as in his work. There was the early period, the 'Flute and Violin' stories, the expression of the romance in early Kentucky life. This was also the period of 'The White Cowl' and 'Sister Dolorosa,' tender in their romantic setting. Then 'The Kentucky Cardinal,' with its sequel 'Aftermath,' overwhelmed us with surprise to find that the author knew and loved his trees and birds as closely as a sympathetic lover and follower of Audubon, who had roamed these same woods before, and furthermore he was a true poet in his interpretation of them. The notes of a deepening change are already upon him in this work. He is leaving romance and is putting himself in closer spiritual union with Nature and her phases, which will lead him ultimately to Science and her laws. "Summer in Arcady" was therefore an obvious experiment, struggling to escape past conventions and to enter upon newer and wider reaches of art. It was in this expanding effort that Mr. Allen completed his first long novel, 'The Choir Invisible,' based upon an earlier love story, 'John Gray,' but now heightened and filled with an added historical background and local colony, as national in its importance for the beginnings of Kentucky and the West as Hawthorne's work for early New England. It is Mr. Allen's one leaning toward the prevailing fashion of the historical romance, which, indeed, writing before 1897, he in a measure anticipates.

But Mr. Allen could not be confined to the local and historical. The growing impelling forces of universal thought seize him, with a power implied in the very title of his latest

published work, "The Reign of Law," a tale of the Kentucky hemp fields. Whether it is successful in all it undertakes to portray or not—and perhaps the problems are to deep to be fully answered in any work of fiction—the volume is significant as a study in the unfolding and conflict of principles and beliefs in an expanding life. It is the evolution and play of forces continually going on in Kentucky and Southern and American thought and life that Mr. Allen is seeking to present. It is this spirit of constant change and growth all about us that has taken hold upon him, and no two books of his can be said to be formed quite in the same mold.

The same significance of a deeper psychology, a questioning of certain phases that life presents, is discerned in the works of Miss Ellen Glasgow, of Virginia. Crude perhaps in the beginning, they yet reveal growing intellectual power in grappling with problems that press upon her. She is alive to the thought of the world and is attempting to give it expression as suggested in her own environment. Other recent volumes of fiction give evidence of the same deepening change, and I venture to name two. 'Mistress Joy,' a tale of the early Mississippi and the Southwest, by two Tennessee women, residents of neighboring towns, promised at first to be the common run of novel with the usual historic and romantic ingredients; but its strength rests in the growing character, the fidelity to psychologic truth, the spiritual unfolding of the womanhood of Mistress Joy herself. Miss Elliott's 'The Making of Jane, is a distinct appeal in the case of both Janes to reality of presentation, and from this point of view, the strongest work, though not the most popular, of our Sewanee novelist.

It was in this spirit of greater truth to the life about us that in a personal letter written now more than ten years ago by another woman of the South (Miss Marie Whiting, of Virginia), there was uttered a prophetic sentiment which at the time I had occasion to quote. I quote it again in this connection because it forecast this movement and maps out, as it seems to me, the paths of future development.

"There is a splendid opening for somebody in Southern literature—a field untouched, so far as I know. I speak of the want of any adequate representation of typical Southern life of *to-day*. We have stories of society-folk who live in

the South—they live there, that is all, for 'society' is pretty much the same the world over; the very rich kill time in much the same way in all large cities or in all summer resorts or winter hotels or palatial country residences. Then we have the dialect stories in every form and shape—they represent the very poor or the very ignorant. But who has told of the great middle class, the blood and fiber and heart and brain of the body corporate? Who has written of the life of small and large towns, of the countryside, of the people who are distinctive and individual, yet who speak the King's English and read some more or less—who are neither marvels of wealth and culture, nor monstrosities of poverty and ignorance? If such people exist, have they not their life, and shall not some one arise to see its pathos and its beauty?"

In this spirit Southern literature, a term which has too often in the past implied provinciality and narrowness, passes before our eyes into the stream of universal literature—into an American literature invested with a world interest. And what is typical American? Perhaps the type has not yet found definite representation and expression. A true American literature will be of the real life of the American people, localized, true, but catching profound, universal, elemental traits in its actuality. The keynote is the effort at true and faithful representation of that about us and within us. American literature has been largely provincial in the past. It has echoed the voice of New York, or of New England, or of some other section. But when the day of our national literature fully comes, it will not be altogether of any one section or of any one place, but rather will it derive elements of all. So far as we can see it to-day, in its entirety, even if in no single work, it will have something of the earnestness and preciseness of New England, something of the warmth and chivalry of Southern life, something of the large freedom and expansiveness of the great West.

It will tell of the hope and the joy, the bereavement and the sadness, the high pulsation of heart beats, and the awful tragedy of souls in the life about us! Could we only portray these as they are! They have become commonplaces, even as sin and suffering and truth and honor are commonplaces. These are elemental, and as old as Homer and Æschylus and

Sophocles and Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare. And they will remain as old as the human race, and the human race will read of them in languages yet undeveloped possibly, if an artist only arises to declare in them a home truth to the soul of man. The tragedy of Prometheus, the curse of Œdipus, the horror of Hamlet's doubt, and the awfulness of Lear's mistake, the problems of Faust's struggles with self are immortal, because we cannot think of an age when these questions and their artistic expression cannot appeal to mankind. They must live; it is left to no haphazard vote-taking and fickle populace. It is the soul of man that proclaims it.

There are many phases in our life, many truths about us yet unnoted and unexpressed. The complete representation of Southern as of all American life is still wanting. But it will inevitably come if our people be true to themselves and to their destinies. For is not the great limitless future ours? and of the heritage of the American spirit, if we can only come to realize it, is not the particular work of each of us, East and West, North and South, also a part?

COUSIN SALLY DILLARD

A Legal Sketch in the Old North State

By HAMILTON C. JONES

[Mr. Jones was a Representative from Rowan County, North Carolina, Solicitor of his District, and Reporter of the Supreme Court. He is the author also of "Jones's Fight" and "A Quarter Race in Kentucky," but his most popular *skit* is "Cousin Sally Dillard."]

Scene—*A Court of Justice in North Carolina.*

A BEARDLESS disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the Court:—"May it please your Worships, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous battery—and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say, it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so

shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed—one said that he heard the noise, and did not see the fight; another that he saw the row, but didn't know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops. I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops. Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris. Adzactly. (*giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat.*) Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but, howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard, then axed me if Mose he moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard, that he was the foreman of the crap, and that the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go—

Chops. In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness. Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally

Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops. Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dillard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness. Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops. Well, sir, go on.

Witness. Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go—

Chops. There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

Witness. Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops. We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness. To be sure I do.

Chops. Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness. Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat—

Chops. This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with this court.

Court. Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness. (*Alarmed.*) Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops. I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court. (*After deliberating.*) Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness. Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose—he

was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass—but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through. *And that's all I know about the fight.*

THE DULUTH SPEECH

By JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT

[This speech, delivered in the House of Representatives in 1870, is as good an example of mock-heroic humor as American literature can boast. "As a *jeu d' esprit*," says Colonel Watterson, "no less than as a current hit, it possesses an enduring title to the merit claimed for it, of being the most quaint and genial effusion ever delivered before a deliberative body." Mr. Knott was born in 1830, in Lebanon, Kentucky, where he now resides. He has served his State as member of Congress, governor, professor of civics and economics, and dean of the law faculty, in Centre College.]

The House having under consideration the joint resolution (S. R. No. 11) extending the time to construct a railroad from the St. Croix river or lake to the west end of Lake Superior and to Bayfield—

Mr. Knott said:—

Mr. Speaker: If I could be actuated by any conceivable inducement to betray the sacred trust reposed in me by those to whose generous confidence I am indebted for the honor of a seat on this floor; if I could be influenced by any possible consideration to become instrumental in giving away, in violation of their known wishes, any portion of their interest in the public domain for the mere promotion of any railroad enterprise whatever, I should certainly feel a strong inclination to give this measure my most earnest and hearty support; for I am assured that its success would materially enhance the pecuniary prosperity of some of the most valued friends I have on earth—friends for whose accommodation I would be willing to make almost any sacrifice not involving my personal honor or my fidelity as the trustee of an express trust. And that fact of itself would be sufficient to countervail almost any objection I might entertain on the passage of

this bill not inspired by an imperative and inexorable sense of public duty.

But, independent of the seductive influences of private friendship, to which I admit I am, perhaps, as susceptible as any of the gentlemen I see around me, the intrinsic merits of the measure itself are of such an extraordinary character as to commend it most strongly to the favorable consideration of every member of this House, myself not excepted, notwithstanding my constituents, in whose behalf alone I am acting here, would not be benefited by its passage one particle more than they would be by a project to cultivate an orange grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains.

Now, sir, as to those great trunk lines of railway, spanning the continent from ocean to ocean, I confess my mind has never been fully made up. It is true they may afford some trifling advantages to local traffic, and they may even in time become the channels of a more extended commerce. Yet I have never been thoroughly satisfied either of the necessity or expediency of projects promising such meagre results to the great body of our people. But with regard to the transcendent merits of the gigantic enterprise contemplated in this bill I never entertained the shadow of a doubt.

Years ago, when I first heard that there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita,* somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the river St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. I felt instinctively that the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the Government, and perhaps not then. I had an abiding presentiment that, some day or other, the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and "without distinction of race, color or previous condition of servitude," would rise in their majesty, and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fer-

tile pine barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix.

These impressions, derived singly and solely from the "eternal fitness of things," were not only strengthened by the interesting and eloquent debate on this bill, to which I listened with so much pleasure the other day, but intensified, if possible, as I read over this morning the lively colloquy which took place on that occasion, as I find it reported in last Friday's "Globe." I will ask the indulgence of the House while I read a few short passages, which are sufficient, in my judgment, to place the merits of the great enterprise contemplated in the measure now under discussion beyond all possible controversy.

The honorable gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. Wilson], who, I believe, is managing this bill, in speaking of the character of the country through which this railroad is to pass, says this:—

"We want to have the timber brought to us as cheaply as possible. Now, if you tie up the lands in this way, so that no title can be obtained to them—for no settler will go on these lands, for he cannot make a living—you deprive us of the benefit of that timber."

Now, sir, I would not have it by any means inferred from this that the gentleman from Minnesota would insinuate that the people out in his section desire this timber merely for the purpose of fencing up their farms, so that their stock may not wander off and die of starvation among the bleak hills of the St. Croix. I read it for no such purpose, sir, and make no such comment on it myself. In corroboration of this statement of the gentleman from Minnesota, I find this testimony given by the Honorable gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Washburn]. Speaking of these same lands, he says:—

"Under the bill, as amended by my friend from Minnesota, nine tenths of the land is open to actual settlers at $2.50 per acre; the remaining one tenth is pine timbered land, that is not fit for settlement, and never will be settled upon; but the timber will be cut off. I admit that it is the most valuable portion of the grant, for most of the grant is not valuable. It is quite valueless; and if you put in this amendment of the gentleman from Indiana, you may as well just kill the bill,

for no man and no company will take the grant and build the road."

I simply pause here to ask some gentleman better versed in the science of mathematics than I am to tell me, if the timbered lands are in fact the most valuable portion of that section of country, and they would be entirely valueless without the timber that is on them, what the remainder of the land is worth which has no timber on it at all.

But further on I find a most entertaining and instructive interchange of views between the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. Rogers], the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Washburn], and the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Peters] upon the subject of pine lands generally, which I will tax the patience of the House to read:—

. . . . . .

Now, sir, who, after listening to this emphatic and unequivocal testimony of these intelligent, competent, and able-bodied witnesses, who that is not as incredulous as St. Thomas himself, will doubt for a moment that the Goshen of America is to be found in the sandy valleys and among the pine-clad hills of the St. Croix? Who will have the hardihood to rise in his seat on this floor and assert that, excepting the pine bushes, the entire region would not produce vegetation enough in ten years to fatten a grasshopper? Where is the patriot who is willing that his country shall incur the peril of remaining another day without the amplest railroad connection with such an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth? Who will answer for the consequences of abandoning a great and warlike people, in possession of a country like that, to brood over the indifference and neglect of their Government? How long would it be before they would take to studying the Declaration of Independence, and hatching out the damnable heresy of secession? How long before the grim demon of civil discord would rear again his horrid head in our midst, "gnash loud his iron fangs, and shake his crest of bristling bayonets"?

Then, sir, think of the long and painful process of reconstruction that must follow, with its concomitant amendments to the Constitution; the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth articles. The sixteenth, it is of course understood, is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are, day by day,

beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cock-tails, ride astraddle, and do everything else the men do. But above all, sir, let me implore you to reflect for a single moment on the deplorable condition of our country in case of a foreign war, with all our ports blockaded, all our cities in a state of siege; the gaunt spectre of famine brooding like a hungry vulture over our starving land; our commissary stores all exhausted, and our famishing armies withering away in the field, a helpless prey to the insatiate demon of hunger; our navy rotting in the docks for want of provisions for our gallant seamen, and we without any railroad communication whatever with the prolific pine thickets of the St. Croix.

Ah, sir, I could very well understand why my amiable friends from Pennsylvania [Mr. Myers, Mr. Kelley, and Mr. O'Neill] should be so earnest in their support of this bill the other day, and if their honorable colleague, my friend, Mr. Randall, will pardon the remark, I will say I considered his criticism of their action on that occasion as not only unjust but ungenerous. I knew they were looking forward with the far-reaching ken of enlightened statesmanship to the pitiable condition in which Philadelphia would be left, unless speedily supplied with railroad connection in some way or other with this garden spot of the universe. And besides, sir, this discussion has relieved my mind of a mystery that has weighed upon it like an incubus for years. I could never understand before why there was so much excitement during the last Congress over the acquisition of Alta Vela. I could never understand why it was that some of our ablest statesmen and most disintersted patriots should entertain such dark forebodings of the untold calamities that were to befall our beloved country unless we should take immediate possession of that desirable island. But I see now that they were laboring under the mistaken impression that the Government would need the guano to manure the public lands on the St. Croix.

Now, sir, I repeat I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At what particular point on that notable stream such a road should be commenced I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered

by the draughtsman of this bill. It might be up at the spring or down at the foot-log, or the watergate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But in what direction should it run, or where should it terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straightened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the Government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land grant die on their hands years and years ago, rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by railroad with the piny woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be.

Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for water-brooks. But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library, and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident that it existed somewhere,

and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos, if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without having a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven that that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand; if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that, with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, "Where is Duluth?"

But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of

Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening of the gates of paradise. There, there for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word "Duluth."

This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes farther than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity, and affords us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the centre of a series on concentric circles, one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sun-lit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will never be able to explain. But the fact is, sir, Duluth is preëminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be that it is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it.

I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated some where near the western end of Lake Superior; but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." I really cannot tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frostwork, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset—one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain, which I am told are ever fitting in the

form of towns and cities along those lines of railroad, built with Government subsidies, luring the unwary traveler on, and ever on, until it fades away in the darkening horizon—or whether it is a real *bona fide,* substantial city, all "staked off," with the lots marked with their owners' names, like that proud commercial metropolis recently discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. But, however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or thereabout, for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool, though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand.

Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth, unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smoke-stack off a locomotive. But I see it represented on this map that Duluth is situated exactly half-way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other may see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of everblooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters. In fact, sir, since I have seen this map I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conception of the delicious charms of Duluth when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody:—

> Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
> Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
> Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
> Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
> Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
> And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
> Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
> In color though varied, in beauty may vie?

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by the map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two million square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth. Look at this, sir [pointing to the map]. Here are inexhaustible mines of gold, immeasurable veins of silver, impenetrable depths of boundless forest, vast coal-measures, wide, extended plains of richest pasturage, all, all embraced in this vast territory, which must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of Duluth.

Look at it, sir! [pointing to the map]. Do not you see from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory that the enterprising inhabitants of Duluth intend some day to inclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there, whether it would or not? And here, sir [still pointing to the map], I find within a convenient distance the Piegan Indians, which, of all the many accessories to the glory of Duluth, I consider by far the most inestimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the small-pox breaks out among the women and children of that famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subjects in the world for the strategical experiments of any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war; especially for any valiant lieutenant-general whose

> Trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
> For want of fighting has grown rusty,
> And eats into itself for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack.

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon in military science unprecedented in the annals of mankind—a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe, like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know, the next flash of electric fire that shimmers along the ocean cable may tell

us that Paris, with every fibre quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her loathed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory never to rise again. Ere the modest violets of early spring shall ope their beauteous eyes, the genius of civilization may chant the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened lilies o'er the bloody tomb of butchered France. But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that the Dutch would have overrun the French in that kind of style if General Sheridan had not gone over there and told King William and Von Moltke how he had managed to whip the Piegan Indians.

And here, sir, recurring to this map, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans "vast herds of buffalo" and "immense fields of rich wheat lands."

Here the hammer fell.

Many cries: "Go on!" Go on!"

The Speaker: Is there objection to the gentleman from Kentucky continuing his remarks? The Chair hears none. The gentleman will proceed.

Mr. Knott. I was remarking, sir, upon these vast "Wheat fields" represented on this map as in the immediate neighborhood of the buffaloes and the Piegans, and was about to say that the idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous, as rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity. But to my mind there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed the wheat there and plowed it with buffalo bulls. Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth, as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world.

Here, you will observe [pointing to the map], are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth; and here, right on the road to Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when

the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on these immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning. I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curved over their backs, tearing along towards Duluth, with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks, they join in the chase, and away they go, yelling, bellowing, ripping, and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock-yards of Duluth.

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours, and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who is in favor of "women's rights," should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say I cannot vote for the grant of land provided for in this bill.

Ah, sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted; and, in the second place, these lands which I am asked to give away, alas,

are not mine to bestow. My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!

THE BLACKSMITH OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS

By JOHN BASIL LAMAR

[John Basil Lamar (1812-1862) was born in Milledgeville, Ga., and was killed at the battle of Crampton Gap, in Virginia. His stories were published under the general title of 'Homespun Yarns.' The best known are "Polly Peablossom's Wedding" and the story here reproduced.]

At the entrance of one of those gorges, or gaps, in the great Appalachian chain of mountains, in their passage across the northern portion of Georgia, a blacksmith had erected his forge in the early settlement of that region by the Anglo-American race, and drove a thrifty trade in the way of facing axes and pointing plows for the settlers, and shoeing horses for wayfaring people in their transit through the country to examine gold mines and land.

As he was no ordinary personage in the affairs of his neighborhood, and will make a conspicuous figure in this narrative, some account of his peculiarities will not be uninteresting. Having acted through life on a homely maxim of his own, "pay up as you go up," he had acquired some money and was out of debt, and consequently enjoyed "the glorious privilege of being independent" in a degree that is unknown to many who occupy a larger portion of the world's attention than himself. He was a burly, well-looking man of thirty-five, just young enough to feel that all his faculties, mental and physical, had reached their greatest development, and just old enough to make the past serve as a finger post to his future journey through life. With a shrewd, but open, bold and honest look, there was a gleeful expression in the corners of his eyes that spoke of fun. The "laughing devil in his eye" was not a malicious spirit, however. His physical conformation was that which combined great strength with agility, and if he had been fated to have been a contemporary of his

great prototype, Vulcan, there can be no doubt but the Lemnian blacksmith would have allotted to him a front forge in his establishment, to act as a sort of pattern-card, and to divert the public gaze from his own game leg to the fair proportions of his foreman.

Now, although Ned Forgeron, for such was the name he had inherited from some Gallic ancestor, was a good-natured man, yet the possession of great muscular strength and courage and the admiration which a successful exercise of those powers never fails to command, had somewhat spoiled him. Without meaning to injure any mortal, he had managed, nevertheless, to try his prowess on sundry of his neighbors, and from the success which always crowned his efforts in that way, had unconsciously acquired the character of a bully.

With very few early advantages of elementary education, he had nevertheless at different periods collected a mass of heterogeneous information which he was very fond of displaying on occasions. He was a sort of political antiquary, and could tell the opinion of Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison on any subject, and was referred to on all disputed points of the theory and history of the government that arose among the candidates for the Legislature and county politicians. This he studied on account of the consequence it invested him with. But why he had treasured up an old and well-thumbed copy of Paine's *Age of Reason,* and affected scepticism as to the veracity of the story of Jonah and the whale, and Balaam and his ass, would be hard accounting for, unless it proceeded from the desire of a character for singularity and erudition. When vanity once gets the mastery of a man's reason, there is no telling the absurdities it will lead him into. He was fond of speaking of Volney, and being found with a copy of Taylor's *Diegesis* in his hand, although few of his neighbors had heard of the author of the *Ruins,* or knew what Diegesis meant.

This peculiarity, together with the pertinacity of the missionaries, Worcester and Butler, which carried them to the penitentiary, may account for the great aversion of Mr. Edward Forgeron to all preachers of the Gospel. His dislike for them was so excessive that he could scarcely speak of the "hypocritical scoundrels," as he called them, without flying into a passion and using indecorous language.

But a circumstance occurred which gave his zeal a distinct and sectarian direction. A Methodist preacher over in Tennessee, who was fond of spicing his discourses with anecdotes, once made the blacksmith the principal character in a long sermon. His peculiarities were dilated on, and his heresies dealt with, in becoming severity. He was ridiculed, and his literary acquirements disparaged by the preacher. All this came to the ears of Forgeron, with such additions and embellishments as stories usually receive in passing to a third person. It would be as useless to attempt to describe a mountain storm, as to picture the wrath of this mountaineer. But if we cannot portray the storm, the consequences may be easily told. *The blacksmith swore in his wrath he would whip every Methodist preacher that passed the gap, in revenge for his insult.*

Forgeron was a man of his word, as the bruised features of many of John Wesley's disciples could testify. His character soon went abroad, and the good matrons of the surrounding counties on each side of the mountain trembled at his name. In short, the mountain pass, which was really as romantic a place as a landscape painter would seek for a picture, and was just the spot to remind a youth fresh from his classic studies of the place where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans fell in attempting to defend Greece against the army of Xerxes, in despite of the grandeur of its beetling cliffs, and the beauty of its verdure, was associated in the minds of many pious persons with the *broad gate* that leads to destruction. And Ned Forgeron, the handsome blacksmith, was invested with the attributes and hideous aspect of his Satanic majesty by many a mountain girl, who would doubtless have fallen in "love at first sight" with him under any other name.

The preacher, whose circuit lay on either side of the mountain at the time Ned's direful edict was promulgated to the world, was a meek and lowly man, who approached nearly in his natural disposition to willing obedience to the mandate relative to turning the cheek to the smiter. The poor soul passed many sleepless nights in view of the fate that awaited him at the mountain pass. In his dreams he saw Forgeron with a huge sledge-hammer in his hand, ready to dash out

his brains, and would start with such violence as to wake himself. He inquired if there was no other place at which the mountain could be passed, only to learn his doom more certainly. Being a timid man, but withal devoutly impressed with a sense of duty, he resolved to discharge his duties faithfully, be the consequences what they might. Like a lamb going to the slaughter did he wend his way toward the gap; as he came in front of the shop the blacksmith was striking the last blow on a shovel and singing away to the tune of *Clear the Kitchen*—

> Old Georgia is a noble State,
> Her laws are good, and her people great—

On catching a glimpse of the poor parson, who had flattered himself that he was about to pass with impunity, Ned sung out: "Stop there, you eternal shad-belly, and pay the penalty for my injured reputation!"

The holy man protested innocence of having ever intentionally injured him, by word or deed. The man's subdued looks and earnest voice had half dissuaded Ned from his stern purpose, when the giggling of his striker, and the cheering of two or three idlers nerved him to do what he felt was mean. Let anyone pause a moment and reflect if he has never been urged on to acts his conscience smote him for, by the opinions of others, before Mr. Forgeron is sentenced as a devil. The preacher received several boxes on his ears and heard many denunciations against his sect before he was permitted to depart, and when that permission was received he was not slow in availing himself of the privilege.

At the next annual conference, when circuits were assigned to the different preachers, this one made his appearance punctually, but by some process of casuistry convinced himself that his duty did not call for a revelation of his sufferings. If he was too sensitive of the blacksmith's character to expose it to rude remarks, or, if he had a preference that some worthier brother should occupy that healthy station among the mountains, is difficult to conjecture. But Forgeron's reputation had extended beyond the circuit, and was done ample and severe justice to by others who had heard of his fame. It soon became the subject of animated conversation, and

there was no little wincing, each one fearing it would be his cruel fate to be sent a victim to appease the wrath of this human minotaur against the Methodist church.

After a time it was decreed that the Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth was the doomed individual, and when the annunciation came many an eye of mingled pity and curiosity was turned on his ruddy, good-natured face to see how the dispensation was borne, but not a muscle moved. With a quiet smile he professed a perfect willingness to go where he was sent. He was "clay in the hands of the potter," he said. If he piqued himself on a stolid indifference to the blacksmith's pommelling, or if he relied on his ample dimensions to protect himself, he never disclosed, but appeared as self-satisfied and content as ever. His predecessor looked for all the world like a mouse just escaped from the fangs of some terrible grimalkin.

* * * * *

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth was very much pleased with his new situation. Having been transferred from a level pine-woods country near the confines of Florida, the novelty of mountain scenery and a pure bracing atmosphere seemed to inspire him with new life. Complimenting all the mothers on the singular beauty and intelligence of their children, with a delicate allusion to their own personal appearance, he soon became a general favorite. Mr. Stubbleworth "knew which side of his bread the butter was on."

The time arrived for his departure to visit the tramontane portion of his pastoral care, and he was warned of the dangers he was about to encounter, but they were heard with the same placid smile. The worthy ladies pictured to him "chimeras dire" sufficient to have abated the zeal of any other individual. But that gentleman quieted their fears by appealing to the power that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" with a countenance as lamb-like as could be imagined, and he departed, singing:

> At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
> As thy wants may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

They watched him until his portly person and horse grew dim in the distance, and turned away, sighing that such a good man should fall into the hands of that monster, the blacksmith.

Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. Oh, what a nice beating he would have! He had heard too that some Methodist preachers were rather spirited, and hoped this one might prove so, that he might provoke him to fight. Knowing the clergyman must pass on Saturday in the afternoon, he gave his striker holiday, and, reclining on a bench, regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the arrival of the preacher. It was not over an hour before he heard the words:

> How happy are they who the Saviour obey,
> And have laid up their treasure above—

sung in a full, clear voice; and soon the vocalist, turning the angle of the road, rode leisurely up, with a contented smile on his face.

"How are you, old slab-sides? Get off your horse and join in my devotions," said the blacksmith.

"I have many miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and haven't time, my friend—I'll call as I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the hypocrite the Methodists have sent here, eh?"

"My name is Stubbleworth," he replied meekly.

"Didn't you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, what whips every Methodist preacher that goes through this gap?" was asked with an audacious look. "And how dare you come here?"

The preacher replied that he had heard Mr. Forgeron's name, but presumed that he did not molest well-behaved travelers.

"You presumed so! Yes, you are the most presumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever trod shoe-leather, anyhow. Well, what'll you do if I don't whip you this time, you beef-headed disciple, you?"

Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do anything reasonable to avoid such penance. "Well, there's three things you have to do or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you just wear this last will and testament of Thomas Paine next to your heart.

read it every day, and believe every word you read; and the third is, you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you get into." The preacher looked on during these novel propositions, without a line of his face being moved, and at the end replied that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them. "Well, you have got a whaling to submit to then. I'll larrup you like blazes! I'll tear you into doll-rags corner-ways! Get down, you bugger!"

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron walked up to the horse and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount, whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity and alighted. "I have but one request to make, my friend, that is, that you won't beat me with this overcoat on. It was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and that suddenly, you basin-faced imp, you."

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his overcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse on himself and his sect, and as he drew his right hand from the sleeve, and threw the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid that person at full length on the ground, with the testament of Thomas Paine beside him. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him, with the quickness of a cat, and as he bestowed his blows with a bounteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continued his song where he had left off on his arrival at the smithy—

> Tongue can not express the sweet comfort and peace
> Of a soul in its earliest love—

until Mr. Forgeron, from having experienced "first love," or some other sensation equally new to him, responded lustily, "'Nough! 'Nough! Take him off!" But unfortunately there was no one by to perform that kind office except the old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as quietly as if his master was "happy" at a camp-meeting.

"Now," said Mr. Stubbleworth, "there are three things you must promise me, before I let you up."

"What are they?" asked Forgeron, eagerly.

"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist

preacher again." Here Ned's pride rose and he hesitated, and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows, and song—

I rode on the sky, freely justified I,
And the moon it was under my feet.

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith. Such bold figures, or something else, caused him to sing out:

"Well, I'll do it—I'll do it!"

"You are going on very well," said Mr. Stubbleworth. "I think I can make a decent man of you yet, and perhaps a Christian." Ned groaned. "The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumpkinvine Creek meeting house, and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse—"I—I—that is—" when the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, by striking him over the face with the fleshy part of the hand—

My soul mounted higher on a chariot of fire,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat.

Ned's promise of punctuality caused the parson's exercise to cease, and the woods redolent of gorgeous imagery, died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

"Now, the third and last demand I make of you is peremptory." Ned was all attention to know what was to come next. "You are to promise to seek religion day and night, and never rest until you obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer."

The fallen man looked at the declining sun and then at the parson, and knew not what to say, when the latter individual began to raise his voice in song once more, and Ned knew what would come next. "I'll do my best," he said, in an humbled voice.

"Well, that's a man," Mr. Stubbleworth said. "Now get up and go down to the branch and wash your face, and dust your clothes, and tear up Mr. Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high."

Ned arose with feelings he had never experienced before and went to obey the lavatory injunction of the preacher, when that gentleman mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand, and said: "Keep your promises and I'll keep your counsel—good evening, Mr. Forgeron; I'll look for you to-

morrow"; and off he rode, with the same imperturbable countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eaglets from their eyrie in the overhanging rocks.

Well," thought Ned, "this is a nice business! What would people say if they knew Edward Forgeron was whip't before his own door in the gap, and by a Methodist preacher, too!" But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger.

The disfigured countenance of Forgeron was, of course, the subject of numerous questions that night among his friends, to which he replied with a stern look they well understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident. Of course they never dreamed of the true cause. Forgeron looked in the glass, and perhaps compared the changing hues of his "black eye from a recent scuffle" to the rainbow in the shipwreck scene—"blending every color into one." Or perhaps he had never read that story and only muttered to himself, "Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher."

His dreams that night were of a confused and disagreeable nature, and waking in the morning, he had an indistinct memory of something unpleasant having occurred. At first he could not recollect the cause of his feelings; but the bruises on his face and body soon called it to mind, as well as the promise. He mounted his horse in silence and went to redeem it.

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossips of the neighborhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent and serious, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulated as to this metamorphose of the jovial dare-devil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man. Some supposed, very sagely, that a "spirit" had enticed him into the mountains, and after giving him a glimpse into the future, had led him to a crag, where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the prince of darkness the credit of the change, but none suspected the Methodist preacher; and as the latter gentleman had no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned.

This gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp-meeting. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth preached

a sermon that seemed to enter his soul and relieve it of a burden, and the song of "How happy are they who their Saviour obey" was only half through when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time a shouting Methodist. At a love feast a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conviction and conversion to his astonished neighbors. The Rev. Simon Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could contain himself no longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of heartfelt joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

"Yes, my brethren," he said, "it's all a fact. I did maul the grace into his unbelieving soul, there's no doubt."

The blacksmith of the mountain pass became a happy man and a Methodist preacher.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

By HENRY LEE

["Funeral Oration," 1800.]

First in war—first in peace—and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life; pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending, to his inferiors kind, and to the dear objects of his affections exemplarily tender; correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life—although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity, he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America lost—such was the man for whom our nation mourns.

Methinks I see his august image, and I hear falling from his venerable lips these deep-sinking words:

"Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint councils, joint efforts, and common dangers; reverence religion, diffuse knowledge throughout your land, patronize the arts and sciences; let Liberty and order be inseparable companions. Control party spirit, the bane of free governments; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with all nations, shut up every avenue to foreign influence, contract rather than extend national connection, rely on yourselves only; be Americans in thought, word and deed; thus will you give immortality to that nation which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors; thus will you preserve undisturbed to the latest posterity the felicity of a people to me most dear, and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high Heaven bestows."

CHIVALRY

By EMMANUEL DE LA MORINIÈRE

[From an address delivered at Odd Fellows Hall, New Orleans, April 5, 1893 and published in 'The Louisiana Book', 1894.]

To the performance of their duty did the knights of old bind their loyal, heroic hearts, and so gladly and enthusiastically, that in earliest time, and before even Christianity had become the very core of chivalry, and the Church had flung over its warriors' panoply the mantle of a three-fold consecration, for them

> Labor in the path of duty
> Gleamed up like a thing of beauty.

And the standard of it was high; none higher among the ideals of human conduct. The respect and obedience paid by the young to the old, the essential meaning of which was education for the one part and self-discipline for the other; the modesty of mien, pure aims, and high morality of the young knights; the courtesy and protection granted to women; the loyalty which was as the substance of honor, and the honor which was as the very life of a man's soul; the horror

of falsehood; the thoroughness of the training in moral purity and physical prowess, and the splendor of the results in certain characters and achievements—all make the noblest chapter of history.

No wonder that Edmund Burke should have exclaimed in one of the grandest outbursts of his fervid eloquence: "Chivalry is the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise"; and that, deploring its loss as a social institution, a military organization, the test of propriety, and the guide of manners in the higher ranks of society all over Europe, he should have let fall from his lips the most pathetic dirge that could be sung over its fall. "Nevermore," he says, "shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex; that proud submission; that dignified obedience; that subordination of the heart, which kept alive even in servitude itself the spirit of an exalted freedom; that sensibility of principle; that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched."

Lest my words to you here to-night prove little more than the mere rehearsing of an oft-told tale, hearkened to patiently and at the dawn forgotten, I must bid you linger awhile on that sense of duty visible, at every turn, in the wonderful fabric of chivalry, and ruling the brains, and firing the hearts, and nerving the arms of its men of iron, in the discharge of their trust at the hour of peril.

When Wellington, setting foot on Portugese soil, simply said, "I came here to perform my duty," he had given utterance to what gives bone and marrow to every deed of true valor. Indeed, if we were only roused to action by the prospect of immediate gratification and the pressure of immediate pain, virtue alike and enterprise were at an end.

We see it daily and hourly in those in whom that feeling is faint or extinguished. Their views are short and indistinct; their hopes and wishes grovelling; their actions without vigor; their energies paralyzed by a sullen and indolent content.

And if you ask me why families decay, why dynasties crumble, why the world is shaken from central stone to hinge by periodical revolutions, I will tell you it is because men have

made a mock of that word duty; because they have torn from the gospel of practical life that page in which it is written that rational obedience to duty is the very essence of highest civilized life, its strongest bulwark, its only hope of perpetuity. We have not in our power to be crowned kings in the proud realms of wealth, or in the prouder realms of intellect. The singular inward gifts and outward circumstances which form the well-spring of such boasted royalty are within reach only of the select few; but all, all, from enthroned monarch to lowliest toiler, have it in their power to stamp their deed of hand with the seal of duty.

Despite the hot-headed theorists, styling war the eternal need of human kind; despite the calmer verdict of sober minds, that

> War is honorable
> In those who do their native right maintain,
> In those whose swords an iron barrier are
> Between the lawless spoiler and the weak,

I own my natural weakness. Like Byron's "Doge of Venice," I have not yet learned to think of indiscriminate murder without "some sense of shuddering." When the grim monster's blood-shot eye glares upon me from the pages of history, past or contemporary, I mark it at once as the proof and scourge of man's fallen state.

Yes, young gentlemen, that listen to me to-night, I am not blinded to the fact, that though reared amid scenes of flourishing peace, though not wedded to the profession of arms by irrevocable choice, though the pursuit of business claims your round of days and commands your energies, still you are soldiers, every one of you: nay, more, you are sons and brothers to the bravest men that ever girt sword or shouldered musket; to the noblest heroes that ever fought, bled, died, in the cause of patriotism or the defence of liberty; to the most knightly warriors that cannon signal or trumpet flourish ever summoned to bloody fields; to men whose spirits never faltered, whose hearts never quailed, whose cheeks never blanched, whose resolve never wavered, whose courage never failed, through four bitter years of recurring failure; to men whose self-sacrifice and indomitable ardor have no parallel

in the history of any nation. Greater in their defeat, a thousand times greater than they might have been in triumph, the boys in gray have taught a conquering foe from the banks of the Potomac to the headwaters of the St. Lawrence, and from Gettysburg to Florida, that the fields drenched with their young blood, and torn by their untimely agony, can never be lost fields so long as the word honor retains its meaning in the lexicon of human speech.

Nor in bitterness have I spoken these words, O my friends! Nor with animus or revengeful design, Heaven knows! For the day is past, irretrievably past, and we bless the God of peace for the boon, when the gleaming blades that so proudly hang at your sides on occasions might be made to leap from their scabbards, to flash in the sun of civil broils, and sheathe themselves in the warm hearts of those who, like yourselves, were born in the *Union of States.*

In brotherly love we now clasp each other's hands across the dark chasm of an unfortunate past. We owe allegiance to a united country, since the angels of God have stolen the bitterness of defeat from the beaten, and the memory of victory from the conquerors.

"The hands of slain men have soldered the rift"; and in the soul-stirring words of the Bishop of Wilmington, addressed to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic on Decoration Day, not a month ago: "By a miracle of American patriotism, the riven heart-strings of a nation have again been welded so firm and strong that no future tension can ever force them to snap asunder. North and South have clasped hands in an undying friendship."

Why, then, have I awakened to-night the slumbering echoes of by-gone days? Ah, you know why! That you might grave them on the tablets of your hearts; that you might bind them like shields about your necks; that you might be reminded by them to what achievements you are heirs; and that great deeds are to be worked for, bled for, died for, to-day as in the days of Gettysburg, Richmond, and Shiloh; that though war be the dreadful thing and scourge it was meant to be, you might be pardoned for thinking one crowded hour of glorious life worth an age without a name, and for wishing that your brilliant uniforms might be more than a mere parade

dress, and your good swords better than glittering toys; but especially to give point to my assertion that loyal adherence to duty was the true chevalier's first and engrossing care.

Self-reverence or self-respect is the most powerful and one of the most useful of our mental habits. It is the principle to which the noblest actions of our nature may be most frequently traced; the nurse of every splendid and every useful quality. How far it may be occasionally abused is a question which has long been disputed with fanatical acrimony. Every human feeling is liable to imperfection; nor can it be considered a subject of blame that even our best institutions are only a chance of evils.

A sense of honor, in its widest meaning, includes the faculty of forming some ideal standard superior to the lower nature of man and recognizing in ourselves some power of approximating to it. The higher the standard the nobler will be the man who cherishes it and tries to attain to it, but it is by no means a rare gift confined to a few select natures. On the contrary, it is the commonest and most universal incentive to good conduct. Even in the rudest and simplest form of admiration for physical courage, it makes heroes of many a common sailor or soldier. It makes a hero of the ship captain who dies with his passengers and leans over the gunwale to give the parting boat its course, and who, though conscious that his name shall never be heard above the wash of the fatal waves, still goes down quietly to his grave, rather than break his faith to those few emigrants. It makes a hero of the poor country clown who, fresh from the plough-tail, stands firm and undismayed in the shattered squares of Waterloo or on the bloody ridge of Inkermann, because he has been brought up in the fixed idea that a Briton must never run from a Frenchman or a Russian.

But from those common and universal forms of self-reverence we rise, step by step, to the higher ideals, which give us among gifted natures what may be called "the salt of the earth," the shining examples which guide the world to higher things. Bayard, "fearless and unblamed," bleeds to death amid the ruins of France, because he scorns the help and compassion of the rebel Bourbon. Sidney, dying on the fields of Zutphen, instead of quenching his own intolerable thirst, hands

over the cup of water to the wounded sentinel, because his soul, nourished on noble thoughts, and his fancy fed on the old ballads which, like that of "Chevy Chase," stirred him like a trumpet blast, had led him to conceive the ideal of a perfect knight, which would have been tarnished by any shade of a selfish action. Gordon sacrifices his life at Khartoum not only cheerfully, but almost instinctively, because the suggestion that he might save himself by abandoning those who had trusted in him seems an absolute impossibility.

The grand figure of Lee towers above all others in the history of our own times and of our own country, and will tower still higher when future races of American historians shall record its stirring events with impartiality, because the great Virginian forsook home, fortune, a certain future, all —in his endeavor to choose what was right. Indeed, the creative hand of God cannot fashion a nobler heart than that which takes such a motto for the shaping of its ways; nor can history record a nobler life than that in which the actual deed is in keeping with such a guiding principle.

It has been my good fortune to live in terms of close religious intimacy with a veteran chaplain* who served our gallant bands during those days of trying warfare. From that day in April, 1861, when the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, to that day in April, 1865, when the heroic struggle ended by the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox Courthouse, in Virginia, his priestly zeal had ministered to our troops. He had shared their exultation in the flitting hours of success. He had cheered their drooping spirits and roused their energies in the brief hours of dark despondency; and whether in closed ambulance, or on open field amid shell, shot, grape, and canister, had shriven the wounded, spoken of duty's crown to the fallen, and made pure for heaven and the land of unbroken peace the parting spirits of the valorous dead.

When I told him of my purpose to recall in this lecture those scenes of past glory and woe, and the memory of the leader who had wrapped them round with imperishable fame, and shed over them the halo of immortality, the aged priest wrenched himself as if by a mighty effort from the vice-like

*The late Rev. Darius Hubert, S.J.

grasp of the disease which crippled his frame. His voice shook with an emotion which I shall never forget. His hand pressed his brow as if to stir again to life his buried thoughts. His eyes, dimmed by years, sparkled through the large tears that filled them, as after a pause he made reply: "Ah, tell them, the young men of the South, that during four years these eyes have been the daily witnesses of deeds of selfless devotion and endurance, which, when written, will dwarf the proudest records of ancient chivalry; tell them that the chieftain whose hand so often met mine in the warm grasp of friendship, and who, even at the head of a charging column, always paid me, the humble minister of Christ, the courteous homage of a reverential bow which a king might well envy, was a Christian knight, truest of the true, from foot to brow, from heel to crown, all noble.

"Tell them that when in open and crowded convention the tall and handsome soldier accepted the position to which he was appointed by the State of Virginia, that of Commander-in-Chief of all her military forces, his was a calm, self-possessed dignity, the like of which I have not seen in other men. When, with the grace of manner which distinguished him, he accepted his new responsibilities, 'trusting in Almighty God, the voice of my approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens,' he was the picture of the ideal patriot marked as one to be forever remembered by all Americans.

"There never was in history a great man whose life was one such blameless record of duty nobly done.

"A perfect gentleman of a State long renowned for its chivalry, he was just, gentle, generous, childlike in the simplicity of his character. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in sorrow and pain, his nice sense of personal honor, and genial courtesy endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, and his clear, honest eyes, that seemed to look into your heart while they searched your brain. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others—a man with whom few of whom I have ever read are worthy to be classed."

THE OLD-TIME SLAVE

By PETER FRANCISCO SMITH

[From Lucian Lamar Knight's 'Reminiscences of Famous Georgians,' 1907, volume 1, Appendix, pages 567-570.]

By the precious and holy memories of the past, we pay this willing and loving tribute to the character of the old-time slave. From the wilderness of bloom that decks the fields where he lived and moved, we bring one simple flower to lay on his inanimate dust. Many of them have passed the river, and roam the green fields beyond the swelling flood. A few of that best and noblest type of the race still lingeringly await their summons to join the majority on the other side. Strangers and pilgrims in the earth, buffeted by the fickle caprice of fortune, their weary feet are brushing the dews on Jordan's bank and their ears catch the faint murmurs of the breakers on the shores. May they find a shallow ford.

The little log cabin is crumbling. Its battered doors swing on rusty hinges, and the rude key and ruder lock have parted forever. The vine that sheltered the humble portal is withered, and the watchdog's honest bark is heard no more. Half hidden by thorn and thistle it stands a sad reminder of "departed joys, departed never to return." Dearer to memory than lofty dome or gilded palace, the very ground on which it stands is holy. The shadows of the fitful flame no longer play on its desolate hearth, and tenantless and dreary the rude winds murmur through the chinks. The cricket has hushed its plaintive song. The owl and the bat seek shelter amid its ruins. Rank weeds have hidden the old familiar path, winding its way around the hill, and there is nothing to remind us of Auld Lang Syne.

And how lonely, how sadly the gray-haired old sires wander up and down in the earth and hum the song of the weary pilgrim:

> No foot of land do I possess,
> No cottage in the wilderness.

What sweet and glorious memories linger about the old homestead and the "little log cabin by the lane!" Even to

one not given to the melting mood, each hallowed spot demands the tribute of a tear. The playground beneath the venerable and umbrageous oak, the verdant fields and the new-mown hay; the bubbling fountain and the rustic seats; the velvet lawn and the winding brook; the honeysuckle and the rose, and ten thousand other charms crowd on the memory; and how gladly we would feel again their inspiration and once more quench our thirst in

> The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
> The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

But what would all these glorious memories be to us without the old uncles and aunties of our childhood? The dear old souls who have long since put off this mortal and been clothed in robes immortal. With what romantic interest their lives were invested and how it deepens with the lapse of years!

The shovel and the hoe lie rusting in the hedge, and the old scythe has lost its cunning fingers. No more the yellow grain bends to its glittering edge, for the songs of the harvest are hushed and the hands of the reaper are still. The fiddle and the bow are gone, and gone the young hearts their wild strains did ravish. Once their irresistible witchery charmed the wee sma' hours and inspired the song and dance the live-long night. But the hands which wooed its wild notes will touch its vibrant chords no more. Stringless and tuneless and mute, the sweetest relic of the long ago, it sleeps with the echoes its music waked.

And the springs have run dry, and the well-known stream has vanished with its source. We seek in vain the spots where the patient fisherman watched the tremulous line, by the light of the torch, and won the fickle finny tribe with the conjured bait. But Old Black Joe and his mysterious tackle are gone, and faded his tracks on the mossy banks. Age and toil had whitened his head and bent his form, and he passed from the shadow of his cabin to the light beyond the stars. The shadows lengthened and lengthened to the east until his last sun sank to rest in the sea. The patriarch watched its fading splendors. His humble life-work was finished. His ear caught the echoes of angelic choirs and he went to meet them with a song in his heart:

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling,
Old Black Joe.

The old-time darkey was a philosopher. His thoughts never ranged beyond the smoke of his cabin. Content with food and raiment, his little patch of ground, and at peace with all the world, he cheerfully and proudly drove his team afield. He was a Christian. He "saw God in the clouds and heard him in the wind." If he sinned much, he prayed often, and his repentance was instantaneous and evangelical. He praised God in song all the days of his pilgrimage, and the sweet melody of his unpremeditated hymns echoed around the earth. To his unquestioning faith the groves, the hills, the fields, and his cabin were the temples of the living God. He was a poet; the eldest child of nature, rocked in her cradle and nurtured at her breast. He knew the language of birds and flowers. He conversed with all the dwellers of the forest and knew their speech by heart. He listened with wild rapture to the rustle of waving harvest, sniffed their fragrance and breathed the very breath of song. He was a true and faithful friend; true to his old master; true to his children and his children's children unto the third and fourth generation. If there was an occasional predatory excursion his wayward feet never invaded a neighbor's field. He consumed what his toil had made and the good Lord forgave him. God bless the forlorn and ragged remnants of a race now passing away. God bless the old black hand that rocked our infant cradles, smoothed the pillow of our infant sleep, and fanned the fever from our cheeks. God bless the old tongue that immortalized the nursery rhyme; the old eyes that guided our truant feet; and the old heart that laughed at our childish freaks. God bless the dusky old brow, whose wrinkles told of toil and sweat and sorrow. May the green turf rest lightly on their ashes and the wild flowers deck every lonely grave where "He giveth His beloved sleep." May their golden dreams of golden slippers, of golden streets, of golden harps, and of golden crowns have become golden realities.

A STORM OFF THE BERMUDAS

By WILLIAM STRACHEY

[From 'A True Reportory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, (1610). Strachey was resident in Virginia from 1610 to 1612. Many commentators believe this description of a storm to have been one of the sources of Shakespeare's 'Tempest.']

On St. James his day, July 24, being Monday (preparing for no less all the black night before) the clouds gathering thick upon us, the winds singing and whistling most unusually, which made us to cast off our Pinnace, towing the same until then asterne, a dreadful storm and hideous began to blow from out the Northeast, which, swelling and roaring as it were by fits, some hours with more violence than others, at length did beat all light from heaven, which like an hell of darkness, turned black upon us, so much the more fuller of horror, as in such cases horror and fear use to overrun the troubled and overmastered senses of all, which (taken up with amazement) the ears lay so sensible to the terrible cries, and murmurs of the winds and distraction of our Company, as who was most armed and best prepared, was not a little shaken. . . .

For four and twenty hours the storm, in a restless tumult, had blown so exceedingly, as we could not apprehend in our imaginations any possibility of greater violence, yet did we still find it, not only more terrible, but more constant, fury added to fury, and one storm urging a second, more outrageous than the former, whether it so wrought upon our fears, or indeed met with new forces. Sometimes strikes in our Ship amongst women, and passengers not used to such hurly and discomforts, made us look one upon the other with troubled hearts, and panting bosoms, our clamors drowned in the winds, and the winds in thunder. Prayers might well be in the heart and lips, but drowned in the outcries of the Officers—nothing heard that could give comfort, nothing seen that might encourage hope. . . .

Our sails, wound up, lay without their use, and if at any time we bore but a Hollocke, or half forecourse, to guide her before the Sea, six, and sometimes eight men, were not enough to hold the whipstaffe in the steerage, and the tiller below in the Gunner room; by which may be imagined the strength of

the storm, in which the Sea swelled above the Clouds and gave battle unto heaven. It could not be said to rain, the waters like whole Rivers did flood in the ayre. And this I did still observe, that whereas upon the Land, when a storm hath poured itself forth once in drifts of rain, the wind as beaten down, and vanquished therewith, not long after endureth—here the glut of water (as if throatling the wind ere while) was no sooner a little emptied and qualified, but instantly the winds (as having gotten their mouths now free and at liberty) spake more loud, and grew more tumultuous and malignant. What shall I say? Winds and Seas were as mad as fury and rage could make them.

. . . . . .

Howbeit this was not all; it pleased God to bring a greater affliction yet upon us, for in the beginning of the storm we had received likewise a mighty leak, and the ship in every joint almost having spewed out her Okam, before we were aware (a casualty more desperate than any other that a Voyage by Sea draweth with it) was grown five foot suddenly deep with water above her ballast, and was almost drowned within, whilest we sat looking when to perish from above. This, imparting no less terror than danger, ran through the whole Ship with much fright and amazement, startled and turned the blood, and took down the braves of the most hardy Mariner of them all, insomuch as he that before happily felt not the sorrow of others, now began to sorrow for himself, when he saw such a pond of water so suddenly broken in, and which he knew could not (without present avoiding) but instantly sink him. So as joining (only for his own sake, not yet worth the saving) in the public safety, there might be seen Master, Master's Mate, Boatswain, Quarter Master, Coopers, Carpenters, and who not, with candles in their hands, creeping along the ribs, viewing the sides, searching every corner, and listening in every place, if they could hear the water run. Many a weeping leak was this way found and hastily stopt, and at length one in the Gunner room made up with I know not how many pieces of Beef; but all was to no purpose, the Leak (if there was but one) which drunk in our greatest Seas and took in our destruction fastest, could not then be found, nor ever was, by any labor, counsel, or search.

The waters still increasing, and the Pumps going, which at length choaked with bringing up whole and continual Bisket (and indeed what we had, ten thousand weight) it was conceived as most likely, that the Leak might be sprung in the Bread room, whereupon the Carpenter went down and ript up all the room, but could not find it so. . . .

Once so huge a Sea brake upon the poop and quarter, upon us, as it covered our ship from stern to stem, like a garment or a vast cloud. It filled her brimfull for a while within, from the hatches up to the spar deck. This force or confluence of water was so violent, as it rushed and carried the Helm man from the Helm and wrested the Whipstaffe out of his hand, which so flew from side to side, that when he would have seized the same again, it so tossed him from starboard to larboard, as it was God's mercy it had not split him. It so beat him from his hold, and so bruised him, as a fresh man hazarding in by chance fell fair with it and by main strength bearing somewhat up, made good his place, and with much clamor encouraged and called upon others, who gave her now up, rent in pieces and absolutely lost. . . .

During all this time the heavens looked so black upon us, that it was not possible the elevation of the Pole might be observed; not a star by night nor sunbeam was to be seen. Only upon the Thursday night, Sir George Summers being upon the watch, had an apparition of a little round light, like a faint star, trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the mainmast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud, tempting to settle as it were upon any of the four shrouds, and for three or four hours together, or rather more, half the night it kept with us, running sometimes along the mainyard to the very end and then returning. At which Sir George Summers called divers about him and showed them the same, who observed it with much wonder and carefulness. But upon a sudden, towards the morning watch, they lost the sight of it and knew not what way it made. . . .

East and by South we steered away as much as we could to bear upright, which was no small carefulness nor pain to do, albeit we much unrigged our ship, threw overboard much luggage, many a trunk and chest (in which I suffered no mean loss) and staved many a butt of beer, hogsheads of oil, cider,

wine, and vinegar, and heaved away all our ordnance on the starboard side, and had now purposed to cut down the main-mast, the more to lighten her, for we were much spent, and our men so weary, as their strengths together failed them with their hearts, having travailed now from Tuesday till Friday morning, day and night, without either sleep or food; for the leakage taking up all the hold, we could neither come by beer nor fresh water. Fire we could keep none in the Cook-room to dress any meat, and carefulness, grief, and our turn at the Pump or Bucket, were sufficient to hold sleep from our eyes. . . . Tuesday noon till Friday noon we bailed and pumped two thousand tun, and yet, do what we could, when our ship held least in her (after Tuesday night second watch) she bore ten foot deep, at which stay our extreme working kept her one eight glasses, forbearance whereof had instantly sunk us; and it being now Friday, the fourth morning, it wanted but little that there had been a general determination, to have shut up hatches and commending our sinful souls to God, committed the ship to the mercy of the sea. Surely that night we must have done it, and that night had we then perished; but see the goodness and sweet introduction of better hope by our merciful God given unto us. Sir George Summers, when no man dreamed of such happiness, had discovered and cried "Land!" Indeed the morning, now three quarters spent, had won a little clearness from the days before, and it being better surveyed, the very trees were seen to move with the wind upon the shore-side.

ANECDOTES CONCERNING NOTED MEN

Humor has played a larger part in the life and literature of America than in that of any other country. And in no part of America has humor been more distinctive or abundant than in the South. The quality of Southern humor is well represented in the preceding volumes. The anecdotes that follow throw such additional sidelights on character, social life, and political conditions in the South as could hardly be expected from the more formal selections already introduced. As humor belongs more to life than to literature proper, the names included in this section are not necessarily absent from the other volumes, the anecdotes serving rather as additional biographical material.

ANECDOTES CONCERNING NOTED MEN

JOHN ALLEN

Private John Allen, of Mississippi, who had frequently represented his state in Congress, was once called on for an address on "The Mistakes of the War." It was at a Confederate reunion and Allen was surrounded by Confederate officers of high rank. He was nonplussed for the moment but finally responded as follows: "You have called on me to speak on 'The Mistakes of the War.' I do not feel as though it would be profitable, or, indeed, necessary, for me to go into the subject at length in this presence. When I look around upon this brilliant assemblage of generals and colonels and majors, it seems to me sufficient to point out one of the mistakes of the war, and if it was a fatal mistake I was not responsible for it. I was only a private." His hearers saw the point, and the speaker was roundly cheered.

"I want to tell you of the greatest legal victory of my life," said Allen once to a group of congressmen. "It was down in Tupelo, just after the war. I was at that time a practicing lawyer—that is, I practiced when I had any cases to practice with. One day 'Uncle' Pompey, a negro of the settlement, came into my office and said: 'Mars John, I wants you to cl'ar me. I'se gwine to be 'rested for stealin' two hams outen de cross-road store.' 'Well, Pompey, did you really steal the hams?' 'Mars John, I just took 'em.' 'Did any one see you?' 'Yas, boss,' said the old negro disconsolately, 'two ole white buckrats.' 'Well, Pompey,' I replied, 'I can't do anything for you under the circumstances.' 'Now, Mars John,' said Old Pompey, 'here's ten dollars. I jist want you to try.'

"Well, I consented to try," said Allen. "The case was to be heard before an old magistrate named Johnson. He was totally uneducated, and was moreover a perfect dictator. No negro ever came before him who was not fined the maximum penalty. The magistrate heard the case. That Pompey stole the hams there could be no doubt from the testimony. I did not cross-examine the witnesses; but when the testimony was

all in, I arose, and in my most dignified manner addressed the magistrate: 'May it please your honor, it would be useless for me to argue the position my client now holds, and before one who would adorn the Superior if not the Supreme bench of this grand old commonwealth; and I may say that those who know you best say that you would grace even the Supreme Court of the United States—the highest tribunal in the land. It will be useless to dwell upon the testimony; you have heard it, and know the case as well as I do. However, it may not be out of order for me to call your honor's attention to a short passage in the old English law, which clearly decides the case, and which for the moment your honor may have forgotten.'

"Then I fished down into my pocket and drew forth, with a great flourish, an old copy of 'Julius Cæsar.' I opened it with great dignity, and read the line familiar to every schoolboy—'*Omnia Gallia in partes tres divisa est.*' 'That decides the case,' said I, throwing the book upon the table. 'That clearly acquits the defendant.'

"With great dignity and solemnity I took my seat. The old magistrate was completely nonplussed. He looked at me a moment quizzically, and scratched his head; then, turning to Pompey, he raised himself to his full height, and said: 'Pompey, I know you stole them hams, but by the ingenuity of your lawyer, I've got to let you go. Git out! and if you ever come here again, lawyer or no lawyer, you git six months.'"

BILL ARP

"In the summer of 1863," said the late Fitz Hugh Lee, "Bill Arp—we called him Major Charles H. Smith then—was in the Richmond Hospital. The hospital was crowded with sick and dying soldiers and the Richmond ladies visited it daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and did all they could to cheer and comfort the suffering. On one occasion a pretty miss of sixteen was distributing flowers and speaking gentle words of encouragement to those around her, when she overheard a soldier exclaim: 'Oh, my Lord!' It was Bill Arp. Stepping to his bedside to rebuke him for his profanity, she remarked: 'Didn't I hear you call upon the name

of the Lord? I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask him for you?' Looking up into her bright, sweet face, Bill replied: 'I don't know but you could do something for me if I wasn't married.' 'Well,' said she, 'what is it?' Raising his eyes to hers and extending his hand, he said, 'As you are a daughter of the Lord, if I wasn't married, I'd get you to ask him if he wouldn't make me his son-in-law.' "

THOMAS H. BENTON.

MANY anecdotes are told illustrative of Benton's egotism. When his great work, 'Thirty Years in the United States Senate,' was about to come from the press, its publishers, (the Appletons), sent a messenger to him to get his views as to the number of copies that should be printed. The messenger having presented the case, the old man loftily said:

"Sir, they can ascertain from the last census how many persons there are in the United States who can read, sir"; and that was the only suggestion he would condescend to make. That he believed his book would be read by everybody who could read at all, admits of little doubt.

WHEN the Czar Nicholas was the most conspicuous personage in Europe, some one was telling how strangers knelt in his presence. On finishing the narrative, the speaker said to Benton:

"I suppose, Colonel, that you would not think of kneeling to the Czar?" to which he responded, with most imperial emphasis:

"No, sir! No, sir! An American kneels only to God and woman, sir."

A SHORT time after Calhoun's death, a friend said to Benton, "I suppose, Colonel, you won't pursue Calhoun beyond the grave?" to which he replied:

"No, sir. When God Almighty lays his hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir."

IN a stump speech Benton was once denouncing the New York *Tribune* and its editors: "Horace Greeley wears a white

hat, his hair is white, his skin is white, and I give it to you as my candid opinion that his liver is of the same color."

He then began a similar tirade against Greeley's assistant editor, Richelieu Robinson: "He is an Irishman, an Orange Irishman, a red-headed Irishman, and"—but noticing a number of red-headed men and women in his audience he concluded as follows: "Fellow citizens, when I say that Robinson is a red-headed Irishman, I mean no disrespect to persons whose hair is of that color. I have been a close observer of men and affairs for forty years, and I can on my veracity declare that I never knew a red-haired man who was not an honest man, nor a red-haired woman who was not a virtuous woman, and I give it as my candid opinion that had it not been for Robinson's red hair he would have been hanged long ago!"

LOGAN E. BLECKLEY

The legal decisions of the late Chief Justice Bleckley, of Georgia, would alone place him in the front rank of modern humorists. Following are extracts:

It not infrequently happens that a judgment is affirmed upon a theory of the case which did not occur to the court that rendered it, or which did occur and was expressly repudiated. The human mind is so constituted that in many instances it *finds the truth* when wholly unable to *find the way* that leads to it:

> The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
> His conduct still right, with his argument wrong:
> Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam.
> The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.
>
> *Lee v. Porter,* 63 Ga. 346.

The legal unity of husband and wife has, in Georgia, for the most purposes, been dissolved, and a legal duality established. A wife is a wife, not a husband, as she was formerly. Legislative chemistry has analyzed the conjugal unit, and it is no longer treated as a compound. A husband can make a gift to his wife, although she lives in the house with him, and attends to her household duties, as easily as he can make a present to his neighbor's wife. This puts her on an equality with other ladies and looks like progress. Under the new order of

things, when he induces her to enter into the business of keeping boarders and promises to let her have all the proceeds, he is allowed to keep his promise if she keeps the boarders. It would seem that the law ought to tolerate him in being faithful to his word in such a matter, even though he has pledged it only to his wife, and we think it does.

McNaught v. Anderson, 78 Ga. 503.

In the ornithology of litigation this case is a tomtit furnished with a garb of feathers ample enough for a turkey. Measured by the verdict, its tiny body has only the bulk of $25, but it struts with a display of record expanded into 83 pages of manuscript. It seems to us that a more contracted plumage might serve for a small bird, but perhaps we are mistaken. In every forensic season we have a considerable flock of such cases, to be stripped and dissected for the cabinets of jurisprudence. We endeavor to pick our overfledged poultry with judicial assiduity and patience.

Lukens v. Ford, 87 Ga. 542.

HENRY CLAY

Clay could tell an anecdote in a captivating way. There was a freedom, a sweep, an elegance in his anecdotal style which was irresistible. One of the anecdotes he was fond of telling related to an incident which occurred in Kentucky when he was abroad, in 1814, acting as Commissioner in negotiating the treaty of Ghent. He used to tell the story for the purpose of illustrating how readily and triumphantly a Kentucky stump speaker could encounter an emergency and surmount an obstacle. Clay, while abroad, was in the habit of writing letters to his friends at home giving them an account of the progress of the negotiation of the treaty. When a letter from him arrived in Lexington, the news of its reception would be circulated, and his neighbors would assemble to hear it read. In one of his letters, which was read to an outdoor crowd by a veteran politician, Clay used the phrase *sine qua non* several times. At the third repetition of the phrase, an old man, wearing a hunting shirt, who stood on the edge of the crowd, called out to the reader:

"Say, Gineral, what's siner quer non?"

The "Gineral" had no idea what the phrase meant, but he was one of the kind who are always equal to the occasion, and elevating his voice to its utmost pitch, he shouted:

"Sine qua non is an island in Passamaquoddy Bay, and Henry Clay goes for Sine qua non!"

This declaration was received with enthusiastic applause, and Henry Clay's great reputation among his neighbors as a patriotic and unflinching upholder of his country's rights against Great Britain became greater than ever.

Shortly after the agitation of the famous compensation bill in Congress, Clay, who voted in favor of the bill, found a formidable opposition arrayed against his re-election. After addressing the people from the hustings, previous to the opening of the poll, he stepped down into the crowd, when he met an old and influential friend of his named Scott, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, and of course, in his younger days, a great huntsman. The gentleman, stepping up, addressed Clay as follows: "Well, well, Harry, I've been with you in six troubles—I'm sorry I must desert you in the seventh; you have voted for that miserable compensation bill—I must now turn my back upon you." "Is it so, friend Scott? Is this the only objection?" "It is." "We must get over it the best way we can. You are an old huntsman?" "Yes." "You have killed many a fat bear and buck?" "Yes." "I believe you have a good rifle?" "Yes, as good a one as ever cracked." "Well, did you ever have a fine buck before you when your gun snapped?" "The like of that has happened." "Well now, friend Scott, did you take that faithful rifle and break it to pieces on the very next log you came to—or did you pick the flint and try it again?" The tear stood in the old man's eye —the chord was touched. "No, Harry, I picked the flint and tried her again—and I'll try you again—give us your hand." We need scarcely say that the welkin rang with the huzzaing plaudits of the by-standers.—Clay was borne off to the hustings, and re-elected.

Perhaps Clay's most famous retort was that made to a long-winded congressman who, in the midst of an interminable speech, turned to Clay and said, "You speak for the

present generation, but I speak for posterity." Clay replied: "It seems you are resolved to speak until your audience arrives."

WILLIAM T. HASKELL

Judge Philip Lindsley, of Dallas, Texas, in *The Taylor-Trotwood Magazine* for July, 1908, tells the following anecdote which he heard from the lips of the famous Tennessee orator, William T. Haskell:

A fox-hunting farmer had a favorite hound, and was fond of boasting of his dog's speed. One morning at break of day, he and his friends started a fox, and the dogs went yelling, the favorite in the lead. On they sped, over hills, and across creek and vale, the hunters at last outstripping all the pack, except the favorite dog. He was clear out of sight, but ever and anon they heard the deep bark of the flying hound, and the excitement was at fever pitch. Then they came upon a woodman, cutting down a tree.

"Did you see anything of a dog and fox running by just now?" exclaimed the farmer.

"Yes," said the woodman.

"How were they making it?"

"Oh," said the woodman, "the dog was a *leetle* ahead!"

PATRICK HENRY

We do not commonly associate humor with Patrick Henry, but few lawyers have had greater skill in turning ridicule to their service. Perhaps the most striking illustration in Henry's career was the celebrated case against John Hook, narrated in Wirt's 'Life of Patrick Henry.' Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent upon the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action against Mr. Venable, in the district court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported him-

self in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent [Judge Stuart], he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience: at one time he excited their indignation against Hook: vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched, with the blood of their unshod feet—"where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellar, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the meanest soldier in that little band of patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands —but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around Yorktown, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of: he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence—the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches—they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty!" as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river— "but, hark!, what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of *John Hook,* hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef! beef!*"

The whole audience was convulsed: a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect, than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house, and threw himself on the grass, in the most violent paroxysm of laughter, where he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the

clerk, "what the devil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe was only able to say, that *he could not help it.* "Never mind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up: *he'll show* him the la'." Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef;* it was the cry of *tar and feathers*: from the application of which, it is said, nothing saved him but a precipitate flight.

The following exchange of notes is said to have taken place between Governor William B. Giles, of Virginia, and Patrick Henry:

"Sir, I understand that you have called me a bob-tail politician. I wish to know if it be true; and if true, your meaning. Wm. B. Giles."

To which Henry replied:

"Sir, I do not recollect having called you a bob-tail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not.

" Very respectfully,
Patrick Henry."

PETER L. HERMAN.

Mr. Miles O. Sherrill, State Librarian of North Carolina, in 'The Methodist Handbook' for 1906, relates the following stories of Rev. Peter L. Herman, a former Methodist minister of the State:

"Rev. Peter L. Herman was full of good humor; he used to relate a case where imagination dominated the mind. A Mr. Jones was a pronounced hypochondriac, and claimed that his stomach was all gashed up as if by pieces of glass. He an-

noyed the physicians a great deal; so finally Dr. B. made up his mind to relieve Mr. Jones. He informed him that he was going to take out his stomach and replace it with a sheep's stomach, and Jones very readily consented. The Doctor had a mutton killed; he brought the stomach and administered chloroform to Jones, lanced and stitched his stomach, applying the blood from the sheep; had the sheep's stomach placed near by hacked to pieces, just about as Mr. Jones had so often described his, and when Jones was restored, the Doctor said: 'Mr. Jones, there is your stomach.'

'Oh! yes, doctor, I have told you doctors the condition of my stomach, but you said I was crazy, now you see who is crazy.'

A week or two later the Doctor met his patient, and said: 'Well, Mr. Jones, how are you getting on now?'

'Fine, fine, doctor; only have one trouble; it seems to me that I have a great hankering after grass.'"

"A FRIEND was discussing the eternal decrees of God with Brother Herman, and during the discussion Brother Herman caught a large horse-fly, bent its head over until it seemed to be separated from the body, and said to his friend: 'Now, brother, do you really believe the great God from all eternity fore-ordained and decreed that I, P. L. Herman, of North Carolina, U. S. A., should pull off the head of this fly?'

'Yes, I do,' said his friend.

'Well,' says Peter, 'I will not do it'; and he cast the fly up in the air and away it flew."

ANDREW JACKSON.

MR. SAMUEL T. PICKARD, in a recent number of *The Youth's Companion,* tells the following story of Andrew Jackson, then (1788) twenty-one years of age, and Waightstill Avery, Attorney General of North Carolina. "It was Jackson's habit to carry in his saddle-bags a copy of 'Bacon's Abridgement!' and to make frequent appeals to it in his cases. This precious book was always carefully done up in coarse brown paper, such as grocers used before the neat paper bags of the present day were invented. The unwrapping of this

much-prized volume before a court was a very solemn function, as performed by Jackson.

"Avery, uncommonly fond of a joke, procured a piece of bacon, just the size of the book, and while Jackson was addressing the court, slipped the volume out from its wrapping and substituted the bacon. While still addressing the court, Jackson raised the flap of his saddle-bags, drew out the brown paper package, carefully untied the string, unfolded the paper with the decorous gravity of a priest handling the holy things of the altar, and then, without looking at what he held in his hand, exclaimed triumphantly:

" 'We will now see what Bacon says.'

"The court, bar, jury and spectators were convulsed with laughter before Jackson saw the trick that had been played on him. Of course he was furious. He snatched a pen, and on the blank leaf of a law-book wrote a peremptory challenge, which he delivered then and there. He asked for no apology —nothing but blood would do. He commanded Avery to select a friend and arrange for a meeting at once. Avery made no answer to this peremptory demand, thinking his peppery antagonist would laugh rather than fight, as he grew cooler. But he did not know the young man. Jackson grew hotter instead of cooler. Next morning he sent this note:

" 'August 12, 1788.

" 'Sir: When a man's feelings and character are injured, he ought to seek a speedy redress. You received a few lines from me yesterday, and undoubtedly you understood me. My character you have injured; and further you have insulted me in the presence of the court and a large audience. I therefore call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same. And I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately without equivocation, and I hope you can do without dinner until the business is done; for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he injures another to make a speedy reparation. Therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day. From your obt. st.,

" 'ANDREW JACKSON.

" 'P. S.: This evening after the court adjourns.'

"The challenge was accepted; and in the dusk of the sum-

mer evening the duel came off in the presence of the same crowd that had laughed in the court room. When the word was given, Jackson fired, his ball flicking Avery's ear, scratching it slightly. Now was Avery's chance to change the later history of his country, but his Puritan blood asserted itself. He fired in the air, then advanced and offered Jackson his hand, which was accepted."

SAM P. JONES.

Few persons of this generation have been so gifted in repartee or have had so large a fund of apt anecdote and illustration as the late Sam Jones. He was also a thoroughgoing optimist. "This world is a thousand times better to me," he used to say, "than I have been to it. I have no kick or complaint. I don't kick anyway. I am like the fellow that got both legs cut off by the train. They gathered around and began condoling with him. He looked up and said 'Gentlemen, I'm not kicking'." Among his sermon illustrations are the following:

I was talking out West, some time ago, and I said: "Prosperity has come again. The clearing-house receipts, the railroad earnings, the marts of trade, and the wheels of commerce roll higher than at any time in the history of America. Prosperity has come again!" A good old Silver Loon in the audience stood up and said, "It hain't hit me yit," and I said, "Neighbor, it's mighty hard to hit nothing."

I like to see a preacher that nobody can ride. Some of them can be ridden like the darky's old mule. He drove into town on Saturday evening, driving his old mule to a one-horse wagon. The darkies gathered round him, and they said, "Uncle Mose, have you swapped mules again?" "Yes, and dat am de best mule I ever had. Anybody can drive dat mule. The children can drive him. You may have him if you'll ride him." They said, "Take the harness off him and we'll ride him." They took the mule out of the shafts, and took the harness off of him, and a darkey jumped on the mule. But he did not stay very long. And then another, and another tried him, and met a like fate. By and by a lean, tall fellow came up wearing a number fifteen shoe. He got on the mule,

and the mule turned his head this way and that way and went off down the road. When it got about six hundred yards, he turned him, and he came lagging back. He said, "Uncle Moses, in justice this mule am mine; but I am not gwine to take de mule. Dar aint no justice in it. When I got on de mule, he turned dis way, and dat way, and he seed my feet, and he thought he was in de shafts; he don't know it to dis minute dat I's been riding him."

A FATHER was one day walking down the streets of a city with his little son. They met a dude. The little fellow turned and looked up at his father, and said, "Papa, what was that?" The father answered, "It is a dude, son." The little fellow said, "Papa, who makes dudes?" The father answered, "God, makes them, I suppose." "Well, then," said the little fellow, "God loves to have fun as well as the balance of us."

THEY remind me of an old darkey that went to a doctor. He said, "Doctor, I have come to you about my mule; he is sick, and is going to die, it looks like, and I can't get another. Doctor, can't you give me something for my mule?" The doctor said, "Yes, I'll help you, Uncle, in your trouble; here is some calomel. Go home and put this calomel in a big cane joint, and put the joint in the mule's mouth, and blow. He will take it up, and I think it will help him." "Yes, Boss, I'se gwine follow your directions." He went home, and the next day he sent for the doctor. The doctor came and the old darkey was piled up in bed, nearly dead. The doctor said, "I thought it was your mule that was sick, and here you are in bed." "Hit shorely was de mule, doctor, but hit's me now." "What's the matter with you?" "Hit was dat calomel, doctor." "You fool, I told you to give it to the mule." "Well, I did try to, doctor, but you see it was disser way, dat ar mule blowed fust."

BROTHER CHAUNCY said, "Look heah, Brother Green, you 'lowed you didn't do nuffin for yo'self but dat you trusted in de promises ob de good Lawd as you finds 'em in de good book. But I notice, when dat bull come down de road, you tuck to your heels jes lak I did. How you gwine 'splain dat in your

theology?" Brother Green replied, "Brother Chauncy, I'se gwine tell you how dat is. I don't think dar was any ob dem wild animals loose when de Lawd made dem promises."

Eli Perkins gives the following instances of Jones's quickness of repartee:

One day, when the reporters had been criticizing the revivalist's Saxon language, he became indignant, and said: "Do you want my opinion of these reporters who abuse our meetings?" "Yes." "Well, in my humble opinion, I will be in heaven when these miserable little reporters who malign me are sitting on one ear in hell, trying to keep cool by fanning themselves with the other."

"Brother Jones," exclaimed Brother Smitzer, without stopping to ask any other question, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?" "I must confess I do," quietly replied Sam. "Then I would quit it, sir," energetically continued Brother Smitzer. "It is a very unclerical practice, and I must say a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why, sir, even a hog would not chew it." "Brother Smitzer," responded his amused listener, "do you chew tobacco?" "I? No, sir!" he answered gruffly, with much indignation. "Then pray, my dear brother," said Sam, "which is most like a hog, you or I?"

J. PROCTOR KNOTT.

J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, the author of the famous Duluth Speech, was once discussing the respective claims of Sampson and Schley in the defeat of Cervera at Santiago. His opponent took the ground that all the honor belonged to Admiral Sampson.

"My dear sir," replied Knott, "it is exceedingly gratifying to me to hear you take the position you have in this matter. It is like a balm to my conscience and settles a point that has worried me many a day.

"I was walking through the woods with a boy friend of mine, when we saw a rabbit run into a sink-hole. We stood around the hole awhile, when I told the boy to keep watch while I went to get some fire to smoke the rabbit out. When I returned the boy had the rabbit. I promptly took it away

from him, claiming it belonged to me because I told him to catch him if he came out.

"That was over fifty years ago, and you are the first man who has ever agreed with me that the rabbit was mine. I feel now that I was right in taking it, and my conscience is at rest."

FITZ HUGH LEE.

A CERTAIN Confederate colonel was making a political speech in the court house. "Talk about my war record," he said, "why, my war record is a part of the State's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last Confederate flag through this very town." "Yes," replied Fitz Hugh Lee, "for I was here at the time." "Thank you for your fortunate recollection," gratefully exclaimed the colonel. "It is pleasant to know that there still live some men who move aside envy and testify to the courage of their fellow beings. As I say, gentlemen, my war record is a part of the State's history, for the gentleman here will tell you that I carried the last Confederate flag through this town." "That's a fact," said Fitz Hugh. "I saw him do it. He carried the Confederate flag through this town, but Kilpatrick and Ellsworth were after him, and he carried it so blame fast you couldn't have told whether it was the Confederate flag or a small-pox warning."

THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL, better known as Tom Marshall, a celebrated lawyer and orator of the past generation, (who, unfortunately, was too much given to strong drink), used to tell how he was driven to the bottle and his law partner to the Bible, in a way which humorously but powerfully suggests Clay's marvelous ability as an advocate. "The way of it was this," Marshall used to say. "Bob Breckenridge" (Robert Jefferson Breckenridge, afterwards a distinguished clergyman)—"Bob Breckenridge and I formed a partnership when we first started out to practice law. The firm of Breckenridge and Marshall soon began to take the lead of all the law firms in Kentucky. We marched right on, without a break, until, in our own opinion at least, we were at the head of the State bar, with one solitary exception; and that exception was Henry Clay. We had never had a chance at him; but we had no

doubt whatever as to what the result would be if we should have the good fortune to encounter him in open court. We felt assured that we should at once and forever put an end to his supremacy and soar to the head ourselves. We watched for an opportunity to tackle the old lion, and, after a long wait, fortune at last favored us. We heard that Clay had been retained to prosecute a certain case, and we immediately rushed off and volunteered our services to the defence, so as to get a chance at him. Our offer was accepted and we awaited the day of the trial with feelings of fretful impatience solaced with anticipations of triumph. Time dragged heavily on, but finally the day of trial came. When it came to the summing up, as Breckenridge and I both wanted to take a hand in laying out Clay, we arranged with the judge that we should divide our time between us, and each address the jury. I, being the junior partner, spoke first. When I arose to begin my plea, I felt a pang of remorse at the thought that I was about to displace the splendid old man who sat before me from his proud pre-eminence, and myself take the honored position what he had so long conspicuously occupied. But I smothered my sentimentality and proceeded to business. I had made elaborate preparation for the occasion, and I did it and myself the amplest justice. I felt that Clay could hardly hold up his head after I got through with him. In fact, in my own estimation, I laid him out so cold that nothing was left for Breckenridge to do but to dance on his remains; and he did dance on them—a regular war dance. When Bob concluded and sat down, we expected that Clay would throw up the sponge without attempting any reply to our unanswerable arguments and eloquence. But not a bit of it. The old lion got up, and with one swoop of his paw he drove Breckenridge to the Bible and me to the bottle, and we have both been there ever since."

Marshall was once so exasperated at a decision of the judge that he retorted sharply, saying "Our Savior was convicted upon just such a ruling as that." "Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "enter a fine of ten dollars against Mr. Marshall." "Well, this is the first time I ever heard of anybody being fined for abusing Pontius Pilate," was the quick response of

Marshall. The judge, very indignant, ordered another fine of ten dollars. Marshall, with as much gravity as the circumstances permitted, addressed the court as follows: "As a good citizen, I feel bound to obey the order of this court; but as I don't happen to have twenty dollars about me, I shall be compelled to borrow it from some friend; and seeing no one present whose confidence and friendship I have so long enjoyed as your honor's, I make no hesitation in asking the small favor of a loan for a few days, to square the fines you have entered against me." This was a stumper. The judge, looking at Marshall and then at the clerk, replied: "Mr. Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fines: the State is better able to lose twenty dollars than I am."

Once when Marshall was delivering a political speech in Buffalo, he was interrupted repeatedly by a drunken man's calling out "Louder! Louder! Louder!" Marshall stood this for a while; but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer, said: "Mr. Chairman: At the last day, when the angel shall descend and, with his golden trumpet, proclaim that 'time shall be no longer,' I doubt not, sir, that there will be in that vast crowd, as now, some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting 'Louder! louder!' " Marshall went on with his speech, but there were no more cries of "louder!"

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

No more brilliant editor than George Denison Prentice ever lived in the South. The following excerpts from 'Prenticeana,' published in 1859, will give an idea of the pungency of his style:

A Judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

An Alabama editor says, in an ill-natured paragraph, that he is "very unlike the gentleman of the Louisville Journal." The latter replies that he is probably unlike *any* gentleman.

We think it is an undeniable truth that the Africans, let

them go to what part of the world they may, retain more unequivocally than any other people the odor of nationality.

A PAPER, calling itself literary and miscellaneous, advertises that it intends to swallow up every thing around it "like a great maelstrom." We have little doubt that it will be a great "take in."

AN editor says that he gives no heed to what we say—that our words go in at one ear and out at the other. We have no doubt of it. Things pass easily through a vacuum.

A BITTER writer in a sectarian newspaper calls his opponent "hypocrite and hyena." There is some similarity between the two animals. One prays, and both prey.

A WESTERN editor talks of giving in one of his columns the fibs of his neighbor. We presume that the other thirty-five are to be filled with his own, as usual.

THE question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business certainly than being raised by it.

A CANADA editor says he has "a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves." His friends, if they are prudent, will take it from him. He might commit suicide.

A MAN in the interior of Kansas has brought suit against his neighbor for bruising his shins. If the jury award damages they should order the amount to be paid in shin-plasters.

A RICHMOND paper says that "the moon has been rising for some nights with a face as red as a toper's." No imputation ought to be cast upon Cynthia's sobriety. She fills her horn only once a month.

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know whether fat men are not more kind and compassionate than lean ones. Perhaps they

are as a general rule, but all bowels are not bowels of compassion.

A WESTERN editor not noted for brilliancy, says that he "would rather put questions than respond to them." He is perhaps right. He has probably read that fools may ask questions, but it takes wise men to answer them.

MR. THOMAS POTT, a citizen of Western Texas, publishes a violent communication against his neighbors in general because he had an axe stolen. His rage is evidently a tempest in a *T. Pott.*

THE Washington Union asks whether any party that acts from mere policy can long retain power. Certainly it can, if it acts from a wise policy, and more especially if it acts from the best of all policies, honesty.

A COUNTRY editor says that we may question his veracity, but that we have no veracity to question. We should never think of questioning such veracity as his, for it won't answer.

A LADY has just sent us a basket of fruit, the very sight of which, she thinks, must make us smack our lips. We thank her, and would greatly prefer smacking hers.

BRIGHAM YOUNG in a recent sermon, told the Mormons that it was "more important to raise saints than to raise crops." No doubt he thinks it the more agreeable husbandry of the two.

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know in what age women have been held in the highest esteem. We don't know. But certainly fashionable ladies fill a larger space in the world now than they ever did before.

A LADY who could not conceal even from herself the plainness of her face, boasted that her back was perfect. "That is the reason, I suppose, that your friends are always glad to see it," said one of her listeners.

A DISHONEST and malicious critic, by severing passages from their context, may make the best book appear to condemn itself. A book, thus unfairly treated, may be compared to the laurel—there is honor in the leaves but poison in the extract.

WE have heard of men celebrating their country's battles, who, in war, were celebrated for keeping out of them.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

IN his 'Reminiscences of Famous Georgians,' volume II, pages 438-439, Mr. Lucian Lamar Knight replaces an old joke with a more authentic one as follows: "Wholly fictitious is the anecdote which represents some burly Georgian, first Mr. Toombs and then Judge Cone, as saying to Mr. Stephens that if his ears were pinned back and his head was greased he could swallow him whole, and which represents Mr. Stephens as retorting that if the swallower could actually do this he would have more brains in his stomach than he ever had in his head. Perhaps the anecdote has been told around nearly every stove in Georgia. But neither General Toombs nor Judge Cone could have been so stupid as to make the boorish remark, which is supposed to have called forth the famous retort; and General Toombs and Mr. Stephens, it must be remembered, though sometimes at variance upon political issues, were devoted lifelong friends. Some of the graybeards have actually gone so far as to say that they heard Mr. Stephens make the reply in question; but Uncle Ephraim could also swear that "he seed Marse Henry's ghost." Such solemn asseverations must all be taken in the Pickwickian sense. To find the author of the famous retort it is necessary to take down from the bookshelves one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

"Within the limits of authentic tradition the nearest approach to this specimen of gastronomical humor dates back to the presidential contest of 1860, when Mr. Stephens, who supported the Douglas ticket, engaged in joint debate with Colonel Ranse Wright, afterwards General A. R. Wright, who supported the American or Know-Nothing candidates.

"Colonel Wright was one of the ablest campaigners in the State, and on this particular occasion he made one of his best

efforts. But the effect of the speech was broken by the skillful manner in which Mr. Stephens was reported to have said that, metaphorically speaking, he could eat Ben Hill for breakfast, Ranse Wright for dinner, and Bob Trippe for supper; and of course this ridiculous yarn brought down the house. The laugh was long and continuous as the audience gazed upon the diminutive storage room of the invalid statesman and thought of the little man with the big appetite.

"But it came Mr. Stephens's turn to speak; and, after denying that he had made such a statement, he added that if he had contemplated a feast of the character described, he would certainly have changed the order; he would have taken Ben Hill for breakfast, Bob Trippe for dinner, and remembering the advice of his mother, always to eat light suppers, he would have tipped off with his friend Colonel Wright. The building fairly shook with the mirth which followed this sally. Colonel Wright realized that he was worsted in the tilt, but he joined heartily in the laugh at his expense."

ROBERT TOOMBS.

Shortly after the war Toombs met Thad Stevens in Augusta. "Well, Mr. Toombs," said Stevens, "how do you rebels feel after being licked by the Yankees?"

"We feel just as Lazarus did," was the reply.

"How is that?" asked Stevens.

"Lazarus was licked by the dogs, wasn't he?" said Toombs.

"My opinion of the Yankees," Toombs once remarked, "is apostolic, 'Alexander the Coppersmith did me much evil. The Lord reward him according to his works.'"

Standing near by was an officer in the Federal army, who overheard the remark.

"But, general," said he, "you must admit that we whipped you nevertheless."

"No, sir," replied General Toombs, "we just wore ourselves out whipping you."

WILLIAM H. UNDERWOOD.

"Don't you think," said an attorney to the famous Georgia wit, "that Jim Pearson is the greatest liar you ever saw?"

"I should be sorry to say that of brother Pearson," replied Judge Underwood thoughtfully, "but he certainly wrestles harder with the truth than any other lawyer in the circuit."

Judge Underwood was a staunch Henry Clay Whig, while his son John, later known as Judge John W. H. Underwood, sometimes went from one party to the other. "What are John's politics?" asked a friend.

"Really, now," replied Judge Underwood, "I can't tell you; I haven't seen the boy since breakfast."

John once applied to his father for a letter of recommendation to Governor George W. Crawford. Knowing the Judge's eccentricities John thought it the part of prudence to read the testimonial before presenting it. The letter ran as follows:

My Dear Governor: This will be handed you by my son John. He has the greatest thirst for an office, with the least capacity to fill one, of any boy you ever saw.

Sincerely yours,
William H. Underwood.

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE.

More North Carolina jokes owe their paternity to Governor Vance than to any other one man. The following are from Clement Dowd's 'Life of Zebulon B. Vance':

Vance was not always careful to examine his witnesses in his office before putting them on the stand. His client in this instance was indicted for assault, it being also alleged that he had bitten off part of the prosecutor's ear. There was a plea of guilty as to the assault, but the maiming was denied. The defendant's contention was that the piece of ear was torn off in the scuffle which took place in a piece of new ground where there were many fresh cut roots and bushes. The evidence was being submitted to the Court, as affecting the measure of punishment. After all the regular witnesses had testified, the defendant put his hand on Vance's shoulder and pulling him back, whispered, "Put up

Jack Deans." "Who is Jack Deans?" said Vance. "What does he know?" "That's all right," said the client, "he seed all the fight, helped to part us, and he'll swear he didn't see no biting." The witness was called to the stand and under his examination stated that he saw the fight from beginning to end, helped to part the combatants, and that he saw no biting; he was very emphatic in the assertion that he did not see the defendant bite the ear. When turned over for cross-examination, he said very meekly, in reply to the solicitor's question, that he knew he was required by his oath to tell the *whole* truth. "Well, sir," said the solicitor sharply, "you have told us what you didn't see, now tell us what you did see." The witness was downcast and reluctant at first but under the urging of the solicitor presently raised up his head and casting a forlorn look towards his friend and his lawyer, said: "Well, jist as we raised him up, I seen him spit a piece of the ear outen his mouth!" Vance was heard to say afterwards that he would never put another witness on the stand in any sort of a case without first knowing what he would say.

A FRIEND said to him on one occasion, "Vance, I do not understand how it is that you and your brother Bob belong to different churches. You are a Presbyterian, and he a Methodist." "That is a little queer," said Vance, "but a stranger thing than that is that Bob believes in the doctrine of falling from grace and never falls, while I do not believe in the possibility of falling from grace, but am always falling."

ONE day having some business with an old colored man, he asked his brother in black, "Uncle, do you belong to the Church?" The man replied, "Yes, Boss, thank the Lord." "What Church do you belong to?" "To the Presbyterian Church," replied the darkey. "Uncle, do you believe in election?" "O, yes, Boss, I believes in election." "Well, Uncle, do you think you are elected?" Said Vance. "Yes, Boss, thank the Lord, I thinks I am," said the darkey. "Well, Uncle, do you think I am elected?" inquired Vance. "I'd never heerd, Boss, as how you was a candidate," replied the colored brother candidly.

Eminence in church or State had no terrors for Vance's humor when once aroused. The late Bishop Lyman, of North Carolina, was a man of great dignity and graciousness of manner and was always serious. He called on Senator Vance in the marble room and requested him to bring with him Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, who was general counsel of the House of Bishops, and as learned in the ecclesiastical as in the civil laws, and a great Episcopalian. After some prefatory formalities the Bishop dived at once into the business that he wished to consult the great lawyer about; this concluded, they unbent in personal conversation. Vance assured them that he had narrowly escaped being a considerable theologian himself. "When I was a lad in those great mountains that laugh at the Vermont hills and that our good Bishop has shown his appreciation of by building him a home in, I was blessed with a good aunt who sent me to a most excellent Calvinist school, and delighted in devoting the saving of her needle to making a Presbyterian preacher out of me. I submitted to it for a year or more and made some progress in learning the hard sayings, if not in amazing grace, until my conscience rebelled and in my next visit to her I frankly confessed that I could not go on in the path of her choosing. I cannot bear even now to think of the grief she showed at my determination, and, of course, she must have a reason for it. I tried to explain to her that one good reason was as good as a thousand and that everything was embraced in the simple reason that I did not feel myself good enough to be a Presbyterian minister. She wrestled with me in spirit and refused to let me depart until she had got a promise of some sort out of me. Finding me quite settled in my decision, she reluctantly gave up her dream—then a bright hope seemed to come to her, and caressing my hand she said in an eager way, 'Zeb, don't you think you are good enough to be an Episcopal preacher?"

At a roll call in congress on May 9, 1860, a Mr. Delano was absent but returned before the last name had been called and asked permission to vote. The Speaker inquired if the gentleman was within the bar of the House when his name was called. He answered that he was within the bar of the restaurant. Mr. Cochrane said if he would explain fully what

he was doing in the restaurant, perhaps he might get leave to vote. Mr. Delano said: "I was engaged in the great work of self-protection." Mr. Vance interposed, "I thought perhaps the gentleman might have been engaged in the matter of *internal improvements.*"

VANCE'S quick wit was much in evidence during his college days at the University of North Carolina. Ex-Governor Swain was then President. President Swain was in the habit of lecturing before his class on political economy, and related with much glee that the currency of the State of Franklin (cut off from North Carolina) consisted of coon skins. "After awhile," the Governor said, "the traders got to sewing to possum skins the tails of the coons. What kind of a currency would you call that, Mr. Vance?" the Governor enquired of Zeb. The young man answered him at once: "A retail currency."

WHILE Vance was in the University a temperance lecturer of great power, Philip S. White, started a total abstinence society, which was quite numerously joined. One morning before breakfast a knot of students gathered around the well, which stands in the quadrangle, and contains water so pure and cool that our alumni ever long for it as they journey through life. A friend said: "Vance, why are those boys gathered about the well?" "Why, they are members of Philip S. White's Temperance Society. Tom Blank got on a spree last night—Governor Swain was in hot pursuit of him. As he ran by the well he threw his tickler in and broke it on the rocks of the curbing. Those temperance fellows have been drinking water since day-break."

SENATOR GEORGE VEST, of Missouri, was once commenting upon the inadequate postoffice facilities in Kansas City. "Why, Mr. President," he said, "I have seen waiting at the delivery windows a line of ladies half a mile long." "Mr. President," put in Vance, "I wish to inquire if that is the usual length of women in Missouri."

HENRY WATTERSON.

Oscar Wilde, in his lecture at Louisville, Kentucky, was denouncing the invasion of the sacred domain of art by the meaner herd of tradespeople and miscellaneous nobodies. Rising to his climax he exclaimed, "Ay, all of you here are Philistines—mere Philistines."

"Yes," said Watterson, "we are Philistines, and that is why we are being assaulted with the jawbone of an ass."

LETTERS

As in the case of Anecdotes, Letters have not been excluded merely because the writers have already appeared in the preceding volumes. Letters are necessarily more or less autobiographical. They may also contain material of great historical value. The following selections have been made with both purposes in view.

6361

LETTERS

"AGNES" TO MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR

[From 'Reminiscences of Peace and War,' by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Copyright, 1904, The Macmillan Company. Used here by permission.]

RICHMOND, April, 4, 1863.

MY DEAR: I hope you appreciate the fact that you are herewith honored with a letter written in royal-red ink upon sumptuous gilt-edged paper. There is not, at the present writing, one inch of paper for sale in the capital of the Confederacy, at all within the humble means of the wife of a Confederate officer. Well is it for her—and I hope for you—that her youthful admirers are few, and so her gorgeous cream-and-gold album was only half filled with tender effusions. Out come the blank leaves, to be divided between her friend and her Colonel. Don't be alarmed at the color of the writing. I have not yet dipped my goose-quill (there are no steel pens) in the "ruddy drops that visit my sad heart," nor yet into good orthodox red ink. There are fine oaks in the country, and that noble tree bears a gall-nut filled with crimson sap. One lies on my table, and into its sanguinary heart I plunge my pen.

Something very sad has just happened in Richmond—something that makes me ashamed of my jeremiads over the loss of the petty comforts and conveniences of life—hats, bonnets, gowns, stationery, books, magazines, dainty food. Since the weather has been so pleasant, I have been in the habit of walking in the Capitol Square before breakfast every morning. Somehow nothing so sets me up after a restless night as a glimpse of the dandelions waking up from their dewy bed and the songs of the birds in the Park. Yesterday, upon arriving, I found within the gates a crowd of women and boys—several hundreds of them, standing quietly together. I sat on a bench near, and one of the number left the rest and took the seat beside me. She was a pale, emaciated girl, not more than eighteen, with a sun-bonnet on her head, and dressed in a clean calico gown. "I could stand no longer," she ex-

plained. As I made room for her, I observed that she had delicate features and large eyes. Her hair and dress were neat. As she raised her hand to remove her sun-bonnet and use it for a fan, her loose calico sleeve slipped up and revealed the mere skeleton of an arm. She perceived my expression as I looked at it, and hastily pulled down her sleeve with a short laugh. "This is all that is left of me!" she said. "It seems real funny, doesn't it?" Evidently she had been a pretty girl—a dressmaker's apprentice, I judged from her chafed forefinger and a certain skill in the lines of her gown. I was encouraged to ask: "What is it? Is there some celebration?"

"There *is*," said the girl solemnly; "we celebrate our right to live. We are starving. As soon as enough of us get together we are going to the bakeries and each of us will take a loaf of bread. That is little enough for the government to give us after it has taken all our men."

Just then a fat old black Mammy waddled up the walk to overtake a beautiful child who was running before her. "Come dis a way, honey," she cried, "don't go nigh dem people," adding, in a lower tone, "I'se feared you'll ketch somethin' fum dem po'-white folks. I *wonder* dey lets 'em into de Park."

The girl turned to me with a wan smile, and as she rose to join the long line that had now formed and was moving, she said simply, "Good-by! I'm going to get something to eat!"

"And I devoutly hope you'll get it—plenty of it," I told her. The crowd now rapidly increased and numbered, I am sure, more than a thousand women and children. It grew and grew until it reached the dignity of a mob—a bread riot. They impressed all the light carts they met, and marched along silently and in order. They marched through Cary Street and Main, visiting the stores of the speculators and emptying them of their contents. Governor Letcher sent the mayor to read the Riot Act, and as this had no effect he threatened to fire on the crowd. The city battalion then came up. The women fell back with frightened eyes, but did not obey the order to disperse. The President then appeared, ascended a dray, and addressed them. It is said that he was received at

first with hisses from the boys, but after he had spoken some little time with great kindness and sympathy, the women quietly moved on, taking their food with them. General Elzey and General Winder wished to call troops from the camps to "suppress the women," but Mr. Seddon, wise man, declined to issue the order. While I write, women and children are still standing in the streets, demanding food, and the government is issuing to them rations of rice.

This is a frightful state of things. I am telling you of it because *not one word* has been said in the newspapers about it. All will be changed, Judge Campbell tells me, if we can win a battle or two (but, oh, at what a price!), and regain the control of the railroads. Your General has been magnificent. He has fed Lee's army all winter—I wish he could feed our starving women and children.

Dearly,

"AGNES."

"AGNES" TO MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR

[From 'Reminiscences of Peace and War,' by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Copyright, 1904, The Macmillan Company. Used here by permission.]

RICHMOND, April 5, 1865.

MY DEAR:—I am not at all sure you will ever receive this letter, but I shall risk it. *First,* I join you in humble thanks to God for the great mercy accorded both of us. Your General lives. My Colonel lives. What words can express our gratitude? What is the loss of home and goods compared with the loss of our own flesh and blood? Alas! Alas! for those who have lost all!

I am sure you have heard the grewsome story of Richmond's evacuation. I was at St. Paul's Sunday, April 1, when a note was handed to President Davis. He rose instantly, and walked down the aisle—his face set, so we could read nothing. Dr. Minnegerode gave notice that General Ewell desired the force to assemble at 3 P. M., and also that there would be no further service that day. I had seen no one speak to the doctor, and I wonder at the acuteness of his perception of the state of affairs. As soon as I reached the hotel I wrote a note to the proprietor, asking for news. He answered that

grave tidings had come from Petersburg, and for himself he was by no means sure we could hold Richmond. He requested me to keep quiet and not encourage a tendency to excitement or panic. At first I thought I would read my services in the quiet of my little sky parlor at the Spotswood, but I was literally in a fever of anxiety. I descended to the parlor. Nobody was there except two or three children with their nurses. Later in the afternoon I walked out and met Mr. James Lyons. He said there was no use in further evading the truth. The lines were broken at Petersburg and that town and Richmond would be surrendered late at night—he was going out himself with the mayor and Judge Meredith with a flag of truce and surrender the city. Trains were already fired to carry the archives and bank officials. The President and his Cabinet would probably leave at the same time.

"And you, Judge?"

"I shall stand my ground. I have a sick family, and we must take our chances together."

"Then seriously—really and truly—Richmond is to be given up, after all, to the enemy?"

"Nothing less! And we are going to have a rough time, I imagine."

I could not be satisfied until I had seen Judge Campbell, upon whom we so much relied for good, calm sense. I found him with his hands full of papers, which he waved deprecatingly as I entered.

"Just a minute, Judge! I am alone at the Spotswood and—"

"Stay there, my dear lady! You will be perfectly safe. I advise all families to remain in their own houses. Keep quiet. I am glad to know the Colonel is safe. He may be with you soon now."

With this advice I returned and mightily reassured and comforted the proprietor of the Spotswood. He immediately caused notice to be issued to his guests. I resolved to convey my news to the families I knew best. The Pegrams were in such deep affliction there was no room there for anxious fears about such small matters as the evacuation of cities, but I could see my dear Mrs. Paul, and Mrs. Maben, and say a comforting word at the Allan home,—closed to all the world since poor

John fell at Gettysburg. Mrs. Davis was gone and out of harm's way. The Lees were sacred from intrusion. Four members of that household—the General, "Rooney," Custis, and Robert—were all at the post of danger. Late in the afternoon three hundred or more prisoners were marched down the street; the negroes began to stand about, quietly observant, but courteous, making no demonstration whatever. The day, you remember, was one of those glorious days we have in April, and millions on millions of stars watched at night, looking down on the watchers below. I expected to sit by my window all night as you always do in a troubled time, but sleep overtook me. I had slept, but not undressed, when a loud explosion shook the house—then another. There were crashing sounds of falling glass from the concussion. I found the sun had risen. All was commotion in the streets, and agitation in the hotel. The city government had dragged hogsheads of liquor from the shops, knocked in the heads, and poured the spirits into the gutters. They ran with brandy, whiskey, and rum; and men, women, and boys rushed out with buckets, pails, pitchers and in the lower streets hats and boots, to be filled. Before eight o'clock many public buildings were in flames, and a great conflagration was evidently imminent. The flames swept up Main Street, where the stores were quickly burned, and then roared down the side streets almost to Franklin.

The doors of all the government bakeries were thrown open and food was given to all who asked it. Women and children walked in and helped themselves. At ten o'clock the enemy arrived,—ten thousand negro troops, going on and on, cheered by the negroes on the streets.

So the morning passed—a morning of horror, of terror! Drunken men shouted and reeled through the streets, a black cloud from the burning city hung like a pall over us, a black sea of faces filled the street below, shells burst continuously in the ashes of the burning armory. At four in the afternoon a salute of thirty-four guns was fired. A company of mounted dragoons advanced up the street, escorting an open carriage drawn by four horses in which sat Mr. Lincoln and a naval officer, followed by an escort of cavalry. They drove straight to Mr. Davis's house, and returned the way they came. I had a good look at Mr. Lincoln. He seemed tired and old—

and I must say, with due respect to the President of the United States, I thought him the ugliest man I had ever seen. He was fairly elected the first time, I acknowledge,—but was he the last? A good many of the "free and equal" were not allowed a vote then.

The next day I persuaded one of the lads in the hotel to take a walk with me early in the morning, and I passed General Lee's house. A Yankee guard was pacing to and fro before it—at which I felt an impulse of indignation,—but presently the door opened, the guard took his seat on the steps and proceeded to investigate the contents of a very neatly furnished tray, which Mrs. Lee in the kindness of her heart had sent out to him.

I am obliged to acknowledge that there is really no hope now for our ultimate success. Everybody says so. My heart is too full for words. General Johnson says we may comfort ourselves by the fact that war may decide a *policy,* but never a *principle.* I imagine our *principle* is all that remains to us of hope or comfort. Devotedly,

"AGNES."

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN TO MRS. KRUTTSCHNITT

[From 'The Life of Judah P. Benjamin,' by Pierce Butler, in the American Crisis Biographies. Copyright, 1906, George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia. Used here by permission.]

HAVANA, 1st August, 1865.

I WROTE to you from Nassau, my darling sister, and sent you a long account of my perils and sufferings in effecting my escape from the Yankees. I left Nassau on the day after my arrival there (on the 22d July), and arrived here on the 25th, after a very favorable passage, the first lucky weather that I have had on my voyages. I have now recovered entirely from my fatigue, have had time to provide myself with comfortable clothing, and have been received here with great kindness and attention. I shall leave for England by the steamer on the 6th (my birthday), and hope to see my wife and daughter once more by the 1st of September.

This letter will be carried to you by Alexander Benjamin, a young kinsman with whom I made acquaintance in Nassau.

It seems that he is a grandson of Emanuel Benjamin, our uncle, and is therefore second cousin to us. I have been very much pleased with him, and am greatly indebted to him for the unwearied kindness and attention with which he set himself to work to supply my numberless wants when I arrived at Nassau. He was the chief clerk of Mr. Heyliger, who was the agent of the Confederate government at Nassau, and is an excellent man of business, as well as a gentleman in manners, feelings, and deportment. Every one in Nassau spoke of him in high terms, and I beg, my love, that you give him a warm and cordial welcome for my sake. I am quite taken with him.

Since my arrival here, General Kirby Smith has arrived from Mexico, but is unable to give me any news of my dear Joe and Lionel. I am quite anxious to hear of them, and beg that you will not fail to give me any news of them, as well as of our poor forlorn sisters, by the very first mail for Liverpool. If you give your letters to Mr. Benjamin, he will know how to forward them without fear of their being intercepted. I trust that Sis and Hatty have been able to reach New Orleans in safety, and I take it for granted that they would return there as their best refuge. From what I have learned since my arrival here I have very strong reason for believing that I have saved about 600 bales of cotton, and in that event I will have no difficulty in providing for them so as to place them above want.

I did not write you in my last of the narrow escape I had from water-spouts when in my little boat at sea. I had never seen a water-spout, and often expressed a desire to be witness of so striking a phenomenon. I got, however, more than I bargained for. On the night before I reached Bemini, after a day of intense heat, the entire horizon was black with squalls. We took in our sail, unstepped the mast, and as we were on soundings, we let go the anchor in order to ride out the squalls in safety. They were forming all around us, and as there was no wind, it was impossible to tell which of them would strike us. At about nine o'clock, however, a very heavy, lurid cloud in the west dipped down toward the sea, and in a single minute two large water-spouts were formed, and the wind began blowing furiously directly toward us, bringing the water-

spouts in a straight line for our boat. They were at the distance of a couple of miles, and did not seem to travel very fast. The furious whirl of the water could be distinctly heard, as in a long waving column that swayed about in the breeze and extended from the ocean up into the cloud, the spouts advanced in their course. If they had struck us we would have been swamped in a second, but before they reached us the main squall was upon us with such a tremendous blast of wind and rain combined that it was impossible to face the drops of water which were driven into our eyes with such violence as to compel us instantly to turn our backs to it, while it seemed that the force of the wind was so great that it would press our little boat bodily down into the sea. The waves were not high, the strength of the blast being such as to keep the surface of the water compressed. On turning our backs to this tremendous squall, judge of our dismay on seeing another water-spout formed in another squall in the east, also traveling directly towards us, although the wind was blowing with such fury from the west. There must have been contrary currents at different heights in the air, and we had scarcely caught sight of this new danger, when the two spouts first seen passed our boat at a distance of about one hundred yards (separated from each other by about a quarter of a mile), tearing up the whole surface of the sea as they passed, and whirling it furiously into the clouds, with a roar such as is heard at the foot of Niagara Falls. The western blast soon reached the spout that had been coming toward us from the east and checked its career. It wavered and broke, and the other two spouts continued their awful race across the ocean until we lost sight of them in the blackness of the horizon. A quarter of an hour after, all was calm and still, and our boat was lazily heaving and setting on the long swell of the Bahama Sea. It was a scene and picture that has become photographed on my brain, and that I can never forget.

We are all in intense anxiety on the subject of our honored and noble chief, Jefferson Davis. By the last accounts there was every probability that those in power at Washington would succeed in getting rid of him by the tortures inflicted on him in prison, and that the delay in trying him was intended to give time for this moral assassination. No nobler gentleman,

no purer man, no more exalted patriot ever drew breath; and eternal infamy will blacken the base and savage wretches who are now taking advantage of their brief grasp of power to wreak a cowardly vengeance on his honored head.

On looking over the New Orleans papers I see that many of our old friends are returning, and I specially note that Payne, Huntington & Co. have resumed business. Don't fail to let me know if my dear friend Wash [Huntington] is in New Orleans, and if so, give him a thousand memories of love and friendship for me, and say that I will write to him from Liverpool. You can read to him those parts of my letters that don't refer to family affairs.

I long, dearest, beyond expression to see you all once more, and to have your darling chicks gathered round the knee of 'Uncle Ben.' You must write me fully about them all, as well as about your own health, and dear Kitt's health and purposes —whether he is going into business, etc., etc.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN TO MISS BENJAMIN

[From 'The Life of Judah P. Benjamin,' by Pierce Butler, in the American Crisis Biographies. Copyright, 1906, George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia. Used here by permission.]

London, August 10, 1872.

I have had high professional promotion lately. A number of the judges united in recommending to the Lord Chancellor that I should have a 'patent of precedence,' which gives me rank above all future Queen's Counsel and above all Sergeants at Law (except two or three who already have such patents), and Her Majesty upon the transmission of this recommendation by the Lord Chancellor, who endorsed it, was pleased to issue her warrant directing that such a patent should be granted to me.

I have received it in person from the Lord Chancellor at his own house, and he gave it to me with some very flattering expressions. I need hardly say that as the law journals and the *Times* have contained some articles on the subject it will be of immense value to me in my profession in various ways, both in increased income and in greater facility of labor; for you must know that a 'leader' who has a patent of precedence

has not half as hard work as a 'junior,' because it is the business of the junior to do all the work connected with the pleadings and preparation of a cause, and the leader does nothing but argue and try the causes after they have been completely prepared for him.

As the ladies always want to know all the details of ceremonies, I will say for the gratification of the feminine mind that my patent of precedence is engrossed on parchment, and to it is annexed the great seal, which is an enormous lump of wax as large and thick as a muffin, enclosed in a tin box, and the whole together contained in a red morocco box highly ornamented. As nothing of this kind is ever done under a monarchy without an endless series of charges, etc., it cost me about £80, or $400, to pay for stamps, fees, presents to servitors, etc., etc. Now for the reverse side of the medal.

I have now to wear a full bottomed wig, with wings falling down on my shoulders, and knee breeches and black silk stockings and shoes with buckles, and in this ridiculous array, in my silk gown, to present myself at the next levee of Her Majesty to return thanks for her gracious kindness. In the same dress I am also to be present at the grand breakfast which the Lord Chancellor gives to Her Majesty's Judges and to the leaders of the bar every year in October (at the end of the month), when the Michaelmas Term begins. Fortunately, I have three months for bracing up my nerves to the trial of making myself such an object, and as it is usual to have photographs made of one's self on these occasions I will send some to enable you all to laugh at 'how like a monkey brother looks in that hideous wig.'

Before I forget it, I must just mention that I don't want anything of this sort that I write for the family to get into the papers, for if it were repeated here, it would be known that such details must have originated with me, and I should be suspected, to my great mortification, of writing puffs of myself, than which nothing is deservedly regarded with more contempt. Of course, the *fact* of my promotion being announced could do no harm, but none of the details which could come *only* from *me* must get into the papers.

THOMAS HART BENTON TO JAMES P. PRESTON

[From 'The Life of Thomas Hart Benton,' by Wm. M. Meigs. Copyright, 1904, 1906, J. B. Lippincott Company. Used here by permission.]

St. Louis, Nov. 14th, 1819.

My very dear Friend:

. . . Our fine country here is becoming a New Virginia. Vast numbers are arriving from the Parent state; but it would not seem like Virginia to me without some Prestons in it; and happily our friend William Campbell has just consummated an event which determines his happiness, and fixes his fate on the banks of the Missouri. I shall hope to see many follow him, even yourself, at least for a visit, which may be easily made with the help of steam boats, now swarming on the Ohio and Mississippi, or in a carriage which would find in our prairies plains for rolling over, more beautiful and extended than Asia itself could boast.

You know what I told you when I parted from you in that temple dedicated to Felicity on the summit of the Allegheny, that I was going forth as an adventurer to begin on a new theatre, and to endeavor to lay with my own hands some foundation of character and fortune. I did so. I crossed the Mississippi on a Sunday evening, four hundred dollars in my pocket, and nobody ahead that I had ever seen before, my law reading to revise and the French language to learn. Heaven has been kind to me for it has given me health to perform in my office, and in the circle of my wants, the labors of a galley slave, and in four years I am comfortably established. If I had brought with me twenty or thirty thousand dollars, I should have been worth to-day from a quarter to half a million. For I had seen enough of the world to see things as they were, and as they would be. I came among people who could not believe it possible that ground about St. Louis, then selling for thirty dollars an acre, should sell at this day for two thousand; but I did believe, nay knew it, and daily saw splendid fortunes passing in review before me, and falling into the hands of those who look a few days ahead. Nor have these times entirely passed away. Our country still presents the finest theatre in America. Our lands are yet cheap, and advance in price while sinking everywhere else. Our towns flourish while so many

others are perishing. Our noble rivers are enlivened with commerce; and the tide of emigration flows in upon us with a force and steadiness which should announce to the old states that the power of this continent is gravitating to the borders of the Mississippi. Look back to what we were thirty years ago; see what we are to-day; tell what we must be in 1830. From that day the West will give the law to the Republic; and those who have views beyond that period should plant themselves betimes on the waters of the West. But I did not begin this letter to make a political essay, but to renew to you and Mrs. Preston the assurance of my never dying friendship.

JEFFERSON DAVIS TO PRESIDENT FRANKLIN PIERCE

[From 'The Davis Memorial Volume,' by J. William Jones. Copyright, 1890, B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va. Used here by permission.]

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 20, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have often and sadly turned my thoughts to you during the troublous times through which we have been passing, and now I come to the hard task of announcing to you that the hour is at hand which closes my connection with the United States, for the independence and union of which my father toiled and in the service of which I sought to emulate the example he set for my guidance. Mississippi, not as a matter of choice, but of necessity, has resolved to enter on the field of secession. Those who have driven her to this alternative threaten to deprive her of the right to require that her government shall rest on the consent of the governed, to substitute foreign force for domestic support, to reduce a State to the condition from which the colony rose. In the attempt to avoid the issue which had been joined by the country, the present administration has complicated and precipitated the question. Even now, if the duty to "preserve the public property" was rationally regarded, the probable collision at Charleston would be avoided. Security far better than any which the Federal troops can give might be obtained in consideration of the little garrison of Fort Sumter. If the disavowal of any purpose to coerce South Carolina be sincere, the possession of a work to command the harbor is worse than useless.

When Lincoln comes in he will have but to continue in the path of his predecessor to inaugurate a civil war, and leave a soi-disant Democratic administration responsible for the fact. General Cushing was here last week, and when he parted it seemed like taking a last leave of a brother.

I leave immediately for Mississippi, and know not what may devolve upon me after my return. Civil war has only horror for me, but whatever circumstances may demand shall be met as a duty, and I trust be so discharged that you will not be ashamed of our former connection or cease to be my friend.

Mrs. Davis joins me in kind remembrance to Mrs. Pierce, and the expression of the hope that we may yet have you both at our country home. Do me the favor to write to me often. Address Hurricane P. O., Warren County, Miss.

May God bless you, is ever the prayer of your friend,

JEFF'N DAVIS.

LAFCADIO HEARN TO ELIZABETH BISLAND

[From 'Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn,' by Elizabeth Bisland. Copyright, 1906, Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Used here by permission.]

FORT DE FRANCE, Martinique, July, 1887.

DEAR MISS BISLAND,—Imagine yourself turned into marble, all white,—robed after the fashion of the Directory,—standing forever on a marble pedestal, under an enormous azure day, encircled by a ring of tall palms, graceful as Creole women,—and gazing always, always, over the summer sea, toward emerald Trois Islets.

That is *Josephine!* I think she looks just like you, "Mamzelle Josephine," or Zefine, if you like.

I want to tell you a little story about her,—just a little anecdote somebody told me on the street, which I want to develop into a sketch next week.

It was after the fall of the Second Empire,—after France felt the iron heel of Germany upon her throat.

Far off in this delicious little Martinique, the Republican rage made itself felt;—the huge reaction passed over the ocean like a magnetic current. So it happened, in a little while, that the Martinique politicians resolved to do that which had al-

ready been done in France,—to obliterate the memories of the Empire.

There was Mamzelle Zefine, *par exemple!* . . They put a rope round her beautiful white neck. They prepared to destroy the statue. Then somebody rang the Church-bell—(you ought to see the sleepy little church: it makes you want to doze the moment you pass into its cool shadow). A vast crowd gathered in the Savane.

It was a crowd of women,—mostly women who had been slaves,—quadroons, mulattoesses; the house-servants, the *bonnes*, the nurses and housekeepers of the old days. (You could form no possible idea of this coloured Creole element without seeing it: it does not exist in New Orleans.) They gathered to defend Mamzelle Zefine.

When the Republican officials came with their workmen at sunrise, Mamzelle Zefine was still gazing toward Trois Islets; she was white as ever; her pure cold passionate face just as lovely: she seemed totally indifferent to what was about to happen,—she was dreaming her eternal plaintive dream.

But she could well afford to feel indifferent! About her, under the circle of the palms, surged a living sea,—a tide of angry faces, above which flashed the lightning of cane-knives, axes, *couteaux de boucher*. "Ah! li vieu! lâches! cafa'ds! pott'ons! Vos pas cabab toucher li! Touche li—yon tete fois! Osé toucher li! Capons Républicains! Osé toucher li!"

Mamzelle Zefine still gazed plaintively toward Trois Islets. She must have seemed to that yellow population to live;—for each one she represented some young mistress, some petted child, some memory of the old colonial days. And all the love of the slave for the master—all the strange passionate senseless affection of the servant for the Creole family—was stirred to storm by the mere idea of the proposed desecration. The man who should have dared to lay an evil finger upon Josephine that day would have been torn limb from limb in the public square. The officials were frightened and foiled: they pledged their faith that the statue should not be touched.

So they took the ropes away; and they piled flowers at Mamzelle Zefine's white feet; they garlanded her; they twined the crimson jessamines of the tropics about her beautiful white throat. And she is still here,—always in the circle of the palms,

always looking to Trois Islets, always beautiful and sweet as a young Creole maiden,—dreamy, gracious, loving,—with a smile that is like some faint, sweet memory of other days.

Always,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

STONEWALL JACKSON TO MRS. JACKSON

MANASSAS, July 22d. [1861].

MY PRECIOUS PET,—Yesterday we fought a great battle and gained a great victory, for which all the glory is due to *God alone*. Although under a heavy fire for several continuous hours, I received only one wound, the breaking of the longest finger of my left hand; but the doctor says the finger can be saved. It was broken about midway between the hand and knuckle, the ball passing on the side next the forefinger. Had it struck the centre, I should have lost the finger. My horse was wounded, but not killed. Your coat got an ugly wound near the hip, but my servant, who is very handy, has so far repaired it that it doesn't show very much. My preservation was entirely due, as was the glorious victory, to our God, to whom be all the honor, praise, and glory. The battle was the hardest that I have ever been in, but not near so hot in its fire. I commanded the centre more particularly, though one of my regiments extended to the right for some distance. There were other commanders on my right and left. Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack. This is for your information only—say nothing about it. Let others speak praise, not myself.

STONEWALL JACKSON TO REV. WILLIAM S. WHITE

[A day or two after the battle of Manassas, and before the news of the victory had reached Lexington in authentic form, the postoffice was thronged with people, awaiting with intense interest the opening of the mail. Soon a letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White, who immediately recognized the well-known superscription of his deacon soldier, and exclaimed to the eager and expectant group around him: "Now we shall know all the facts." Upon opening it the bulletin read thus.]

MY DEAR PASTOR: In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my

contribution for our colored Sunday-school. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige yours faithfully,

T. J. Jackson.

THOMAS JEFFERSON TO ROGER C. WEIGHTMAN

[This letter to the mayor of Washington City was the last that Jefferson wrote.]

Monticello, June 24, 1826.

Respected Sir: The kind invitation received from you, on the part of the citizens of the city of Washington, to be present with them at their celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, as one of the surviving signers of an instrument pregnant with our own, and the fate of the world, is most flattering to myself, and heightened by the honorable accompaniment proposed for the comfort of such a journey. It adds sensibly to the sufferings of sickness, to be deprived by it of a personal participation in the rejoicing of that day. But acquiescence is a duty, under circumstances not placed among those we are permitted to control. I should, indeed, with peculiar delight, have met and exchanged there congratulations personally with the small band, the remnant of that host of worthies, who joined with us on that day, in the bold and doubtful election we were to make for our country, between submission or the sword; and to have enjoyed with them the consolatory fact, that our fellow-citizens, after half a century of experience and prosperity, continue to approve the choice we made. May it be to the world, what I believe it will be (to some parts sooner, to others, later, but finally to all), the signal of arousing men to burst the chains under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government. That form which we have substituted, restores the free right to the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion. All eyes are opened, or opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few hooted and spurred, ready to ride them legiti-

mately, by the grace of God. These are grounds of hope for others. For ourselves, let the annual return of this day, forever refresh our recollections of these rights, and an undiminished devotion to them.

I will ask permission here to express the pleasure with which I should have met any ancient neighbors of the city of Washington and its vicinities, with whom I passed so many years of a pleasing social intercourse; an intercourse which so much relieved the anxieties of the public cares, and left impressions so deeply engraved in my affections as never to be forgotten. With my regret that ill health forbids me the gratification of an acceptance, be pleased to receive for yourself, and those for whom you write, the assurance of my highest respect and friendly attachments. TH. JEFFERSON.

L. Q. C. LAMAR TO THE VICKSBURG COMMITTEE

[This letter contains perhaps the most elaborate comparison yet made between Washington and Lee.]

OXFORD, Miss., Dec. 5, 1870.

To Col. William H. McCardle, and others, Committee, etc., Vicksburg, Miss.

GENTLEMEN: When, on the occasion of Gen. Lee's death, I received your invitation to deliver an address on the 19th of January next, at the city of Vicksburg, the strongest impulses prompted me to an immediate and cordial acceptance. Subsequent reflection, however, showed me that I could not so regulate my engagements as to permit the making of a positive promise to be present on that proudly mournful occasion.

If my long delay in giving you a final answer seems strange, consider it as due to my anxious desire to avoid the necessity of relinquishing such an opportunity of giving voice to the emotions which fill my soul when contemplating the life that has just closed amid the tears of a nation's sorrow.

While a career illuminated by every accomplishment of the soldier and scholar, as well as the highest feelings of the patriot and gentleman, is beyond all eulogy, it is nevertheless our duty and delight to make every effort to give some expression to our sense of its grandeur, just as it behooves us to make

every preparation for eternity, although eternity is beyond the grasp of our comprehension.

The day of his death will be the anniversary of the South's great sorrow. But it was not *his* darkest day. I was at Appomattox when the flag which had been borne in triumph upon his many battlefields was torn from his loving and reluctant grasp. After the terms of capitulation had been arranged, chance brought him to the spot where my tent was pitched.

I had seen him often before. On one occasion, especially, I remember how he appeared in a consultation of leading men, where, amid the greatest perturbations, his mind seemed to repose in majestic poise and serenity. Again, I saw him immediately after one of his grand battles, while the light of victory shone upon his brow.

But never shall I forget how completely his wonted composure was overthrown in this last sad interview. Every lineament of his grand face writhed, and the big tears fell from his eyes as he spoke of the anguish of the scene he had just witnessed. And yet his whole presence breathed the hero still. A consciousness of a great calamity to be greatly endured gave to his face the grandeur of victory as well as the mournfulness of death; and when he exclaimed, *"It is worse than death!"* I could easily see how he would have welcomed the grave for himself and all that he loved, could it have only averted his country's awful woe. Ah, my countrymen! well may you weep over his grave, for there lies one whose heart broke in the very tension of its love for you and your country.

Between the characters of Washington and Lee, Dr. Palmer, in a recent address, draws a parallel which is no less true than it is eloquent and suggestive. The points of resemblance between them were indeed many and striking. Both were Southerners; both were slaveholders; both, by inclination as well as inheritance, were planters; both possessed in an eminent degree those qualities which ennoble and invigorate the Southern character; and both were inspired by a heroic devotion to liberty and right. But here the parallel ends. As the orbs of heaven are alike in brilliancy and grandeur and divinity, while yet "one star differeth from another star in glory," so were the wonderful virtues which were common to the souls of both these men strangely diverse in their manifestations. Each was

a man *sui generis*. Purely original in their characters, neither ever thought of forming his own nature on any prototype or of establishing in himself an archetype for others. This indifference to what men generally seek with greatest assiduity —conformity to some recognized model—naturally produced peculiarities to some extent alike, but to a larger extent unlike.

For instance, both were of unflecked social purity. Washington, however, was cold and austere in his nature. Inaccessible to men, formal to women, no warmth of social enjoyment or rational pleasure ever thawed the frigid dignity which enveloped him. Lee, on the contrary, was affectionate and genial. Cheerful without levity, cordial but not obtrusive, he enlivened the hours of relaxation with a humor almost sportive in its fancy, while the moments of sorrow were comforted by the sympathies of a loving heart.

The soul of Washington was pure and cold, like an Alpine glacier; the soul of Lee was limpid and warm, like the waters of the Indian ocean.

Both were just, magnanimous, and modest. Washington, however, was born with a love for command, and a yearning after it. He fawned upon no one, and he scorned to act the part of a demagogue; but those whom he suspected of disputing his leadership he denounced with fierce and vehement wrath. Even those who beheld him for the first time intuitively recognized in him a master; for the intensity of his will, and its calm self-assertion, placed him in authority over men as naturally as the sweep of pinion and the strong grasp of talons place the eagle in the kingship of birds.

To Lee self-assertion was a thing unknown. His growth into universal favor and honor was the result of a slowly dawning consciousness in the popular mind of his retiring merit and transcendent excellence, of that affinity which silently draws together great men and great places when a nation is convulsed.

Washington wooed glory like a proud, noble, and exacting lover, and won her. Lee sought not glory; he turned away from her. But glory sought him, and overtook him, and threw her everlasting halo around him; while he, all unconscious of his immortality, was following after duty.

Both were born to command, and both led the armies of

a mighty struggle. But Washington, though in a great measure he began and conducted to a successful end a great revolution, has never had accorded to him by history the title of a great military genius. From a want of opportunity or some other cause it was not permitted to him to make those brilliant manifestations of military capacity which startle the world into the acknowledgment of that attribute.

Lee, by his splendid generalship and grand battles, wrung homage from the lips of his bitterest enemies, and inspired his armies, always inferior to the enemy in numbers and appointments, to endure sacrifices and perform prodigies of valor which excited the wonder and admiration of the world.

Washington was a man of strictest integrity and sublime virtue and there is much in his writings which evinces a profound sense of a Divine Providence in human affairs; but he could not, I apprehend, be called a pious man.

Lee, with the same majestic morality, with the same imposing virtues of truthfulness, courage, and justice, blended the sweet and tender graces of a holy heart and a Christian life.

Both were patriots, but Washington stood before the world an avowed revolutionist. The movement he led was an acknowledged insurrection against established authority. He drew his sword to sever the connection between colonies and their parent country, between subjects and their legitimate sovereign—a connection that rested on historic foundation and on undisputed legal rights.

But there was not in Lee or his cause one single element of revolution or rebellion. Conservative in his nature and education and associations, unswerving in his loyalty to the power which for him was paramount to all others, the cause in defence of which he drew his sword was founded upon historic rights, constitutional law, public morality, and the inviolable right of free and sovereign States, many of whose constitutions were established and in peaceful operation while that of the United States lay unthought of in the far-off years of futurity.

It has been said that "General Lee's memory belongs to no particular section; that his fame is to be, not that of the *Confederate* chieftain, but of the great *American* soldier." I

must confess that I do not believe that this sentiment finds any genuine response in the hearts of our people. True, the war has closed; and it is high time that the evil passions which it aroused should be hushed. Would to God that the memories of its outrages and atrocities could be banished forever from the minds of men! And if the victorious North would afford to the defeated people of the South the benefits of the Union and constitution, in whose name the desolations of war were visited upon them, and permit them to enjoy, in the Union, *real union,* concord, amity, and security from oppression, the Southern people would be prompt to bury all the animosities of the war, to remember only its glories, and to regard the glories won by each people as the common property of the American nation. But into this common heritage they will never consent to put the name and fame of Robert E. Lee. They will ever feel that they cannot, and ought not, to surrender him to America. They cannot forget that after the war had closed, after the South had surrendered her arms and submitted to the Constitution of the United States upon the Northern interpretation of it, after slavery had been abolished and secession pronounced null and void in every Southern State, after the integrity of the Union was established and recognized in every county, town, house, and hovel in the desolate land, Robert E. Lee and his people were, to the day of his death, branded as rebels and proscribed as traitors to America. By far the greatest military genius on the American continent, his love for his country obliged him to withdraw from the American army and throw himself into the breach of its colossal invasion; one of the most superb gentlemen in America, he was proscribed from the higher employments of American society, and compelled to earn his living in the seclusion of a Southern college; possessed of the highest order of statesmanship known to America, he was deprived of the ordinary rights of American citizenship; and thus his eyes closed in death on America. Purity of heart, fervor of religion, might of intellect, and splendor of genius, were rendered hateful in the sight of those who arrogate to themselves exclusively the title of the American people, by the single sin of love for the South, the land of his birth.

He has already taken his place in history; not as an Amer-

ican, but as a Southern patriot and martyr, of whom America was not worthy. Every thought of his brain, every pulsation of his heart, every fold and fibre of his being, were Southern. Not a drop but of pure Virginia blood flowed in his veins. Virginian, Southern, Confederate, secession, from crown to sole, he had no aspiration in common with America as America now is, or sympathy with her works as they now are; and from the day on which his venerable State seceded from the American Union there was not an hour when he would not have gladly offered up life and all that life holds dear on the altar of Southern rights against American oppression.

It has been said that "Gen. Lee belongs to civilization." Aye, he belongs to civilization! But let it not be forgotten—for such will be the record of impartial history—that it was the Southern type of civilization which produced him! And now that a sublime self-immolation has fixed him on the topmost pinnacle of fame, let his immortal image look down forever upon the ages, the perfect representative of the mighty struggle, the glorious purpose, and the long-sustained moral principle of the heroic race from which he sprung. Thanking you, gentlemen, for the kindness which prompted your invitation, I am,

Your friend and obedient servant,

L. Q. C. Lamar.

SIDNEY LANIER TO MRS. LANIER

[From 'Letters of Sidney Lanier.' Copyright, 1899, by Mary Day Lanier. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used here by permission.]

New York, Sunday, October 18, 1874.

I have been in my room all day; and have just concluded a half-dozen delicious hours, during which I have been devouring, with a hungry ferocity of rapture which I know not how to express, 'The Life of Robert Schumann,' by his pupil von Wasielewski. This pupil, I am sure, did not fully comprehend his great master. I think the key to Schumann's whole character, with all its labyrinthine and often disappointing peculiarities, is this: That he had no mode of self-expression, or, I should rather say, of self-expansion, besides

the musical mode. This may seem a strange remark to make of him who was the founder and prolific editor of a great musical journal, and who perhaps exceeded any musician of his time in general culture. But I do not mean that he was confined to music for self-expression, though indeed, the sort of critical writing which Schumann did so much of is not at all like poetry in its tranquilizing effects upon the soul of the writer. What I do mean is that his sympathies were not *big* enough, he did not go through the awful struggle of genius, and lash and storm and beat about until his soul was grown large enough to embrace the whole of life and the All of things, that is, large enough to appreciate (if even without understanding) the magnificent designs of God, and tall enough to stand in the trough of the awful cross-waves of circumstance and look over their heights along the whole sea of God's manifold acts, and deep enough to admit the peace that passeth understanding. That is, indeed, the fault of all German culture, and the weakness of all German genius. A great artist should have the sensibility and expressive genius of Schumann, the calm grandeur of Lee, and the human breadth of Shakespeare, all in one.

Now in this particular of being open, unprejudiced, and unenvious, Schumann soars far above his brother Germans; he valiantly defended our dear Chopin, and other young musicians who were struggling to make head against the abominable pettiness of German prejudice. But, withal, I cannot find that his life was great, as a whole: I cannot see him caring for his land, for the poor, for religion, for humanity: he was always a restless soul; and the ceaseless wear of incompleteness finally killed, as a maniac, him whom a broader Love might have kept alive as a glorious artist to this day.

The truth is, the world does not require enough at the hands of genius. Under the special plea of greater sensibilities, and of consequent greater temptations, it excuses its gifted ones, and even sometimes makes a "law of their weakness." But this is wrong: the sensibility of genius is just as much greater to high emotions as to low ones; and whilst it subjects to stronger temptations, it at the same time interposes—if it *will*—stronger considerations for resistance.

These are scarcely fair things to be saying *apropos* of

Robert Schumann: for I do not think he was ever guilty of any excesses of genius—as they are called: I only mean them to apply to the *unrest* of his life.

—And yet, for all I have said, how his music does burn in my soul! It stretches me upon the very rack of delight; I know no musician that fills me so full of heavenly anguish, and if I had to give up all the writers of music save one, my one should be Robert Schumann.

—Some of his experiences cover some of my own as aptly as one-half of an oyster-shell does the other half. Once he went to Vienna—that gay New York of Austria; and he writes back to his sister Theresa:

". . . So my plans have as yet progressed but little. The city is so large that one needs double time for everything. . . . But to tell you a secret, I shouldn't like to live here long, and *alone;* serious men and Saxons are seldom wanted or understood here. . . . In vain do I look for musicians; that is, musicians who not only play passably well upon one or two instruments, but who are cultivated men, and understand Shakespeare and Jean Paul. . . . I might relate all this at full length. But I don't know how the days fly, here; I've been here three months to-day; and the post-time, four o'clock, is always just at hand. . . . Clara goes the first of January to Paris, and probably to London later. We shall then be far apart. Sometimes I feel as if I could not bear it. But you know the reason: she wants to make money, of which we are indeed in need. May the good God guard her, the good, faithful girl!"



Recumbent Statue of Robert E. Lee
Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

ROBERT E. LEE TO GEORGE W. JONES

[Used here by permission of Dr. Charles L. Minor, Asheville, N.C.]

Lexington, Va., 22 March 1869.

My dear Genl:

I am very much gratified at the reception this [illegible] of your letter of the 16th Inst.; enclosing for my perusal one that you had recd from Genl A. C. Dodge, & which as you have given me permission I will retain; not merely for the expression of his kind sentiments towards me which I feel I illy deserve, but in remembrance of the writer. Were it worth his while to refer to my political record, he would find that I was not in favour of secession & was opposed to war. In fact that I was for the Constitution & the Union established by our forefathers. No one now is more in favour of that Union & that Constitution, & as far as I know it is that for which the South has all along contended & if restored as I trust they will be, I am sure there will be no truer supporters of that Union & that Constitution than the Southern people. But I must not wander into politics, a subject I carefully avoid, & return to your letter. Your communication of the 15 Jany last was especially pleasing to me and I am very glad to have authenticated under your own name statements which were made to me at the time of Genl Gratiot's removal, as well as your high opinion of his character. I have never been associated with a person who as far as my knowledge extended laboured more earnestly or more honestly for the Government & the welfare of the people than he did. When you next come to Virginia I hope that you will not halt on the borders but penetrate the interior of the State & that you will come to Lexington. We shall be very glad to see you & I hope that you will be repaid for your journey by the pleasure which you will see your visit affords us. Though rather late I must thank you for introducing me to your friend Mrs. (Naim) whom I met last summer at the Warm Springs. We found her & her sister most agreeable companions & charming ladies. I wished to write to you at that time but they can tell you how closely I was occupied night & day in nursing a sick daughter. I have thought of your friends very often since their departure

& hope that their health has been permanently benefited by their visit to our mountains & that they will be encouraged to repeat it.

Please present my kindest regards to every member of your family, especially to your brave sons, who aided in our struggle for state's rights & constitutional government. We failed, but in the good Providence of God apparent failure often proves a blessing. I trust it may eventuate so in this instance. In reference to certain articles which were taken from Arlington, about which you inquire, Mrs. Lee is indebted to our old friend Capt. James May for the order from the late administration for their restoration to her. Congress, however, passed a resolution forbidding their return. They were valuable to her as having belonged to her great grandmother & having been bequeathed to her by her father. But as the country desires them she must give them up. I hope their presence at the Capital will keep in the remembrance of all Americans the principles & virtues of Washington.

With my earnest prayers for the peace & happiness of yourself & all your family

I am with true respect
Your friend & servant
R. E. Lee.

Genl Geo. W. Jones.

DOLLY MADISON TO HER NIECE, MARY CUTTS

[From 'Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison,' edited by her grand-niece. Copyright, 1888, Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Used here by permission.]

Montpelier, July 30, 1826.

Your letter, my dearest niece, with the one before it, came quite safely, for which I return thanks and kisses. I rejoice too, dear Dolly, to see how well you write and express yourself, and am as proud of all your acquirements as if you were my own daughter. I trust you will yet be with me this summer, when I shall see your improvement in person also, and enjoy the sweet assurance of your affection. Mary Lee and her husband have been indisposed, but are better. They say often they hope you will come with your dear mother, as

do all your relatives and friends in this quarter. The old lady—even the negroes, young and old, want to see you, dear.

We had old Mr. Patterson and his son Edward from Baltimore to stay with us several days, and they tell me that Madame Bonaparte is still in France, and her son gone to Rome to visit his father. Mr. Monroe left us yesterday, disappointed in his views of raising money from his land. Mr. B. continued on his way to the Springs, and I am disappointed at not sending a packet to you, enclosing the flounce which I wanted you to wear, worked by me long ago.

I received by the last post a letter from your cousin Payne, at New York; he writes in fine health and spirits, and says he will be detained only a few weeks longer in that city. I sincerely hope to see him soon, though it is impossible for him to prefer Virginia to the North. If I were in Washington with you I know I could not conform to the formal rules of visiting they now have, but would disgrace myself by rushing about among my friends at all hours. Here I find it most agreeable to stay at home, everything around me is so beautiful. Our garden promised grapes and figs in abundance, but I shall not enjoy them unless your mamma comes, and brings you to help us with them; tell the boys they must come too. Alas! poor Walter, away at sea! I can scarcely trust myself to think of him—his image fills my eyes with tears.

Adieu, and believe me always your tender mother and aunt,

Dolly P. Madison.

P. S. We are very old-fashioned here. Can you send me a paper pattern of the present sleeve, and describe the width of dress and waist; also how turbans are pinned up, bonnets worn, as well as how to behave in the fashion?

EDGAR ALLAN POE TO F. W. THOMAS

[From 'The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe,' edited by James A. Harrison. Copyright, 1902, Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. Used here by permission.]

FORDHAM, near New York,
Feb. 14th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND THOMAS: Your letter dated Nov. 27, has reached me at a little village of the Empire State after having taken at its leisure, a very considerable tour among the P. Offices—occasioned I presume by your endorsement "to forward" wherever I might be—and the fact is where I might not have been for the last three months, is the legitimate question. At all events now that I have your well known MS. before me, it is most cordially welcomed. Indeed it seems an age since I heard from you and a decade of ages since I shook you by the hand—although I hear from you now and then. Right glad am I to find you once more in a true position—"in the field of letters." Depend upon it after all, Thomas, literature is the most noble of professions. In fact, it is about the only one fit for a man. For my own part there is no seducing me from the path. I shall be a *littérateur* at least, all my life; nor would I abandon the hopes which still lead me on for all the gold in California. Talking of gold and of the temptations at present held out to "poor-devil authors" did it ever strike you that all that is really valuable to a man of letters—to a poet in especial—is absolutely unpurchasable? Love, fame, the dominion of intellect, the consciousness of power, the thrilling sense of beauty, the free air of Heaven, exercise of mind and body, with the physical and moral health which result—these and such as these are really all that a poet cares for:—then answer me this—*why* should he go to California? Like Brutus, "I pause for a reply" which like F. W. Thomas, I take it for granted you have no intention of giving me.

SEARGENT SMITH PRENTISS TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[From 'A Memoir of S. S. Prentiss,' edited by his brother. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1855, 1879.]

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI,
Feb. 5, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR:

My brother, who has just returned from abroad, informs me that, while in England, he enjoyed the gratification of paying you a visit, during which he learned that some members of your family were interested to a considerable amount in certain Mississippi bonds, which you considered worthless, supposing them to have been repudiated by the State of Mississippi. I take great pleasure, at his suggestion, in giving you some information on the subject. There are two classes of Mississippi bonds, issued at different periods, and for different purposes. One class has been repudiated by the legislative body, but the other has not been; nor is the validity of this latter class questioned at all. It is true no provision has been made during several years for the payment of the interest; but this neglect has arisen from other causes than that of repudiation.

The bonds in which you are interested, I perceive by a memorandum of my brother's, belong to this class. Their validity is acknowledged on all hands; nor has any pretence ever been set up of illegality, or irregularity—either in their inception or sale. *I have no doubt of the ultimate payment of these bonds, both principal and interest;*—and in this opinion I am sustained by all intelligent men in the country. How soon provision will be made for their liquidation, it is difficult to predict with any certainty. I am of opinion that in two or three years, the State will provide for the payment of the interest, and place the ultimate payment of the principal beyond any cavil. I would, therefore, advise the holders of this class of Mississippi bonds to avoid sacrificing them.

The doctrine of repudiation has had a momentary and apparent triumph in this State; but its success was accidental. It is not an exponent of the opinions of a majority of the people; nor is there the slightest danger of the principle be-

coming permanent. Indeed, it receives no countenance amongst honest and honorable men, and it is my deliberate opinion that four-fifths of the people of this State utterly abhor repudiation, and look upon its supporters as the advocates of fraud and dishonesty. But you will perhaps say this opinion is paradoxical; your Legislature, under your form of Government, is chosen by the people and expresses its will. This Legislature has, by a deliberate act repudiated a portion, at least, of the public obligations. That act is the act of the people. How, then, can it be said, that four-fifths are opposed to what all have done? I admit the force of the question, and the apparently anomalous character of my proposition; still it is correct—I know it is so, from my own observation; and in this case it has happened—as it does frequently in others—that a measure may be carried in the legislative body, at variance with the wishes and opinions of four-fifths of the electors. In the present instance, repudiation resulted out of a contest between two political parties, though it formed no element of either. These two parties were very equally divided, and a slight influence was sufficient to give to either the preponderance. At this juncture, a few reckless and profligate demagogues, observing the embarrassed and distressed state of the country, which was then at its height, seized upon the idea of repudiating the public debt, and threw it, as a make-weight, into their own side of the political scales. A few persons, for the most part among the ignorant and credulous, alarmed at the thought of increased taxation, which the demagogues told them would consume all their substance, and excited by artful appeals to their prejudices, and bold assertions of fraud on the part of the purchasers of the public bonds, were led away by this dishonest doctrine, and thus enabled their false leaders to succeed in placing their party in power. Thus the repudiators, though but a small body, and wholly incapable, as a party by themselves, have been able, by holding the balance of power between the two great and legitimate parties of the State, to foist themselves into temporary importance and apparent success. But those who made use of them, are already ashamed of their infamous allies, and repudiators are now repudiated by all honest and honorable men.

In times of great public distress, I have no doubt the doctrine of repudiation will be advanced by unprincipled politicians, in the different States, and perhaps, occasionally, with apparent and temporary success; but I feel perfectly certain, that it can never become permanent in any State. It cannot obtain as a public policy, until a majority of the people cease to be individually and privately honest. Notwithstanding the disgrace and obloquy which have, to a certain degree justly, fallen upon this State, its citizens are, in the main honest, and look upon the authors of their degradation with as little favor as you do.

I owe you, perhaps, an apology for going beyond the object of my letter (which was simply to inform you that the bonds you hold have not been repudiated by the Government, and that I believe they will be ultimately paid); if so, I trust I shall find it, in my desire to relieve at least a portion of my countrymen from the imputation of intentional dishonesty in the eyes of a poet and philosopher, whose good opinion is capable of adding weight even to the character of a nation.

If I can at any time serve you in this, or any other matter, it will afford me much gratification to do so.

Very respectfully,
Your obd't servant,
S. S. Prentiss.

To Wm. Wordsworth, Esq., Rydal Mount, England.

P. S. As I am, of course, an utter stranger to you, I will refer you to Mr. Everett, the American minister at your Court, in relation to the weight which should be attached to my opinions on this subject, should you deem it of sufficient importance to give them any consideration.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON TO MRS. PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

[From 'The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston,' by Elizabeth Preston Allan. Copyright, 1903, Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Used here by permission.]

LEXINGTON, VA., June 24, '86.

MY DEAR MRS. HAYNE,—I think it is kind above everything in you to have written to me when your hands were so full of anxiety and work. I got your postal announcing your departure to Macon, and had not known of your return until your letter came yesterday; I thought much of you during your absence, and wondered how Mr. Hayne was standing all the excitement he would be destined to encounter. It could hardly be wondered at that after such a drain upon his mental and physical energies, he should have had somewhat of a relapse on getting home. But it discouraged me very much, nevertheless, that there should be any such giving in as you speak of. I do trust that there has been no return of his trouble, and that it is nothing more than the reaction after so much movement and excitement; it must have been exceedingly gratifying to be so warmly and affectionately received by the people of his own adopted State.

I think no poet in America has ever received a greater number of ovations than your husband; the recognition of him as the Laureate of the South, and the best Nature poet in America, has been grudgingly delayed, but surely it has fully come at last; and there must be to him a satisfaction in it inexpressible, that at last his merits have wrung from North and South the acknowledgment they should gracefully and spontaneously have yielded long ago. But there the truth stands, *the recognition has come,* the poet has been crowned, and everywhere he is acknowledged. This fact must be some compensation to lighten the weary hours of sickness: he has reached the goal towards which he set his life, even if he should now drop his pen from his hand, and write no more. Let us thank God for this, and feel that his hand-to-hand, stout struggle with destiny has been a successful one, and that nothing henceforth can take him down from the pedestal on which he stands!

And how much of all this, my dear Mrs. Hayne, is due to you! If you had not been the brave-hearted woman you are, the struggle might not have been so manfully maintained; I am sure Mr. Hayne feels this, and is willing to share with you half his fame; it is you who have helped to make a shrine of Copse Hill; and you as well as he deserved to have your name engraven on the silver service received at Macon.

I hope you will be able to keep all visitors away from Mr. Hayne, until he entirely recovers, and gains a little strength again. But I need not warn you to do this, for have you not been the guardian angel who has always stood between him and the rough side of life?

How bitterly I regret the failure of all my endeavors to have you pay me a visit three years ago; to think that we should be friends so long, and yet never have met! And that we should meet now seems unlikely. But we cannot have things our way in this world; as Jean Ingelow says in her last letter to me, "I shall hope to meet, know, and love you in the world beyond." Will that have to content us? Or shall we hope to meet and know each other this side? If the meeting doesn't come soon, I fear I shall be too blind to see you...

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON TO PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

[From 'The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston,' by Elizabeth Preston Allan. Copyright, 1903, Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Used here by permission.]

LEXINGTON, VA., Nov. 17th, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. HAYNE,—I enclose you a little poem coaxed out of me by Mr. Hand Browne for the December No. of the *Eclectic*. I want you to like it. The expression of Gen. Lee (uttered in his unconsciousness) seems to me more striking than anything I can now recall from the dying lips of a great commander. *Tête d'armée*—how weak in comparison was Napoleon's utterance! And yet how wonderfully characteristic of the two generals! "Let the tent be struck"—obedient to orders—readiness for the duty of advance—the one's; self-glory, *tête d'armée*—the thought of the other. I hope you received a little picture I sent you of the General's

lying in state—if anything so simple may thus be termed. But engagements press, and I must stop at once.

Very truly yours,

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

JOHN RANDOLPH TO MR. T. B. DUDLEY

GEORGETOWN, Feb. 16, 1817.
Sunday morning.

YOUR letter, written this day week, reached me yesterday. Indeed, all three of your last have arrived regularly on the Saturday morning after their date—a reformation in the post-office that was more desired than expected.

I almost envy you Orlando. I would, if it were not Johnny Hoole's translation; although, at the age of ten, I devoured that more eagerly than gingerbread. Oh! if Milton had translated it, he might tell of

> All who, since, baptized or infidel
> Jousted in Aspromont or Montalban,
> Damasco, or Morocco, or Torbisond;
> Or whom Bisserta sent from Afric shore,
> When Charlemagne, with all his peerage, fell
> By Fontarabia.

Let me advise you to

> Call up him, who left half told,
> The story of Cambuscan bold.

I think you have never read Chaucer. Indeed, I have sometimes blamed myself for not cultivating your imagination, when you were young. It is a dangerous quality, however, for the possessor. But if from my life were to be taken the pleasure derived from that faculty, very little would remain. Shakespeare, and Milton, and Chaucer, and Spenser, and Plutarch, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and Don Quixote, and Gil Blas, and Tom Jones, and Gulliver, and Robinson Crusoe, "and the tale of Troy divine," have made up more than half of my worldly enjoyment. To these ought

to be added Ovid's Metamorphoses, Ariosto, Dryden, Beaumont and Fletcher, Southern, Otway, Congreve, Pope's Rape and Eloisa, Addison, Young, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, Collins, Sheridan, Cowper, Byron, Æsop, La Fontaine, Voltaire, (Charles XII., Mahomed, and Zaïre;) Rousseau, (Julie,) Schiller, Madame de Staël—but, above all, Burke.

One of the first books I ever read was Voltaire's Charles XII.; about the same time, 1780-'81, I read the Spectator; and used to steal away to the closet containing them. The letters from his correspondents were my favourites. I read Humphrey Clinker, also; that is, Win's and Tabby's letters, with great delight, for I could spell, at that age, pretty correctly. Reynard, the Fox, came next, I think; then Tales of the Genii and Arabian Nights. This last, and Shakespeare, were my idols. I had read them with Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Quintus Curtius, Plutarch, Pope's Homer, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Tom Jones, Orlando Furioso, and Thomson's Seasons, before I was eleven years of age; also, Goldsmith's Roman History, 2 vols. 8vo., and an old history of Braddock's war. When not eight years old, I used to sing an old ballad of his defeat:

> On the 6th day of July, in the year sixty-five,
> At two in the evening, did our forces arrive;
> When the French and the Indians in ambush did *lay*—
> And there was great slaughter of our forces that day.

At about eleven, 1784-5, Percy's Reliques, and Chaucer, became great favourites, and Chatterton, and Rowley. I then read Young and Gay, &c.: Goldsmith I never saw until 1787.

Pray get my Germany from Mr. Hoge, or Mr. Lacy: they have it.

I have scribbled at a great rate. Do thou likewise.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

MR. T. B. DUDLEY.

I have been reading Lear these two days, and incline to prefer it to all Shakespeare's plays. In that and Timon only, it has been said, the bard was in earnest. Read both—the first especially.

JOHN ROLPH TO SIR THOMAS DALE

[John Rolph, of Rolfe, one of the early settlers in Virginia, married Pocahontas, daughter of King Powhatan, in 1613. The following letter, a curious blending of piety and love, was written by Rolph to justify his proposed marriage.]

Honourable Sir, and Most Worthy Governor:—When your leasure shall best serve you to peruse these lines, I trust in God the beginning will not strike you into greater admiration than the end will give you good content. It is a matter of no small moment, concerning my own particular, which here I impart unto you, and which toucheth me so nearly as the tenderness of my salvation. Howbeit, I freely subject myself to your great and mature judgment, deliberation, approbation, and determination; assuring myself of your zealous admonition and godly comforts, either persuading me to desist, or encouraging me to persist therein, with a religious fear and godly care, for which (from the very instant that this began to roote itself within the secrete bosome of my breast) my daily and earnest praiers have bin, still are, and ever shall be poored forthwith, in as sincere a goodly zeal as I possibly may, to be directed, aided, and governed in all my thoughts, words, and deedes, to the glory of God and for my eternal consolation; to persevere wherein I had never had more neede, nor (till now) could ever imagine to have bin moved with the like occasion. But (my case standing as it doth) what better worldly refuge can I here seeke, than to shelter myself under the safety of your favourable protection? And did not my case proceede from an unspotted conscience, I should not dare to offer to your view and approved judgment these passions of my troubled soule; so full of feare and trembling is hypocrisie and dissimulation. But, knowing my own innocency and godly fervour in the whole prosecution hereof, I doubt not of your benigne acceptance and clement construction. As for malicious depravers and turbulent spirits, to whom nothing is tasteful but what pleaseth their unsavory pallate, I passe not for them, being well assured in my persuasion by the often trial and proving of myselfe in my holiest meditations and praises, that I am called hereunto by the Spirit of God; and it shall be sufficient for me to be protected by your-

selfe in all virtuous and pious endeavours. And for my more happy proceedings herein, my daily oblations shall ever be addressed to bring to passe to goode effects, that your-selfe and all the world may truly say, "This is the worke of God, and it is marvellous in our eies."

But to avoide tedious preambles, and to come nearer the matter: first, suffer with your patience to sweepe and make cleane the way wherein I walke from all suspicions and doubts, which may be covered therein, and faithfully to reveale unto you what should move me hereunto.

Let, therefore, this my well-advised protestations, which here I make before God and my conscience, be a sufficient witnesse at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secret of all living harts shall be opened, to condemn me herein, if my deepest intent and purpose be not to strive with all my power of body and minde, in the undertaking of so mighty a matter, for the good of this plantation, for the honour of our countrie, for the glory of God, for my own salvation, and for the converting to the true knowledge of God and Jesus Christ an unbelieving creature,—viz.: Pokahontas. To whom my hartie and best thoughts are and have a long time bin so intangled and inthralled in so intricate a labyrinth, that I was even awearied to unwinde myself thereout. But Almighty God, who never faileth his that truly invocate his holy name, hath opened the gate and led me by the hand, that I might plainly see and discerne the safe pathes wherein to treade.

To you, therefore, (most noble sir,) the patron and father of us in this countrie, doe I utter the effects of this my settled and long-continued affection, (which hath made a mightie warre in my meditations;) and here I do truly relate, to what issue this dangerous combat is come unto, wherein I have not only examined, but thoroughly tried and pared my thoughts, even to the quicke, before I could finde any fit, wholesome, and apt applications to cure so dangerous an ulcer. I never failed to offer my daily and faithful praiers to God for his sacred and holy assistance. I forgot not to set before mine eies the frailtie of mankind, his proneness to evill, his indulgence of wicked thoughts, with many other imperfections, wherein man is daily insnared and oftentimes overthrown, and them compared to my presente state. Nor was I ignorant

of the heavie displeasure which Almightie God conceived against the sonnes of Levie and Israel for marrying strange wives, nor the inconveniences which may thereby arise, with other the like good notions, which made me look about warily, and with good circumspection into the grounds and principall agitations, which thus provoke me to be in love with one whose education hath been rude, her manners barbarous, her generation accursed, and so discrepant in all nutreture from myself, that oftentimes with fear and trembling I have ended my private controversie with this:—"Surely these are wicked instigations, hatched by him who seeketh and delighteth in man's destruction"; and so with fervent praiers to be ever preserved from such diabolical assaults (as I tooke those to be) I have taken some rest.

Thus when I thought I had obtained some peace and quietness, behold, another more gracious tentation hath made breaches into my holiest and strongest meditations, with which I have been put to a new triall, in a straighter manner than the former; for besides the many passions and sufferings which I have daily, hourly, yea, and in my sleepe indured, even awaking me to astonishment, taking me with remisness and carelessness, refusing and neglecting to performe the duties of a good Christian, pulling me by the eare, and crying, "Why dost not thou indeavour to make her a Christian?" And these have happened to my greater wonder even when she hath bin furthest separated from me, which in common reason (were it not an undoubted work of God) might breede forgetfulness of a fare more worthy creature. Besides, I say, the Holy Spirit hath often demanded of me, why I was created, if not for transitory pleasures and worldly vanities, but to labour in the Lord's vineyard, there to sow and plant, to nourish and increase the fruits thereof, daily adding, with the good husband in the gospel, somewhat to the talent, that in the end the fruits may be reaped, to the comfort of the labourer in this life and his salvation in the world to come? And if this be, as undoubtedly this is, the service Jesus Christ required of his best servant, wo unto him that hath these instruments of pietie put into his hands, and wilfully despiseth to work with them! Likewise adding hereunto her great appearance of love to me, her desire to be taught and instructed in the knowl-

edge of God, her capableness of understanding, her aptness and willingnesse to receive anie good impression, and also the spirituall, beside her own incitements hereunto stirring me up. What shall I doe? Shall I be of so untoward disposition as to refuse to leade the blind into the right way? Shall I be so unnaturall as not to give bread to the hungrie, or uncharitable as not to cover the naked? Shall I despise to actuate these pious duties of a Christian? Shall base feare of displeasing the world overpower and withhold me from revealing unto man these spirituall works of the Lord, which in my meditations and praiers I have daily made known unto him? God forbid! I assuredly trust he hath thus delt with mee for my eternal felicitie and for his glorie; and I hope so to be guarded by heavenly grace, that in the end, by my faithful praiers and christianlike labour, I shall attaine to that blessed promise pronounced by that holy prophet Daniell unto the righteous that bring many unto the knowledge of God—namely: that "they shall shine like the stars forever and ever." A sweeter comfort can not be to a true Christian, nor a greater incouragement to him to labour all the daies of his life in the performance thereof, to be desired at the hour of death and in the day of judgment. Again, by my reading and conference with honest and religious persons, have I received no small encouragement; besides *mea serena conscientia,* the clearnesse of my conscience, clean from the filth of impurity, *quae est instar muri ahenei,* which is to mee a brazen wall. If I should set down at large the perturbations and godly motions which have striven within mee, I should make but a tedious and unnecessary volume. But I doubt not these will be sufficient, both to certify you of my true intent, in discharging my duties to God and to yourselfe, to whose gracious Providence I humbly submit myself, for his glory, your honour, my countrie's good, the benefit of this Plantation, and for the converting of one unregenerate to regeneration, which I beseech God to grant for his dear Sonne Christ Jesus his sake. Nor am I in so desperate an estate that I regard not what becometh of mee; nor am I out of hope but one day to see my countrie, nor so void of friends, nor mean in birth, but there to obtain a match to my great content; nor have I ignorantly passed over my hopes there, nor regardlessly

seek to lose the love of my friends by taking this course: I know them all, and have not rashly overslipped any.

But shall it please God thus to dispose of mee (which I earnestly desire to fulfill my end before set down) I will heartily accept of it, as a godly taxe appointed mee, and I will never cease (God assisting mee) until I have accomplished and brought to perfection so holy a worke, in which I will daily pray God to bless mee, to mine and her eternal happiness. And thus desiring no longer to live, to enjoy the blessing of God, than this my resolution doth tend to such godly ends, as are by mee before declared, not doubting your favourable acceptance, I take my leave, beseeching Almightie God to rain down upon you such plenitude of his heavenly graces as your heart can wish and desire; and so I rest,

At your command, most willingly to be disposed off,

JOHN ROLPH.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

[From 'The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe,' edited by James A. Harrison. Copyright, 1902, Thomas Y. Crowell, and used here by permission.]

NEW YORK, July 30, 1846.

EDGAR A. POE, ESQ.

Dear Sir,—I received your note a week ago, and proceeded at once to answer it, but being in daily expectation of a newspaper from the South, to which, in a Letter, I had communicated a paragraph concerning the matter which you had suggested in a previous letter, I determined to wait until I could enclose it to you. It has been delayed somewhat longer than I had anticipated, and has in part caused my delay to answer you. I now send it you, and trust that it will answer the desired purpose; though I must frankly say that I scarcely see the necessity of noticing the sort of scandal to which you refer.

I note with regret the very desponding character of your last letter. I surely need not tell you how deeply and sincerely I deplore the misfortunes which attend you,—the more so as I see no process for your relief and extrication but such as must result from your own decision and resolve. No friend can help you in the struggle that is before you. Money,

no doubt, can be procured; but this is not altogether what you require. Sympathy may soothe the hurts of Self Esteem, and make a man temporarily forgetful of his assailants;—but in what degree will this avail, and for how long, in the protracted warfare of twenty or thirty years? You are still a very young man, and one too largely and too variously endowed, not to entertain the conviction—as your friends entertain it—of a long and manful struggle with, and a final victory over, fortune. But this warfare, the world requires you to carry on with your own unassisted powers. It is only in your manly resolution to use these powers, after a legitimate fashion, that it will countenance your claims to its regard and sympathy; and I need not tell you how rigid and exacting it has been in the case of the poetical genius, or, indeed, the genius of any order. Suffer me to tell you frankly, taking the privilege of a true friend, that you are now perhaps in the most perilous period of your career—just in that position—just at that time of life—when a false step becomes a capital error—when a single leading mistake is fatal in its consequences. You are no longer a boy. "At thirty wise or never!" You must subdue your impulses; and, in particular, let me exhort you to discard all associations with men, whatever their talents, whom you cannot esteem as men.

Pardon me for presuming thus to counsel one whose great natural and acquired resources should make him rather the teacher of others. But I obey a law of my own nature, and it is because of my sympathies that I speak. Do not suppose yourself abandoned by the worthy and honorable among your friends. They will be glad to give you welcome *if you will suffer them.* They will rejoice—I know their feelings and hear their language—to countenance your return to that community —that moral province in society—of which, let me say to you, respectfully and regretfully,—you have been, according to all reports, but too heedlessly, and, perhaps, too scornfully indifferent. Remain in obscurity for awhile. You have a young wife—I am told a suffering and an interesting one,—let me entreat you to cherish her, and to cast away those pleasures which are not worthy of your mind, and to trample those temptations under foot, which degrade your person, and make it familiar to the mouth of vulgar jest. You may do

all this, by a little circumspection. It is still within your power. Your resources from literature are probably much greater than mine. I am sure they are just as great. You can increase them, so that they shall be ample for all your legitimate desires; but you must learn the worldling's lesson of prudence;—a lesson, let me add, which the literary world has but too frequently and unwisely disparaged. It may seem to you impertinent—that he who gives nothing else should presume to give counsel. But one gives that which he can most spare, and you must not esteem me indifferent to a condition which I can in no other way assist.

I have never been regardless of your genius, even when I knew nothing of your person. It is some years since I counselled M. Godey to obtain the contributions of your pen. He will tell you this. I hear that you reproach him. But how can you expect a magazine proprietor to encourage contributions which embroil him with all his neighbors? These broils do you no good—vex your temper, destroy your peace of mind, and hurt your reputation. You have abundant resources upon which to draw even were there no Grub Street in Gotham. Change your tactics and begin a new series of papers with your publisher. The printed matter which I send you might be quoted by Godey, and might be ascribed to me. But, surely, I need not say to you that, to a Southern man, the annoyance of being mixed up in a squabble with persons whom he does not know, and does not care to know,—and from whom no Alexandrine process of cutting loose would be permitted by society—would be an intolerable grievance. I submit to frequent injuries and misrepresentations, content, though annoyed by the slaves [sic], that the viper should amuse himself upon the file, at the expense of his own teeth.

As a man, as a writer, I shall always be solicitous of your reputation and success. You have but to resolve on taking and asserting your position, equally in the social and literary world, and your way is clear, your path is easy, and you will find true friends enough to sympathize in your triumphs.

Very sincerely though sorrowfully, Yr obdt Servt

W. Gilmore Simms.

P. S. If I could I should have been to see you. But I

have been and am still drudging in the hands of the printers, kept busily employed night and day. Besides my arrangements are to hurry back to the South where I have a sick family. A very few days will turn my feet in that direction.

DR. J. MARION SIMS TO MRS. SIMS

[From 'The Story of My Life,' by J. Marion Sims, M.D., LL.D., Edited by his son, H. Marion-Sims, M.D. New York, D. Appleton and Company, 1894.]

PARIS, October 18, 1861 (Friday).

THIS 18th of October, 1861, has not by any means been the happiest day of my life, but, with perhaps three exceptions, the proudest. The first exception was the day, the 23d day of July, 1833, on which you gave me the rose-bud through the garden fence. We were then young and alone; there were none to approve or condemn. A few seemingly long years rolled tardily over and at last brought the second era, the happiest day, the 21st of December, 1836, on which you became my wife. Family and friends were there to yield assent. Many perfectly happy years passed rapidly, and, together we climbed up the hill of life until, almost at the top, came the first anniversary of the Woman's Hospital the 9th of February, 1856. You were not there, but New York was, and from that day your husband's American reputation was fixed, and your hopes were fulfilled, and your ambition gratified.

To-day Velpeau, Nélaton, Civiale, Ricord, Chassaignac, Follin, Huguier, Debout, Baron Larrey, Sir Joseph Olliffe, Campbell, Johnstone, and many others honored me with their presence at the Hôtel Voltaire, Quai Voltaire, No. 19. I had one of the most difficult operations I ever performed. The patient was a very bad one, short, fat, and nervous. Chloroform was administered by Dr. Johnstone. It acted very badly; the patient became slightly hysterical, and uncontrollable, and chloroform was for a while suspended. Some thought it dangerous to continue it; to stop it was to stop the operation. Velpeau strongly advised against continuing to give it, but Johnstone proceeded, and gave enough to produce quiet, and the operation was performed. It took about forty minutes.

It was one of the most difficult that could be. Everybody was delighted except me. I never had so many obstacles present at one time in any one case. I have had as bad patients, but then the operation was not so difficult; and I have had a few as difficult, but they were in docile patients; but here everything was wrong except my presence of mind and confidence. But all obstacles were so quietly and so thoroughly overcome that everybody congratulated me on encountering them. The triumph is complete, and you may feel secure as to the full and perfect recognition of my claims throughout all Europe. Not only now, but often while I sit in the midst of the decorated *savants* of this great city, my thoughts turn instinctively to the wife of my bosom, who, as the mother of my children, is a thousand times dearer to me than she was in the springtime of life, as the playmate of my childhood and the idol of my youth. To your gentle care and loving kindness and wise counsels I owe all that I am, and I feel that, with all my successes, all my triumphs, with the prospect of lasting fame, I am far, very far from being worthy of you; for when I have told you thousands of times that you were too good for me I have been in earnest. But while I feel a secret, unexpressed gratification at the extraordinary result of my visit here, which would not have been made but for your persistent entreaties, let us not forget the great Author of it all. I have done nothing, but have been led along, I know not how, and have followed blindly, confidingly, and patiently. Nothing has been done just as I would have had it, but all has turned out, or is turning out, better than I could have devised.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH TO QUEEN ANNE, A. D. 1616

[From 'The Adventures and Discourses of Captain John Smith, sometime President of Virginia, and Admiral of New England,' Newly Ordered by John Ashton. London, Cassell and Company.]

To the most high and vertuous Princesse, Queene Anne of Great Britaine.

Most Admired Queene,

The love I beare my God, my King, and Countrie, hath so oft emboldened mee in the worst of extreme dangers, that now honestie doth constraine me to presume thus farre beyond my selfe, to present your Majestie this short discourse: if ingratitude be a deadly poyson to all honest vertues, I must bee guiltee of that crime, if I should omit any means to be thankfull. So it is,

That some ten yeeres agoe being in *Virginia,* and taken prisoner by the power of *Powhatan* their chiefe King, I received from this great Salvage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sonne *Nantaquas,* the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit, I ever saw in a Salvage, and his sister *Pocahontas,* the King's most deare and wel-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteene yeeres of age, whose compassionate pitiful heart, of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her; I being the first Christian this proud King and his grim attendants ever saw: and thus inthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortell foes to prevent, notwithstanding al their threats. After some six weeks fatting amongst those Salvage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine, and not only that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to *James Towne,* where I found about eight and thirtie miserable poore and sicke creatures, to keepe possession of all those large territories of *Virginia,* such was the weaknesse of this poore Commonwealth, as had the Salvages not fed us, we directly had starved.

And this reliefe, most gracious Queene, was commonly brought us by this Lady *Pocahontas.* Notwithstanding all those passages when inconstant Fortune turned our peace to

Warre, this tender Virgin would stille not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our jarres have beene oft appeased, and our wants still supplyed. Were it the policie of her father thus to imploy her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her His instrument, or her extraordinary affection to our Nation, I know not; but of this I am sure; when her father with the utmost of his policie and power, sought to surprize mee, having but eighteene with mee, the darke night could not affright her from coming through the irkesome woods, and with watered eies gave me intelligence, with her best advice to escape his furie, which had hee knowne, hee had surely slaine her. *James Towne* with her wild traine she as freely frequented, as her father's habitation; and during the time of two or three yeeres, the next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this Colonie from death, famine, and utter confusion, which if in those times had once been dissolved, *Virginia* might have lien as it was at our first arrival to this day. Since then, this businesse having been turned and varied by many accidents from that I left it at: it is most certaine, after a long and troublesome warre after my departure, betwixt her father and our Colonie, all which time shee was not heard of, about two yeeres after, she herselfe was taken prisoner, being so detained neere two yeeres longer, the Colonie by that meanes was relieved, peace concluded, and at last, rejecting her barbarous condition, was married to an *English* Gentleman, with whom, at this present, she is in *England;* the first Christian ever of that Nation, the first *Virginian* ever spake *English,* or had a childe in marriage by an *Englishman,* a matter surely, if my meaning bee truly considered and well understood, worthy a Princes understanding.

Thus, most gracious Lady, I have related to your Majestie, what at your best leisure our approved Histories will account you at large, and done in the time of your Majesties life, and however this might bee presented you from a more worthy pen, it cannot be from a more honest heart, as yet I never begged anything of the State, or any, and it is my want of abilitie, and her exceeding desert, your birth, meanes, and authoritie, hir birth, vertue, want and simplicitie, doth make me so bold, humbly to beseech your Majestie to take this knowledge of her, though it is from one so unworthy to be

the reporter, as myselfe, her husbands estate not being able to make her fit to attend your Majestie: the most and least I can doe, is to tell you this, because none so oft hath tried it as myselfe, and the rather being of so great a spirit, how ever her stature; if she should not be well received, seeing this Kingdome may rightly have a Kingdome by her meanes; her present love to us and Christianitie, might turn to such scorne and furie, as to divert all this good to the worst of evill, where finding so great a Queene should doe her some honour more than she can imagine, for being so kinde to your servantes and subjects, would so ravish her with content, as endeare her dearest bloud to effect that, your Majestie and all the Kings honest subjects most earnestly desire: And so I humbly kisse your gracious hands.

HENRY TIMROD TO PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

['The Poems of Henry Timrod,' by Paul Hamilton Hayne. E. J. Hale & Son, New York, 1873.]

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 30, 1866.

MY DEAR P.——: Nothing has come to me for the past year which has given me such pleasure as your letter of the ——inst. I am overjoyed to renew our correspondence.

Dear old fellow! heart and hand, body, soul, and spirit, I am still yours.

I have the right poet's inclination to plunge *in medias res.* You ask me to tell you my story for the last year. I can embody it all in a few words: *beggary, starvation, death, bitter grief, utter want of hope!* But let me be a little more particular, that you may learn where I stand. You know, I suppose, that the Sherman raid destroyed my business. Since that time I have been residing with my sister, Mrs. Goodwin. Both my sister and myself are completely impoverished. We have lived for a long period, and are still living, on the proceeds of the gradual sale of furniture and plate. We have—let me see! —yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge—bedstead!!

Until December, I had no employment. Mr. —— passed

through Columbia in November on his way to the sea-board. He called on me, informed me that he was going to re-establish his paper in Charleston, and promised that I should have my old interest in it.

On reaching Charleston, he started, *"The Carolinian,"* and soon he wrote me (but addressing me as a mere *employé)* and offered a salary of fifteen dollars a week for daily editorials. Necessity compels me to accept this offer.

I have now hacked on for *four* months, and as yet have failed to receive a single month's pay.

The plain truth is Mr. —— *can't* pay! He made a grave mistake in carrying his paper to Charleston. Under the shadow of the *"News"* and *"Courier,"* it is languishing, and must die! What I am going to do, I can't imagine.

As for supporting myself and a large family—wife, mother, sister, and nieces, by *literary* work—'tis utterly preposterous!

In a "forlorn-hope" sort of mood, and as a mere experiment, I forwarded some poems in my best style to certain Northern periodicals, and in every instance they were coldly declined.

So all hope of thus turning my rhymes into bread must be resigned. Little Jack Horner, who sang for his supper, and got his plum cake, was a far more lucky minstrel than I am! To confess the truth, my dear P——, I not only feel that I can write no more verse, but I am perfectly indifferent to the fate of what I have already composed.

I would consign every line of it to eternal oblivion, for—*one hundred dollars in hand!*

I can tell you nothing about Charleston, although in February, having a free Railroad ticket, I went down and spent three days there. My eyes were blind to everything and everybody but a few old friends. I dined with Bruns; had a night of it at Henry Raymond's, and went to see the lions in the circus.

The sum of this small experience of my native town is, that the people are generally impoverished, suffering, despondent, with all the spring and elasticity taken out of them. . . . My wife has been very sick. Her low condition of health, indeed, makes me continually anxious.

ROBERT TOOMBS TO MRS. TOOMBS

[From 'Robert Toombs, Statesman, Speaker, Soldier, Sage,' by Pleasant A. Stovall. New York, Cassell Publishing Company.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1853.

MY DEAR JULIA:

This is your birthday, which you bid me remember, and this letter will show you that I have not forgotten it. To-day Gus Baldwin and Dr. Harbin dropped in to dinner, and we drank your good health and many more returns in health and happiness of the 15th of May. I did not tell them that you were forty, for it might be that some time or other you would not care to have them know it, and I am sure they would never suspect it unless told. In truth I can scarcely realize it myself, as you are the same lovely and loving, true-hearted woman to me, that you were when I made you my bride, nearly twenty-three years ago. There is no other change except the superior loveliness of the full blown over the budding rose. I have thrown my mind this quiet Sunday evening over that large segment of human life (twenty-three years) since we were married, and whatever of happiness memory has treasured up clusters around you. In life's struggles I have been what men call fortunate. I have won its wealth and its honors, but I have won them by labor, and toil and strife, whose memory saddens even success; but the pure joys of wedded love leave none but pleasant recollections which one can dwell upon with delight. These thoughts are dearer to me than to most men, because I know for whatever success in life I may have had, whatever evil I may have avoided, or whatever good I may have done, I am mainly indebted to the beautiful, pure, true-hearted little black-eyed girl, who on the 18th of November, 1830, came trustingly to my arms, the sweetest and dearest of wives. You need not fear, therefore, that I shall forget your birthday. That and our bridal day are the brightest in my calendar and memory will not easily part with them.

Yours,

TOOMBS.

WILLIAM BARRET TRAVIS TO THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS

COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO,
BEJAR, Feb'y 24th, 1836.

To the People of Texas and all Americans in the World:

FELLOW CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS:—I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continued Bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I *shall never surrender or retreat. Then,* I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country.
VICTORY OR DEATH.

WILLIAM BARRET TRAVIS,
Lt. Col. Comdt.

P. S. The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses 80 or 90 bushels and got into the walls 20 or 30 head of Beeves. TRAVIS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON TO DR. JOHN COCHRAN

[This letter, written August 16, 1779, is said by Washington Irving to be "almost the only instance of sportive writing in Washington's correspondence."]

DEAR DOCTOR: I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to appraise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover, that apples will make pies; and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef-steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor,

Yours, etc.,
G. WASHINGTON.

Z. B. VANCE TO THE NEW YORK WORLD

CHARLOTTE, N. C., October 13, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK WORLD:

I see by the public prints that General Kilpatrick has decorated me with his disapprobation before the people of Pennsylvania. He informs them, substantially, that he tamed me by capturing me and riding me two hundred miles on a bareback mule. I will do him the justice to say that he knew that was a lie when he uttered it.

I surrendered to General Schofield at Greensboro, N. C., on the 2d of May, 1865, who told me to go to my home and remain there, saying if he got any orders to arrest me he would send there for me. Accordingly, I went home and there remained until I was arrested on 13th of May, by a detachment of 300 cavalry, under Major Porter, of Harrisburg, from whom I received nothing but kindness and courtesy. I came in a buggy to Salisbury, where we took the cars.

I saw no mule on the trip, yet I thought I saw an ass at the general's headquarters; this impression has since been confirmed.

Respectfully yours,

Z. B. VANCE.

EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS

The author began the collection of Epitaphs and Inscriptions under the impression that the Southern States had been signally neglectful of their honored dead. Before completing his work he became convinced that no section of the United States has erected more monuments, in proportion to population, than the South. It is to be hoped that each Southern State will soon collect and publish in book form these interesting memorials, both as an inspiration to the living and as a duty to the dead. The purpose in this part of volume XIV. has been to include only such inscriptions as are noteworthy for their beauty, their quaintness, or their historical significance.

EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS

ALAMO

[The Alamo Monument, which stood in the hall of the Capitol, at Austin, Texas, was almost completely destroyed by fire in 1881. Only a fragment was rescued; but that fragment, now among the historical relics of the State Library, preserves in legible form the heroic inscriptions. See 'The Alamo Monument' in *The Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, April, 1903. The inscriptions are four in number.]

To the God of the Fearless and Free is dedicated this Altar made from the ruins of the Alamo.

Thermopylae had her Messenger of Death, but the Alamo had none.

Be they enrolled with Leonidas in the Host of the Mighty Dead.

Blood of Heroes hath stained me; let the Stones of the Alamo speak that their Immolation be not forgotten.

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN

[Monument at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.]

Governor Allen in a letter from the City of Mexico, 25th December, 1865, to a friend in Louisiana, said: "When it shall please God to consign this mutilated body to its last resting place, be it among strangers in Mexico, or friends in Louisiana, I should desire no better epitaph inscribed on my tomb than the sentiment in the closing part of your letter:

"Your friends are proud to know that Louisiana had a Governor who, with an opportunity of securing a million of dollars in gold, preferred being honest in a foreign land without one cent."

Brigadier General in the Confederate Army and last Governor of Louisiana under the old régime.

Born in Prince Edward Co., Va., 29th April, 1820.

Died in the City of Mexico, 22nd April, 1866.

MANUEL ANTHONIO

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

SACRED
To the Memory of
CAPT. MANUEL ANTHONIO,
Who departed this Life
on the 12th. August 1796,
In the 57th. year of his age.

Altho' I here at Anchor be,
With many of our Fleet;
We must set sail one day again,
Our Savior Christ to meet.

NATHANIEL BACON

[This epitaph on Nathaniel Bacon (1642-1676), the central figure of the famous Bacon's Rebellion, was written "by the man that waited upon his person and who attended his corpse to their (?) burial place." Nothing more is known of him.]

Death, Why so cruel? What! no other way
To manifest thy spleen, but thus to slay
Our hopes of safety, liberty, our all,
Which, through thy tyranny, with him must fall
To its last chaos? Had thy rigid force
Been dealt by retail, and not thus in gross,
Grief had been silent. Now we must complain,
Since thou, in him, hast more than thousand slain,
Whose lives and safeties did so much depend
On him their life, with him their lives must end.

If 't be a sin to think Death brib'd can be
We must be guilty; say 'twas bribery
Guided the fatal shaft. Virginia's foes,
To whom for secret crimes just vengeance owes
Deserved plagues, dreading their just desert,
Corrupted Death by Paracelsian art
Him to destroy; whose well tried courage such,
Their heartless hearts, nor arms, nor strength could touch.

Who now must heal those wounds, or stop that blood
The heathen made, and drew into a flood?
Who is 't must plead our cause? nor trump, nor drum
Nor deputations; these, alas! are dumb
And cannot speak. Our Arms (though ne'er so strong)
Will want the aid of his commanding tongue,
Which conquer'd more than Cæsar. He o'erthrew
Only the outward frame: this could subdue
The rugged work of nature. Souls replete
With dull chill'd cold, he'd animate with heat
Drawn forth of reason's limbec. In a word,
Mars and Minerva both in him concurred
For arts, for arms, whose pen and sword alike
As Cato's did, may admiration strike
Into his foes; while they confess withal
It was their guilt styl'd him a criminal.
Only this difference doth from truth proceed:
They in the guilt, he in the name must bleed,
While none shall dare his obsequies to sing
In deserv'd measures; until time shall bring
Truth crowned with freedom, and from danger free
To sound his praises to posterity.

Here let him rest; while we this truth report
He's gone from hence unto a higher Court
To plead his cause, where he by this doth know
Whether to Cæsar he was friend, or foe.

BATTLE MONUMENT

[Erected by the State of Kentucky at Frankfort, A.D. 1850.]

KENTUCKY HAS ERECTED
THIS COLUMN
IN GRATITUDE EQUALLY
TO HER OFFICERS
AND SOLDIERS.

[Bands on the South Side.]

Cerro Gordo.

New Orleans.

Massissinaway.

St. Clair's Defeat.
Col. Wm. Oldham.

Estill's Defeat.
Capt. James Estill.
Lieut. South.

Tippecanoe.
Col. Joseph H. Daviess.
Col. Abraham Owen.
Capt. Jacob Warrick.

Fort Meigs.
Col. Wm. Dudley.
Capt. John C. Morrison.
Capt. Christian Irvine.
Capt. Joseph Clark.
Capt. Thomas Lewis.

Blue Licks.
Col. John Todd.
Col. Stephen Trigg.
Maj. Silas Harlan.
Maj. Wm. McBride.
Capt. Edward Bulger
Capt. John Jordan.
Capt. Isaac Boone.

[Bands on the North Side.]

Mexico.
Lieut. J. W. Powell.

Boonesborough

Harmar's Defeat.
Capt. J. McMurtry.

Whayne's Campaign.
Col. John Hardin.

Monterey.
Maj. P. W. Barbour.

Buena Vista.
Col. Wm. R. McKee.
Lieut. Col. Henry Clay.
Capt. Wm. T. Willis.
Adjutant. E. B. Vaughn

Raisin.
Col. John Allen.
Maj. Benjamin Graves.
Capt. John Woolfork.
Capt. W. G. I. Hart.
Capt. James Meade.
Capt. Robert Edwards

Raisin.
Capt. Virgil McCracken.
Capt. Wm. Price.
Capt. John Edmondson.
Capt. John Simpson.
Capt. Paschal Hickman.
Lieut. John Williamson.

Battle Monument Erected by Kentucky, A. D. 1850, in Frankfort, also Showing Tomb of Theodore O'Hara (X)



[Bands on the East Side.]
United States Navy.

Lieut. John Gunnell Talbott,
Drowned at Kiliahikai,
December 19, 1870.

Lieut. Hugh Wilson McKee,
Killed in Corea,
June 11, 1871.
Master Alfred Foree,
Drowned off Greytown,
April 12, 1872.
All in the performance of duty.

By order of the Legislature
the name of
Col. J. J. Hardin
of the 1st Illinois Infantry,
a son of Kentucky,
Who fell at the Battle of
Buena Vista,
Is inscribed hereon.

[Bands on the West Side.]
Indian Wars.
Capt. James Shelby.
Capt. Samuel Grant.
Surveyor Hancock Taylor.
Surveyor Willis Lee.

Little Big Horn.
By order of the Legislature
the name of
Lieut. John J. Crittenden, Jr.,
20th U. S. Infantry,
a brave Kentuckian,
Who was killed in the Battle of Little Big Horn, on the 25th of June, 1876, while performing his duty is inscribed hereon.

[Bands on the West Side.]
Thames.
Capt. Wm. Whitley.
Capt. Elijah Craig.

Indian Wars.
Col. James Harrod.
Col. Richard Calloway.
Col. Wm. Christian.
Col. Walker Daniel.
Col. Nathaniel Hart.
Col. John Floyd.

Indian Wars.
Col. Wm. Lynn.
Maj. Evan Shelby.
Maj. Bland Ballard.
Capt. Christian Irvine.
Capt. Wm. McAfee.
Capt. John Kennedy.

Indian Wars.
Capt. Christian Crepps.
Capt. Rogers.
Capt. Wm. Bryant.
Capt. Tipton.
Capt. Chapman.
Capt. McCracken.

Raisin.
Lieut. Robert Logan.
Lieut. Thomas C. Graves.
Lieut. Thomas Overton.
Lieut. Francis Chinn.
Ensign Levi Wells.
Ensign Shawharn.

Raisin.
Surgeon Alex. Montgomery.
Surgeon Thomas C. Davis.
Surgeon John Irvine.
Surgeon Thos. McIlvaine.

JOHN HENRY BONER

[In the Moravian churchyard at Salem, North Carolina. The tribute is by Edmund Clarence Stedman.]

John Henry Boner,
Born in Salem, N.C.,
January 31, 1845.
Died in Washington, D.C.
March 6, 1903.
That gentlest of minstrels,
Who caught his music from the whispering pines.

EVELYN BYRD

[In the old churchyard of Westover, Charles City County, Virginia, among other interesting monuments, are those to the Byrd family, notably Evelyn Byrd, the heroine of romance, and William Byrd, her father, who ran the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina.]

Here in the sleep of peace,
Reposes the body of Mrs. Evelyn Byrd,
Daughter of the Hon. William Byrd, Esq.
The various and excellent endowments
of Nature

Improved and perfected by an accomplished education formed her for the happiness of her friends, for an ornament of her country.

Alas Reader,
We can detain nothing, however valued,
from unrelenting Death.
Beauty, fortune or exalted honour
See here a Proof,

And be reminded by this awful Tomb; that every worldly comfort fleets away, excepting only, what arises from imitating the virtues of our friends and the contemplation of their happiness.

To which
God was pleased to call this Lady
On the 13th day of November, 1737,
In the 29th year of her age.

WILLIAM BYRD

Here Lieth

The Honorable William Byrd, Esq., being born to one of the amplest Fortunes in this Country, he was sent early to England for his Education; where under the Care and direction of Sir Robt Southwell, and even favored with his particular Instruction, he made a happy Proficiency in polite and various Learning. By the means of the same noble Friend he was introduced to many of the first Persons of the Age, for Knowledge, Wit, Virtue, Birth or high Station, and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom Friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, he was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple, studied for some time in the Low Countries, visited the Court of France, and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society.

Thus eminently fitted for the Service and ornament of his country, he was made Receiver-General of his Majesty's Revenues here, was thrice appointed public Agent to the Court and Ministry of England, and being thirty-seven years a member, at last became President of the Council of the Colony, to all this were added a great Elegancy of Taste and Life, the well bred Gentleman and polite Companion, the splendid Economist and prudent Father of a Family, was the constant Enemy of all exorbitant Power, and hearty Friend of the liberties of his Country.

Nat. March 28th, 1674. Mort. Aug. 26th, 1744. An Etat 70 years.

CABIN JOHN BRIDGE

[Inscription on Cabin John Bridge, six miles west of Washington, D.C. The name of Jefferson Davis was erased in 1862, and restored in 1909 by order of President Roosevelt.]

[First abutment]

Union Arch
Chief Engineer, Captain Montgomery C. Meigs,
U. S. Corps of Engineers.
Esto Perpetua.

[Second abutment]

Washington Aqueduct
Begun A. D., 1853.
President of the U. S., Franklin Pierce.
Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis.
Building A. D., 1861.
President of the U. S., Abraham Lincoln.
Secretary of War, Simon Cameron.

JOSEPH CALDWELL

[Inscription on the monument erected in 1847 to the first President of the University of North Carolina. The monument is of marble and stands in the center of the campus. The President of the United States and the Governor of North Carolina, referred to in the inscription as alumni of the University, were James K. Polk and William A. Graham.]

[North Side]

In grateful acknowledgement
of their obligations to
the first President of this University
JOSEPH CALDWELL, D. D.
The President of the United States
The Governor of North Carolina
and other alumni
have erected this monument
A. D. 1847.

[West Side]

Born at Lamington, New Jersey
April 21, 1773.
Professor of Mathematics in this
University 1796.
Died at Chapel Hill
January 27, 1835.

[South Side]

He was an early
Conspicuous and devoted advocate
of the cause of Common Schools and
Internal Improvements in North Carolina.

HENRY CLAY

[Erected at Lexington by the Commonwealth of Kentucky, A.D. 1887.]

"I can with unshaken confidence appeal to the Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive—have sought no personal aggrandizement, but that in all my public acts, I have had a sole and single eye, and a warm devoted heart, directed and dedicated to what in my best judgment, I believe to be the true interests of my country."

"I know no North, no South, no East, no West—nothing but our country."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS CLOUGH

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina. The first eight lines of this inscription were written by the English poet, Arthur Hugh Clough. His eldest brother, Charles, wrote the last four. Both were brothers of George Augustus. The Cloughs had lived in Charleston many years before, but had returned to England.]

GEORGE AUGUSTUS CLOUGH
a native of Liverpool
Died suddenly of Stranger's fever
Novr. 5th. 1843.
Aged *22*.

Of all thy kindred at thy dying day
Were none to speed thee on thy solemn way;
Yet ever lives distinct and deeply dear
Their sight with them of this thy corner here;
Each heart so oft hath come and sought and seen
That Ocean space hath shrunk to naught between,
And more their own seems now the stranger's shore
Than when with thee they dwelt on it before.

Since God doth early break the golden bowl,
And loose the silver cord that links the soul
To earth, His will be done. Oh, may he rise
A chosen vessel to a heavenly prize.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

[North Side]

In Memoriam:
"No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell, so pure of crime."

[South Side]

Worthy
to have lived and known
Our gratitude;
Worthy
to be hallowed and held
in tender remembrance;
Worthy
the Fadeless Fame which
Confederate Soldiers
won.
Who gave themselves in life
and death for us;
For the Honor of Georgia,
For the Rights of the States,
For the Liberties of the People,
For the Sentiments of the South,
For the Principles of the Union.
As these were handed down to them
By the Fathers of our Common Country.

[East Side]

Our
Confederate Dead

[West Side]

Erected A. D., 1878,
By the Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta,
In honor of the
Men of Richmond County,
who died
In the Cause of the Confederate States.

MODEL OF MONUMENT TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY

Designed by Miss Belle Kinney

"This design represents Fame, supporting with her left hand the dying Confederate color-bearer, who, with his dying effort, attempts to raise the flag, and the Southern woman, kneeling at Fame's right, leans forward to place upon him the Palm of Victory, thus showing her appreciation of his splendid sacrifice; and while she does this she is unconsciously being crowned by Fame. It is a magnificent, appropriate and most touching conception, most artistically typified in the group presented by the artist."



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT. COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

[This eloquent inscription was composed by William Henry Trescot (1822-1898), of Charleston.]

This Monument
Perpetuates the memory
of those who
True to the instincts of their birth,
Faithful to the teachings of their fathers,
Constant in their Love for the State,
Died in performance of their duty;
who
Have glorified a fallen cause
By the simple manhood of their lives,
The patient endurance of suffering
And the heroism of death;
and who
In the dark hours of imprisonment,
In the hopelessness of the hospital,
In the short sharp agony of the field,
Found support and consolation
In the belief
That at home they would not be forgotten.

Those for whom they died
Inscribe on this marble
The solemn record of their sacrifice,
The perpetual gratitude of the State they served,
The undying affection of those whose lives
The separation of death
Has shadowed with an everlasting sorrow;
Scattered over the battlefields of the South,
Buried in remote and alien graves,
Dying unsoothed by the touch
Of familiar and household hands,
Their names are here
To recall
To their children and kinsmen

How worthily they lived
How nobly they died;
And in what tender reverence
Their memory survives.

Let the stranger
Who may in future times
Read this inscription,
Recognise that these were men
Whom power could not corrupt,
Whom death could not terrify,
Whom defeat could not dishonor;
And let their virtues plead for just judgment
Of the Cause in which they perished;
Let the South Carolinian
Of another generation
Remember
That the State taught them
How to live and how to die;
And that from her broken fortunes
She has preserved for her children
The priceless treasure of their memories,
Teaching all
Who may claim the same birth-right
That Truth, Courage, and Patriotism
Endure forever.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

Officers of the Confederate Monument Association of Mississippi, A.D., 1890: Miss Sallie B. Morgan, president; Mrs. Belmont Phelps Manship, vice-president; Mrs. Elenor H. Stone, treasurer; Miss Sophie D. Langley, secretary; Mrs. Virginia P. McKay, corresponding secretary.

"All lost! but by the grave
Where martyred heroes rest,
He wins the most who honor saves—
Success is not the test."

"It recks not where their bodies lie,
By bloody hillside, plain, or river;
Their names are bright on fame's proud sky;
Their deeds of valor live forever."

The noble women of Mississippi, moved by grateful hearts and loving zeal, organized June 15, A.D. 1886, the Confederate Monument Association; their efforts, aided by an appropriation of the State of Mississippi, were crowned with success in the erection of this monument to the Confederate dead of Mississippi, in the year 1891.

The men to whom this monument is dedicated were the martyrs of their creed; their justification is in the holy keeping of the God of history.

God and our consciences alone
Give us measures of right and wrong.
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong;
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

[Dedicated May 19, 1892.]

[North Side]

Our
Confederate
Dead

[South Side]

This Shaft
Placed here with reverent hands, May 19, 1892,
By the Ladies' Memorial Association of Knoxville, Tennessee.
Commemorates
The heroic courage and unshaken constancy
of more than 1,600 soldiers of the South,
Who, in the great war between the States, 1861 to 1865

Were inspired
By the holiness of a patriotic and impersonal love,
And in the mountain passes of Tennessee, whether on stricken field or in hospital ward,
Gave ungrudgingly their lives to their country.

[West Side]

"And their deeds, proud deeds shall remain for us,
And their names, dear names without stain for us,
And the glories they won shall not wane for us,
In legend and lay,
Our heroes in gray
Though dead, shall live over again for us."

[East Side]

"Forgotten! No! We can not all forget,
Or when we do, farewell to honor's face,
To hope's sweet tendence, valor's unpaid debt,
And every noblest grace
Which nursed in love might still benignly bloom
Above a nation's tomb."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

[Dedicated June 17, 1891.]

A. D. 1861 A. D. 1865.

The
Uncrowned Heroes
of the
Southern Confederacy
Whose joy it was to suffer and die for a cause they believed to be just. Their unchallenged devotion and matchless heroism shall continue to be the wonder and inspiration of the ages.
OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD.
Jefferson Davis
President of the
Confederate States of America.
Soldier, statesman, patriot, Christian. The only man in our nation without a country, yet twenty million people mourn his death.

Edward Aylesworth Perry
Captain of the Pensacola Rifles, Colonel of the Second Florida Regiment, General of the Florida Brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Stephen R. Mallory
Secretary of the Navy
of the
Confederate States of America.
" 'Tis not in mortals to command success; but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

[In Hollywood Cemetery.]

[East Side]

Erected by the
General Dabney H. Maury
Chapter
Daughters of the Confederacy
of Philadelphia
In Loving and grateful memory of
The 224 known and unknown
Confederate Soldiers from
Virginia, North Carolina,
South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama.
Who lie buried in National
Cemeteries in Philadelphia.

Unveiled, October, 1902.

[West Side]

Fate denied them victory but
gave them a glorious immortality.

Dying in Captivity
And tendered a monument
In Phila. where they lie buried,
This stone is erected to their

Everlasting honor in the
Heart of the Confederacy
By the
Genl. Dabney H. Maury Chapter,
Daughters of the Confederacy
of Phila., Penna.

J. L. M. CURRY

[Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

J. L. M. CURRY
Died February—XII—MDCCCCIII

MARY W. CURRY
Died May—XXII—MDCCCCIII

They that wonder shall
Reign and they that
Reign shall rest.

VIRGINIA DARE

[On Roanoke Island, in Dare County, North Carolina, a monument has been erected by the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association bearing the following interesting inscription.]

On this site in July-August 1585 (O. S.), Colonists sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh, built a Fort, called by them the New Fort in Virginia. These Colonists were the first settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England in July 1586, with Sir Francis Drake. Near this place was born on the 18th. of August, 1587, "Virginia Dare," the first child of English parents, born in America, of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife, members of another band of Colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587. On Sunday, August 20th., 1587, "Virginia Dare" was baptized. Manteo, the friendly Chief of Hatteras Indians, had been baptized on the Sunday preceding. These baptisms are the first known celebrations of Christian Sacrament in the territory of the Thirteen Original United States.

The Virginia Dare Monument on Roanoke Island.


1896

WILLIAM R. DAVIE

[The Father of the University of North Carolina is buried at Waxhaw Church, Lancaster County, S.C. The following inscription is attributed to his friend, Governor Gaston of South Carlina. Davie was not born, however, in Edinburgh but at Egremont, near Whitehaven, in Cumberland County, North England.]

In This Grave are Deposited The Remains of
WILLIAM R. DAVIE,
The Soldier, Jurist, Statesman, and Patriot.
In the Glorious War for
American Independence
He Fought among the Foremost of the Brave.
As an Advocate at the Bar,
He was Diligent, Sagacious, Zealous,
Incorruptibly Honest, of Commanding Eloquence.
In the Legislative Hall
He had no Superior in Enlarged Vision
And Profound Plans of Policy.
Single in his Ends, Varied in his Means, Indefatigable
In his Exertions.
Representing his Nation in an Important Embassy,
He Evinced his Characteristic Devotion to her Interests
And Manifested a Peculiar Fitness for Diplomacy.
Polished in Manners, Firm in Action,
Candid without Imprudence, Wise above Deceit.
A True Lover of his Country,
Always preferring the People's Good to the People's Favor.
Though he disdained to Fawn for Office,
He filled most of the Stations to which Ambition might Aspire.
And declining no Public Trust,
Ennobled whatever he Accepted
By True Dignity and Talent,
Which he brought into the Discharge of its Functions.
A Great Man in an Age of Great Men.
In Life he was Admired and Beloved by the Virtuous and
the Wise.
In Death he has Silenced Calumny and Caused Envy to Mourn.
He was Born in Edinburgh, 1756,
And Died in South Carolina in 1820.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

[Monument in Richmond, Virginia.]

Deo Vindice
Pro Jure Civitatum
Pro Aris et Focis

JEFFERSON DAVIS
President
of
The Confederate States
Of America
1861-1865

[Interior Architrave]

"Not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the Country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited and which it is our duty to transmit unshorn to our children."—Jefferson Davis, U. S. Senate, Jan. 21st, 1861.

[Exterior Architrave]

Erected by the people of the South in honor of their great Leader, commemorating their love for the man, their reverence for his virtues, their gratitude for his services.

As citizen, soldier Statesman, he enhanced the glory and enlarged the Fame of the United States.

When his allegiance to that government was terminated by his sovereign State, as President of the Confederate States he exalted his country before the nations.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Exponent of
Constitutional
Principles
Defender of
The Rights of States

Crescit Occulto
Velut
Arbor Aevo Fama

With constancy and courage unsurpassed, he sustained the heavy burden laid upon him by his people.

When their cause was lost, with dignity he met defeat, with fortitude he endured imprisonment and suffering, with entire devotion he kept the Faith.

The Navy
of the
Confederate States

Giving new examples of
Heroism
Teaching new
Methods of warfare,
It carried the
Flag of the South
to
The most distant Seas.

If to die nobly be ever the proudest glory of virtue, this of all men has fortune greatly granted to them: for, yearning with deep desire to clothe their country with freedom, now at last they rest, full of an ageless fame.

The Army
of the
Confederate States

From
Sumter
to
Appomattox,
Four years of
Unflinching struggle
Against
Overwhelming Odds.

Glory ineffable these around their dear land wrapping, wrapt around themselves the purple mantle of death. Dying, they died not at all, but, from the grave and its shadows, valor invincible lifts them glorified ever on high.

VARINA HOWELL DAVIS

[Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

Sacred to the memory of
VARINA HOWELL DAVIS
Beloved and faithful wife of
JEFFERSON DAVIS
And devoted mother of his children.
"Her children arise up and call her
Blessed; her husband also and he
Praiseth her." "She stretcheth out her
Hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth
Forth her hands to the needy."
Give her the fruit of her hands,
And let her own works praise her
In the Gates.

VARINA ANNE DAVIS

[Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

[East Side.]

In memory of
VARINA ANNE DAVIS

Daughter of the Confederacy.

The beloved child of
Jefferson Davis, President
of the Confederate States of America,
And Varina Howell Davis.

[South Side]

The whole country touched
By her blameless and heroic career,
Mingled its tears with those
Who knew and loved her.

He giveth his beloved sleep.

[West Side]

Erected by the United Daughters
of the Confederacy, Nov. 9, 1899.

In the flower of her beauty, rarely
Gifted in intellect, this noble woman
Trustfully rendered up her stainless
Soul to God who gave it.
Brave and steadfast, her loyal spirit
Was worthy of her people's
Glorious history.

[North Side]

Born in the Executive Mansion
Richmond, Va.
Died Sept. 18, 1898,
At Narragansett Pier,
Rhode Island.

SAM DAVIS

[In Capitol Park, Nashville, Tennessee.]

[Front]

1842 SAM DAVIS 1863

"The Boys Will Have To Fight
The Battles Without Me."

He Gave All He Had—
Life;
He Gained All He Lacked—
Immortality.

This monument is erected
By contributions from citizens
Of every State in the American Union,
On the site authorized
By the 51st General Assembly
Of the State of Tennessee.
1909

[Rear]

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes,
To stand before His face,
O, many a name, unknown to fame
Shall ring from that high place;
Then out of a grave in the Southland
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes
With a rope about his neck;
O Southland! bring your laurels,
And add your wreath, O North!
Let glory claim the hero's name
And tell the world his worth.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

JAMES MAUD ELFORD

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

In
Memory of
CAPTN. JAMES MAUD ELFORD,
A native of Bristol, England
But for many years a respectable
Citizen of the United States.
Who died in Charleston 25th. Jany. 1826.
Aged Fifty-Four Years.
When this experienced and successful
Sea Captain retired from Navigation,
It was only to study and reveal its theory,
And lend the lights of his genius to
His brethren of the Ocean.
He was the author of several scientific
Nautical inventions,
Particularly of an admirable system
Of Marine Telegraphic Signals,
Which afford the Sea the same
Facilities of language
As the Land.

He was prosperous and happy
in domestic Life,
And his Widow and twelve Childre
Mourn his decease.

Skilled in the Stars, in useful learning wise,
He serv'd the Earth, by studying the skies,
To know them well his best pursuits were given,
He studied first, and then he entered Heaven.

MRS. JAMES MAUD ELFORD

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

Sacred
To the Memory of
MARGARET CHARLOTTE
ELFORD,
Wife of
JAMES MAUD ELFORD,
Who departed this Life 9 May
1817
Aged 43 years 4 months and 20 days
Leaving a Husband with seven
young Children to lament
their irreparable loss.
She was
In Childhood Obedient.
In Wedlock Virtuous.
In Prosperity Humble.
In Adversity Resigned.
In Sickness Patient.
In Death Happy.

HENRY W. GRADY

[Monument in Atlanta, Georgia.]

[Front]

HENRY W. GRADY
Journalist, Orator, Patriot
Editor of the Atlanta Constitution.
Born in Athens, Georgia, May 24th, 1850.
Died in Atlanta, December 23rd, 1889.
Graduated at the state university in the year 1868.
—He never held or sought public office—
"When he died he was literally loving a nation into peace."

[Rear]

"This hour little needs loyalty that is loyal to one section and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and enstrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and

trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts—that knows no South, no North, no East, no West; but endears with equal patriotic love every foot of our soil, every state in our Union."

Boston, December, 1889.

"The citizen standing in the doorway of his home—contented in his threshold—his family gathered about his hearthstone—while the evening of a well spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted."

University of Va., June 25th, 1889.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

[Erected in Wilmington, North Carolina. Dedicated May 2, 1907.]

[West Face]

The
North Carolina Society
of the Colonial Dames
of America
have erected this
Monument to the memory
of the Colonial
Heroes
of the Lower Cape Fear.

[East Face]

The Cape Fear
first explored
1663
first settlement
at Old Town
1665
permanent settlemen.
at Brunswick
1725
Wilmington Established
1733

[North Face]

CORNELIUS HARNETT
1723
1781
Patriot and Statesman.

[South Face]

In honor of
The hundred and fifty
men who made the first
armed resistance
in the American Colonies
to the oppressive
Stamp Act
of the British Parliament
February 19th, 1766.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina. This inscription is from the pen of the late Right Reverend Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia.]

[West Side]

Beneath this Marble,
the too perishable Monument of a Widow's Love,
are deposited the bones and ashes
of ROBERT Y. HAYNE.
No sculptured stone is needed to perpetuate
the memory of this illustrious name.
The Archives of his Country
are ennobled by his Honors,
and his public services are stamped
for Immortality
Upon the face of his native State,
and upon the Institutions of the Union.
It is the smitten Heart
that would relieve its anguish
by this record of his rare virtues,
his real nobleness, his incomparable excellence.
That heart alone can know how far
The wisdom of the Statesman, the eloquence of the Senator,
and the courage of the Hero
were transcended by those sublimer qualities
which made him the Idol of his Wife,
the Pattern of his Children
the Guide of his Friends,
the honest, incorruptible Patriot.
The Wisdom which counselled Nations, ruled his Home,
The Tongue which swayed the People, charmed his Fireside,
The Heart which nerved a state, allured his Household.
His Widow and his Children
could find no consolation in his loss
save in the humble hope
that they have given him up to that God
who is the Father of the Fatherless.

[East Side.]

No son of South Carolina
Was ever more cherished by his noble Mother
Than the subject of this memorial.
Her honors were heaped upon him in early
and rapid succession.
Elected at his majority to her House of Representatives
He soon became its Speaker;
And was thence transferred to the responsible
station of Attorney General.
When just old enough to claim his seat,
He was chosen to represent Her
In the Senate of the Union.
Having eloquently vindicated her Principles,
In her moment of extreme peril,
She entrusted her Honor to his keeping,
laying upon his shoulders
the burden of her Government.
No sooner was the sword sheathed
than she summoned him to advocate the interest
of her Agriculture and Commerce.
In the fulfilment of these trusts
He sacrificed his Life
having lived long enough for his own fame:
having died too soon for his Country's good.

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL

[At State Capitol, Atlanta, Georgia.]

[Front]

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL
Born September 14th, 1823.
Died August 16th, 1882.
This monument is erected by his
Fellow citizens in commemoration
Of the indomitable courage,
Unrivaled eloquence and devoted
Patriotism characterizing the
Illustrious dead.

[Left Side]

Member of the Provisional Congress
of the Confederate States,
Senator of the Confederate States
from 1861 to 1865.
Member of the House of Representatives
of the United States, from 1875 to 1878.
Senator of the United States
from 1878 to the date of his death.

[Rear]

"We are in the house of our fathers.
Our brothers are our companions,
And we are at home, thank God."
Amnesty Speech, January 11th, 1876.

"Who saves his country saves himself,
Saves all things, and all things saved
Do bless him. Who lets his country die
Lets all things die, dies himself, ignobly,
And all things dying curse him."
Notes on The Situation.

"The Union under the Constitution knows
no section, but does know all the states."
Speech in the U. S. Senate, June 11th, 1879.

[Right Side]

Member of the House of Representatives.
of Georgia during 1851 and 1852.
Senator of Georgia during 1859 and 1860.
Member of the Convention of 1861.
Beloved in private life, distinguished
at the Bar and eminent in public relations, he was
at all times the champion of human liberty.

MRS. ANDREW JACKSON

[This inscription on Mrs. Jackson's tomb at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee, was composed by President Jackson himself.]

Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of

her fellow-creatures and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor, to the wretched a comforter, to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God.

THOMAS J. JACKSON

[Foley's English statue of Stonewall Jackson was unveiled in Richmond, Virginia, October 26, 1876. The pedestal bears this inscription.]

Presented by English Gentlemen
As a tribute of admiration for
The Soldier and Patriot,
THOMAS J. JACKSON,
And gratefully accepted by Virginia
In the name of the Southern People.
Done A. D., 1875.
In the hundredth year of the Commonwealth.
"Look! there is Jackson standing like a stone wall."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

[The inscription on this monument was composed by Jefferson himself. The original shaft is on the campus of the University of Missouri. The monument now standing at Monticello was erected in 1882 by order of Congress.]

Here was buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON
Author of the
Declaration
of
American Independence
of the
Statute of Virginia
for
Religious Freedom
and Father of the
University of Virginia.
Born April 2, 1743. O. S.
Died July 4, 1826.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

[Soon after the fall of General Albert Sidney Johnston at the battle of Shiloh and the transfer of his remains to New Orleans, a lady visiting the cemetery found pinned to a rough board that rested on the temporary tomb the following beautiful epitaph. It was written in a delicate hand with a pencil, and the rain had nearly obliterated the characters; but she made a verbatim copy of the manuscript, and sent it to one of the New Orleans papers with the request that if possible the name of the author should be published. The exquisite lines went the rounds of the press of this country and England as a model of English composition. Public curiosity being aroused, the authorship was traced to John Dimitry, a native of New Orleans, and a son of Alexander Dimitry. Young Dimitry, though only a boy, served in Johnston's army at Shiloh and on visiting New Orleans and the grave of his dead chieftain wrote the lines on the inspiration of the moment and modestly pinned them on the headboard as the only tribute he could offer. When the question arose concerning the form of epitaph to be placed on the monument erected to the memory of the dead Confederate General, the committee of citizens in charge with one voice decided upon this, and it is now inscribed upon the broad panel at the base of the statue, in Austin, Texas.]

In Memory.
Beyond this stone is laid,
For a season,
ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,
A general in the army of the Confederate States,
Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,
On the sixth day of April, A. D.,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two;
A man tried in many high offices
And critical enterprises,
And found faithful in all.
His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;
And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,
Did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need.
Not wholly understood was he while he lived;
But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears.
Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure.
In his honor—impregnable;
In his simplicity—sublime.
No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion;

No people a bolder defender—no principle a
purer victim
Than the dead soldier
Who sleeps here;
The cause for which he perished is lost—
The people for whom he fought are crushed—
The hopes in which he trusted are shattered,
The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines,
But his fame, consigned to the keeping of
that time, which,
Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue
as its shrine,
Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth
to noble ends.
In honor, now, our great captain rests;
A bereaved people mourn him.
Three commonwealths proudly claim him;
And history shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits, who, holding
their conscience unmix'd with blame,
Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves, their country, and their God.

SOLOMON JONES

[The headstone bearing the following inscription is on the side of the road between Hendersonville, North Carolina, and Mount Hebron nearby.]

Here lies SOLOMON JONES,
The Road-Maker,
A True Patriot.
He labored fifty years to leave the world better
than he had found it.

KENTUCKY MONUMENT

[In the Chickamauga National Park. Dedicated May 7, 1899. The words are from a message of former Governor William O. Bradley.]

As we are united in life, and they united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and retained every star on the nation's flag.

R. E. LEE

[Monument at Natchez, Mississippi.]

In Memoriam
R. E. LEE,
The Great, the Good, the Wise,
Called hence to his reward.
Of all the men that ever carved their names on Time,
he stands alone.
Others have become famous for their triumphs:
he made failure glorious,
And won honors from defeat.
Vanquished!
he was yet a victor.
To honor virtue is to honor him;
To reverence wisdom is to do him reverence.
In life,
he was a model for all who live;
In death,
he left a heritage to all.
One such example is worth more to earth,
than the stained triumphs of ten thousand Caesars!

MERIWETHER LEWIS

[Monument in Lewis County, Tennessee, sixty miles southwest of Nashville. The grave is in the exact center of the county. In 1848 the Legislature appropriated five hundred dollars for the monument.]

[West Side]

MERIWETHER LEWIS
Born near Charlottesville, Va., Aug. 18,
1774, died Oct. 11, 1809, aged 35 years.

[South Side]

An officer of the Regular Army. Commander of the
expedition to the Oregon in 1803-1806. Gov-
ernor of the Territory of Louisiana. His
melancholy death occurred where this
monument now stands, and under
which rest his mortal
remains.

[East Side]

In the language of Jefferson: "His courage was undaunted. His firmness and perseverance yielded to nothing but impossibilities. A rigid disciplinarian, yet tender as a father to those committed to his charge; honest, disinterested, liberal, with a sound understanding, and a scrupulous fidelity to truth."

[North Side]

Immaturus obi: sed tu felicior annos
Vive meos, Bona Respublica! vive tuos.
Erected by the Legislature of Tennessee,
A. D. 1848.

DAVID MARTIN

[Magnolia Cemetery, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.]

DAVID MARTIN
His last words were: "I die a Christian and a Democrat."

CHARLOTTE MASSEY

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

Here
Lies the Body of
CHARLOTTE MASSEY
who departed this Life
June 24th, 1787.
Aged 25 years.
View this tomb as you pass by
For as you are so once was I
And as I am so must you be
Prepare yourself to follow me.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

[North Side]

In memory
of
MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY
Born in
Spottsylvania Co., Virginia,
January 14th, 1806.
Died in
Lexington, Virginia,
February 1st, 1873.
"All is well."
MAURY.

[West Side]

Entered the Navy
of
The United States
1825,
That of
The Confederate States
1861.
Author of
"Maury's Sailing Directions"
and
"The Physical Geography of the Sea."

HUNTER HOLMES McGUIRE

[Monument in Capitol Square, Richmond, Virginia.]

To
HUNTER HOLMES McGUIRE, M.D., LL.D.,
President of the American Medical
And of the
American Surgical Associations;
Founder of the University College of Medicine;

Medical Director, Jackson's Corps,
Army of Northern Virginia,
An eminent civil and military surgeon
And beloved physician;
An able teacher and vigorous writer
A useful citizen and broad Humanitarian,
Gifted in mind and generous in heart,
This monument is erected by his many friends.

DAVID MOSSOM

[Rev. David Mossom, who officiated at the marriage of George Washington and Mrs. Custis, is buried in the Churchyard of St. Peter's, New Kent County, Virginia. His monument is within the chancel and bears the following inscription.]

Reverendus David Mossom prope Jacet,
Collegii St. Joannis Cantabrigiae obiti, Alumnus,
Hujus Parochiae Rector Annos Quadraginta,
Omnibus Ecclesiae Anglicanae Presbyteriis
Inter Americanos Ordine Presbyteratus Primus;
Literatura Paucis secundus,
Qui tandem senis et Moerore Confectus
Ex variis Rebus arduis quas in hac vita perpessus est
Mortisq: in dies memor ideo virens et valens
Sibi hunc sepulturae locum posuit et elegit
Uxoribus Elizabetha et Maria quidem juxta sepultis
Ubi requirescat dones resuscitatus ad vitam Eternam
Per Jesum Christum salvatorem nostrum
Qualis erat, indicant illi quibus benenotus
Superstiles Non hoc sepulchrale saxum
Londini Natus 25 Martii 1690
Obiit 4 Janii 1767.

NEGRO SLAVES

[In Fort Mill, South Carolina. On the East side is the figure of a negro man, on the West side that of a negro woman. See also inscription on monument to Harry Talbird, page 6463.]

[On the North Side]

1895
Erected by Sam'l E. White,
In Grateful Memory of Earlier
Days, with Approval of the
Jefferson Davis
Memorial Association.
Among the Many Faithful,

Nelson White	Anthony White
Sandy White	Jim White
Warren White	Henry White
Silas White	Nathan Springs
Handy White	Soloman Spratt

[On the South Side]

1860
Dedicated to
The Faithful Slaves
Who, loyal to a sacred trust,
Toiled for the Support
Of the Army, with Matchless
Devotion, and with Sterling
Fidelity Guarded Our Defenceless
Homes, Women, and Children, During
The Struggle for the Principles
Of Our "Confederate States of
America."
1865

OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH

[The following lines, written about 1840 by Miss Eliza Lewis Hening, of Virginia, are engraved on the walls of the Old Blandford Church at Petersburg, Virginia. "Complete evidence of Miss Hening's claim," says Miss Clarke, in 'Songs of the South,' p. 323, "has been furnished by her niece, Miss E. V. Swann, Trenholm, Virginia." The building is now being restored by the Ladies' Memorial Association as a Confederate Memorial Chapel.]

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
  Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And around thee in thy loneliness
  Clings the ivy to thy wall.
The worshippers are scatter'd now
  Who met before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
  In days of old lang syne.

And rudely sighs the wandering wind,
  Where oft, in years gone by,
Prayer rose from many hearts to Him,
  The highest of the high.
The tramp of many a busy foot
  Which sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around
  Is still'd for evermore.

How oft ambition's hope takes wing!
  How droop the spirits now!
We hear the distant city's din:
  The dead are mute below.
The sun which shone upon their paths
  Now gilds their lonely graves;
The zephyrs which once fann'd their brows
  The grass above them waves.

Oh, could we call the many back
  Who've gathered here in vain,
Who careless roved where we do now,
  Who'll never meet again,—
How would our souls be stirr'd
  To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
  The light of other days!

WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON

[Monument in Lexington, Virginia.]

Here Rests
WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON, D. D.
Son of
Edmund Pendleton
And Lucy Nelson His Wife,
Of Caroline County, Virginia.

Born December 26th, 1809.
Died January 15th, 1883.
For 46 Years
A Clergyman of the
Protestant Episcopal Church;
28 Years
Rector of Latimer Parish
Rockbridge County, Virginia.

Brig. General C. S. A.
Chief of Artillery
Army of Northern Virginia.
One of Lee's Commissioners
Of Surrender at Appomattox.

Of Gentle Birth
And of Goodly Presence,
He was a Man
Pure, True, Noble.
A Scholar
Ripe, Exact, Accomplished.
A Teacher
Wise, Thorough, Efficient.
A Soldier
Generous, Dauntless, Skillful.
A Christian
Steadfast, Unmoveable.
Always Abounding
In the Work of the Lord.

A Preacher
Earnest, Persuasive, Vigorous.
A Pastor
Tender, Devoted,
Faithful Unto Death
To Seek and to Save the Sheep.

He Filled Every Position with Honor:
Performed Every Duty with Fidelity:
Served God: Loved Mankind.
Lexington Va.

JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU
Born at
Abbeville May 10th. 1789,
Died at Charleston March 9th. 1863.
Jurist, Orator, Statesman, Patriot.
Future times will hardly know how great a life
This simple stone commemorates,—
The tradition of his eloquence, his
Wisdom and Wit may fade;
But he lived for ends more durable than fame.
His eloquence was the protection of the poor and wronged,
His learning illuminated the principles of Law—
In the admiration of his Peers,
In the respect of his People,
In the affection of his Family,
His was the highest place;
The just meed
Of his kindness and forbearance.
His dignity and simplicity,
His brilliant Genius and his unwearied industry,
Unawed by Opinion
Unseduced by Flattery,
Undismayed by disaster.
He confronted Life with antique Courage
And Death with Christian Hope.

In the great Civil War
He withstood his People for his Country,
But his People did homage to the Man
Who held his conscience higher than their praise;
And his Country
Heaped her honours on the grave of the Patriot,
To whom, living,
His own righteous self-respect sufficed,
Alike for Motive and Reward.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a life so noble."

This stone is erected by his Daughter
Caroline Carson.

GEORGE E. PICKETT

[Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

Pickett's Division,
Army Northern Virginia
Whose officers and men
Fought bravely and died
Nobly, and though denied
Success, "On fame's eternal
Bead roll worthie to be
Fyled."

"Wherever field was to be
Held or won,
Or hardship borne, or right
To be maintained,
Or danger met, or deed of
Valor done,
Or honor, glory gained,
Where men were called to
Front death face to face,
There was its
Rightful place."

GEORGE E. PICKETT,
Major General Commanding,
Born in Richmond City,. Virginia,
Jan. 25, 1825,
Died in Norfolk City, Virginia,
July 30, 1875.

Vera Cruz, Cero Gordo,
Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino,
Del Rey, Chapultepec, Mexico,
1847, San Juan Island 1859,
Williamsburg, Fair Oaks,
Gaines' Mill, Fredericksburg,
Gettysburg, Plymouth, Cold
Harbor, Clay House, Five Forks,
Sailor's Creek, Appomattox C. H.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY

[Inscription on tablet in interior of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, South Carolina.]

To the memory of
GENERAL CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY
one of the founders of
the American Republic.
In war
he was the companion in arms
and the friend of Washington.
In peace
he enjoyed his unchanging confidence
and maintained with enlightened zeal
the principles of his administration
and of the Constitution.
As a Statesman
he bequeathed to his country the sentiment,
Millions for defence
not a cent for tribute.
As a lawyer,
his learning was various and profound
his principles pure, his practice liberal.

With all the accomplishments
of the gentleman
he combined the virtues of the patriot
and the piety of the Christian.
His name
is recorded in the history of his country
inscribed on the charter of her liberties,
And cherished in the affections of her citizens.
Obiit XVI August MDCCCXXV.
Aetatis, LXXIX

WILLIAM PITT

[Washington Square, Charleston, South Carolina.]

In Grateful Memory
Of His Services to His Country in General
And to America in Particular,
The Commons House of Assembly
Of South Carolina
Unanimously Voted
This Statue
of
THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.
Who
Gloriously Exerted Himself
In Defending the Freedom of Americans,
The True Sons of England,
By Promoting a Repeal
Of the Stamp Act,
In the Year 1776.
Time
Shall Sooner Destroy
This Mark of Their Esteem
Than
Erase From Their Minds
Their Just Sense
Of His Patriotic Virtues

Statue was voted by the state, on motion of Rawles Lowndes, May 1766. Was erected on Broad and Meeting

streets, July 5, 1769. Right arm destroyed by the fire of the English batteries on James Island during the siege of Charleston in 1780. Removed March 13, 1794. Reerected in front of orphan house 1808. Removed to this spot, May 1881.

WILLIAM HENRY ROBBINS

[The following inscription on a nameless tomb in St. David's Churchyard, Cheraw, South Carolina, has been the subject of much discussion. See *The State*, of Columbia, South Carolina, October, 23, 1907, and Dr. B. M. Palmer's 'Life and Letters of Thornwell,' p. 36. The tomb is that of William Henry Robbins, 1795-1843, with whom Thornwell lived from his fourteenth to his eighteenth year.]

My name, my country, what is that to thee;
What, whether high or low, my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them: what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a tomb;
Thou know'st its use; it hides,—no matter whom.

ANDRES ALMONESTER Y ROXAS

[Saint Louis Cathedral, New Orleans, Louisiana. Buried on the epistle side under the altar of the Sacred Heart. The inscription is in Spanish, of which the following is a translation.]

Here lie the Remains
of
DON ANDRES ALMONESTER Y ROXAS
a Native of Mayrena,
In the Kingdom of Andalusia.
He died in the City of New Orleans,
On the 26th Day of April, 1708,
Being 73 years of Age.
A Knight of the Royal and Distinguished
Order of Charles III,
Colonel of the Militia of This Department,
Alderman and Royal Lieutenant of This Corporation,
Founder and Donor of This Holy Cathedral,
Founder of the Royal Hospital of St.
Charles and of Its Church,
Founder of the Hospital for Lepers,
Founder of the Ursulines Convent,

Founder of the School for the Education of Girls,
Founder of the Court House,
All of Which He Had Built at His Own Expense
in This City.
Requiescat in Pace.

JOHN SINGLETON AND FAMILY

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

Sacred & Solemn
to
the Memory of 1 in 4 & 4 in 1
A Husband, Father, Grandfather &
Father in Law.

JOHN SINGLETON
departed this life in the 40th. year of
his age on the 10th. September 1799.

JOHN J. SIMMS
his grandson on the 16th. November 1806
in the morning of his life aged 20 months
and 2 weeks.

HARRIET SIMMS
his only daughter mother of the infant
and wife of Wm. Simms on the 29th.
January 1808 in the bloom of life
aged 23 years.

Man cometh up like a shadow and is
cut down like a flower.

No longer the Physician's healing art avails
But every remedy its master fails.

Happy the babe who privileged by fate
To shorter labor and a lighter weight.
Received but yesterday the gift of breath
Ordered tomorrow to return to death.

CHARLES H. SMITH

[Inscription on Tablet erected in 1908 in the Presbyterian Church of Cartersville, Georgia.]

CHAS. H. SMITH
1826 "Bill Arp" 1903
Author, Philosopher, Royal Arch Mason, Confederate Soldier, Christian. His Pen, So Like Himself, Softened and Sweetened Life to Unnumbered Thousands.
God Rest His Loved and Loving Heart.

WILLIAM SMITH

[Monument in Capitol Square, Richmond, Virginia.]

[South Side]

WILLIAM SMITH
Virginia
Born Sept. 6th 1797 Died May 18th 1887.
1836-40. 1841-42.
Member of the Virginia Senate
1846-49
Governor of Virginia
1841-43 1853-61
Member of the United States Congress
1861-62
Member of the Confederate States Congress
1861-62
Colonel 49th Virginia Volunteers
1862-63
Brig. General Confederate States Army
1863-64
Major General Confederate States Army
1864-65
Governor of Virginia

[East Side]

A man of strong Convictions
Bred in the strict
States Rights School
He yielded paramount allegiance
To his Mother State
And maintained with fearless

And impassioned eloquence
In the Congress of the United States
The sovereignty of Virginia

When the storm of war burst
"His voice was in his sword"

[West Side]

Called from the army
To guide again the destinies
Of this Commonwealth
During 1864-65,
He displayed such energy, resource
And unshaken resolution
As drew to him the heart
Of the whole Southern people.
Tried by both extremes of fortune
He proved equal to the trial,
And died as he had lived
A Virginian of Virginians.

[North Side]

Though past three score,
He entered the military service
As Colonel of Virginia Infantry
And rose by sheer merit
To the rank of Major General.
At First Manassas, Seven Pines
The Seven Days Battle,
Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas,
Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg,
Chancellorsville and Gettysburg
His fiery yet "cheerful courage"
Was everywhere conspicuous
And the only fault imputed to him
By his superiors was
"A too reckless exposure of his person."
Thrice wounded at Sharpsburg,
He refused to leave the field, and
Remained in command of his regiment
Until the end of that
Sanguinary engagement.

J. E. B. STUART

[Monument in Richmond, Virginia.]

[East Side]

MAJ: GEN: J. E. B. STUART
Commanding-Cavalry-Corps
Army-Northern-Virginia
Confederate-States-of-America
This-statue-erected-by-his-Comrades
And-the-City-of-Richmond
A. D. 1906

[South Side]

"Tell
Gen: Stuart
to-act
On-his-own-judgement
and-do
What-he-thinks-best
I-have
Implicit-confidence
in-him."

Gen: T. J. 'Stonewall' Jackson
in-turning-over-the-command
of-his-troops
to-Gen: Stuart
After-being-wounded
at-Chancellorsville
May-3-1863.

[West Side]

Born-in-Patrick-County-Va: Feb-6-1833
Died-in-Richmond-Va: May-12-1864
Aged-31-years

Mortally-wounded-in-the-battle-of-Yellow-Tavern
May-11-1864

He-gave-his-life-for-his-country
And-saved-this-city-from-capture.

[North Side]

"His-grateful
Countrymen
Will-mourn-his-loss
And-cherish
his-memory.
To-his-comrades-in-arms
he-has-left
The-proud-recollection
of-his-deeds
and-the
Inspiring-influence
of-his-example"

Gen: R. E. Lee
Announcing-the-death-of
Gen: Stuart
To-his-army-May-20-1864.

HARRY TALBIRD

[Inscription on the monument erected to a negro slave in Marion, Alabama. The monument stands in the cemetery of Marion, not far from the Confederate Monument.]

[West Side]

HARRY
Servant of
H. Talbird, D.D.
President of Howard College

Who lost his life from injuries received while rousing the students at the burning of the college building on the night of Oct. 15th 1854.

Aged 23 years.

[North Side]

He was employed as waiter in the college, and when alarmed by the flames at midnight and warned to escape for his life replied "I must wake the boys first," and thus saved their lives at the cost of his own.

[East Side]

As a grateful tribute to his fidelity and to commemorate a

noble act, this monument has been erected by the students of Howard College and the Alabama Baptist Convention.

[South Side]

A consistent member of the Baptist Church he illustrated the character of a Christian servant "Faithful even unto death."

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

[From Tablet in the F. W. Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana.]

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND
"Who buildeth broadest
Buildeth best,
Who broadest blesses
Most is blest."
By the Quarante Club
MCMIII

MRS. KENNETH HAPPUCH TURNER

[Guilford Battle Ground, Guilford County, near Greensboro, North Carolina. This is said to be the first monument erected in the United States to a Revolutionary heroine.]

1781 1902
A Heroine of '76
MRS. KENNETH HAPPUCK TURNER
Mother of Elizabeth
The Wife of Joseph
Morehead of N.C., and
Grandmother of Captain
James and John Morehead.
A young N.C. Soldier under
Greene, rode horse-back from
Her Maryland Home and at
Guilford Court House nursed
To health a badly wounded son.

JAMES E. VALENTINE

[Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

JAMES E. VALENTINE.
Killed in a Collision,
Dec. 20, 1874, Aged 32 years.

In the crash and the fall he stood
Unmoved, and sanctified his life
That he might fulfil his trust.

Until the Brakes are turned on Time,
Life's throttle-valve shut down,
He wakes to pilot in the crew
That wear the martyr's crown.

On schedule time, on upper grade,
Along the homeward section,
He lands his train at God's round-house,
The morn of resurrection.

His time all full no wages docked;
His name on God's pay-roll,
And transportation through to Heaven
A free pass for his Soul.

MARIA A. VALK

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

Sacred to the Memory
of
MARIA A. VALK,
Whose mortal remains are here Interr'd.
Born 13th. Feby. 1815.
Died 21st. Septr. 1827.

Early, bright, transient,
Chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled was Exhal'd,
And went to Heaven.

ELIZABETH L. VAN LEW

[Shockoe Hill Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia]

ELIZABETH L. VAN LEW
1818 ——— 1900

She risked everything that is dear to man—friends—fortune—comfort—health—life itself—all for the One absorbing desire of her heart—that slavery might be abolished and the Union preserved

---

This Boulder
From the Capitol Hill in Boston is a tribute
from Massachusetts friends.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

["The author of this composition is not known. It has been transcribed from a manuscript copy, written on the back of a picture frame in which is a miniature likeness of Washington, and which hangs in one of the rooms of the mansion at Mount Vernon, having been left there sometime after Washington's death." Jared Sparks's 'Life of Washington.']

Washington,
The Defender of his Country, the Founder of Liberty
The Friend of Man.
History and Tradition are explored in vain
For a Parallel to his Character.
In the Annals of Modern Greatness
He stands alone
And the noblest Names of Antiquity
Lose their Lustre in his Presence.
Born the Benefactor of Mankind,
He united all the Qualities necessary
To an Illustrious career.
Nature made him Great,
He made himself Virtuous.
Called by his Country to the Defence of her Liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the Rights of Humanity,
And on the Pillars of National Independence
Laid the Foundations of a Great Republic.

Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy
By the Unanimous Voice of a Free People,
He surpassed in the Cabinet
The Glories of the Field,
And, voluntarily resigning the Sceptre and the Sword,
Retired to the Shades of Private Life.
A spectacle so new and so sublime
Was contemplated with the profoundest Admiration;
And the Name of WASHINGTON,
Adding new Lustre to Humanity,
Responded to the remotest Regions of the Earth.
Magnanimous in Youth,
Glorious through Life,
Great in Death,
His highest Ambition the Happiness of Mankind,
His noblest Victory the Conquest of himself,
Bequeathing to Posterity the Inheritance of his Fame
And Building his Monument in the Hearts of his Countrymen,
He lived the Ornament of the Eighteenth Century,
He died regretted by a Mourning World.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[Statue in State Capitol, Richmond, Virginia.]

The General Assembly of the Commonwealth
Of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected,
As a monument of affection and gratitude to
GEORGE WASHINGTON
Who, uniting to the endowment of the Hero
The virtues of the Patriot, and exalting both
In establishing the Liberties of his Country,
Has rendered his name dear to his Fellow-Citizens,
And given to the world an immortal example
Of true glory. Done in the year of
CHRIST
One thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight
And in the year of the Commonwealth the twelfth.

JOHN WATSON AND WIFE

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

Praises on Tombs are titles vainly spent.
A man's good name is his best Monument.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

[Greene Street, Augusta, Georgia.]

[West Side]

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.
Born
Sept. 24 1789
Died
Sept. 10 1847

[South Side]

Poet.
Orator.
Jurist.
Historian.
Statesman.

[East Side]

"My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die."

[North Side]

Erected by the
Hayne Literary Circle
of
Augusta, Georgia
1896

QUOTATIONS AND NOTABLE SAYINGS

It is hoped that the topical and alphabetical arrangement of these passages will not only facilitate reference but make this part of the volume a source of varied instruction and suggestion. For the casual reader, the student, the historian, the educator, the preacher, the public speaker or debater, the material here offered is intended to be of permanent service. Some of these sayings, though not hitherto recorded in books of quotations, have marked turning points in history. It should be needless to say that no sentiment has been excluded on the ground of its appearing elsewhere in 'The Library of Southern Literature.'

QUOTATIONS AND NOTABLE SAYINGS

Actions.—A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Social Maxims.*

Allegiance.—I have heard something said about allegiance to the South. I know no South, no North, no East, no West, to which I owe any allegiance.—HENRY CLAY, *In the United States Senate, 1848.*

Alliances, Foreign.—'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Farewell Address.*

Ambition.—Sir, the sun never sets on ambition like this; they who have once felt its scorpion sting, are never satisfied with a limit less than the circle of our planet.—JOHN RANDOLPH, *Vaulting Ambition.*

America.—There are four things, which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States, as an independent power.

First.—An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head.

Secondly.—A sacred regard to public justice.

Thirdly.—The adoption of a proper peace establishment; and,

Fourthly.—The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions, which are requisite to the general prosperity; and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community.

These are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported. Liberty is the basis; and whoever would dare to sap the founda-

tion, or overturn the structure, under whatever specious pretext he may attempt it, will merit the bitterest execration, and the severest punishment, which can be inflicted by his injured country.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Circular Letter, 1783.*

America.—

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One."

—WASHINGTON ALLSTON, *America to Great Britain.*

America.—Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—STEPHEN DECATUR, *Toast given at Norfolk, April, 1816.*

America.—In this republic of ours is lodged the hope of free government on earth. Here God has rested the ark of his covenant with the sons of men. Let us—once estranged and thereby closer bound—let us soar above all provincial pride and find our deeper inspirations in gathering the fullest sheaves into the harvest and standing the staunchest and most devoted of its sons as it lights the path and makes clear the way through which all the people of the earth shall come in God's appointed time.—HENRY W. GRADY, *The South and Her Problems, Address Delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October 26, 1887.*

Americans.—Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the constitution received from their fathers.—L. Q. C. LAMAR, *Eulogy of Sumner (1874).*

Americans.—I can but think, Sir, that a blending of the two points of view gives us a truer perspective as to our national development. What you call the Puritan spirit, of which you are justly proud, has never, I think, been confined to New England alone; nor do I believe that Virginia can claim exclusive heritage in the gracious and generous qualities of the Cavalier. Isn't it, after all, the *American spirit,* differentiated by environment?—William Gordon McCabe, *Puritan and Cavalier, Address Delivered before the New England Society, December 22, 1899.*

Anglo-Saxon Supremacy.—The Anglo-Saxon blood has dominated always and everywhere. It fed Alfred when he wrote the charter of English liberty; it gathered about Hampden as he stood beneath the oak; it thundered in Cromwell's veins as he fought his king; it humbled Napoleon at Waterloo; it has touched the desert and jungle with undying glory; it carried the drumbeat of England around the world and spread on every continent the gospel of liberty and of God; it established this republic, carved it from the wilderness, conquered it from the Indians, wrested it from England, and at last, stilling its own tumult, consecrated it forever as the home of the Anglo-Saxon, and the theater of his transcending achievement. Never one foot of it can be surrendered while that blood lives in American veins, and feeds American hearts, to the domination of an alien and inferior race.—Henry W. Grady, *The South and Her Problems, Address Delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October 26, 1887.*

Appomattox.—Out there is Appomattox, where on every ragged gray cap the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of his imperishable knighthood.—Henry W. Grady, *Against Centralization, An Address Delivered before the Societies of the University of Virginia, June 25, 1889.*

Arlington.—As to our old home, if not destroyed it will be difficult ever to be recognized. Even if the enemy had wished to preserve it, it would almost have been impossible. With the number of troops encamped around it, the change of officers, the want of fuel, shelter, etc., and all the dire necessities of

war, it is vain to think of its being in a habitable condition. I fear, too, the books, furniture, and relics of Mount Vernon will be gone. It is better to make up our minds to a general loss. They cannot take away the remembrances of the spot, and the memories of those that to us rendered it sacred. That will remain to us as long as life will last and that we can preserve. —Robert E. Lee, *Letter to Mrs. Lee, December 25, 1861.*

Autumn, The Breeze of.—

This gentle and half melancholy breeze
Is but a wandering Hamlet of the trees,
Who finds a tongue in every lingering leaf
To voice some subtlety of sylvan grief.
—William Hamilton Hayne, *An Autumn Breeze.*

Banks.—A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks. —John C. Calhoun, *Speech, May 27, 1836.*

Banner, The Star-Spangled.—

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
—Francis Scott Key, *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

Beethoven and Angelo.—

One made the surging sea of tone
Subservient to his rod:
One from the sterile womb of stone
Raised children unto God.
—John Banister Tabb, *Beethoven and Angelo.*

Birds, Songs of.—

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the songs of happy birds.
—Albert Pike, *Ode to the Mocking Bird.*

Blessedness, True.—Day by day faithfully to do one's work and to be restless for no more; without bitterness to accept obscurity for ambition; to possess all vital passions and to govern them; to stand on the world's thoroughfare and see the

young generations hurrying by, and to put into the hands of a youth here and there a light which will burn long after our own personal taper is extinguished; to look back upon the years already gone as not without usefulness and honor, and forward to what may remain as safe at least from failure or any form of shame, and thus for one's self to feel the humility of the part before the greatness of the whole of life, and yet the privileges and duties of the individual to the race —this brings blessedness if it does not always bring happiness, and it had brought both to him.—JAMES LANE ALLEN, *The Mettle of the Pasture.*

Blifil.—I was defeated, horse, foot and dragoons—cut up and clean broke down by the coalition of Blifil and Black George—by the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan with the blackleg.—JOHN RANDOLPH, *Speech in Senate, 1826.*

Bluebird.—

'Tis thine the earliest song to sing
Of welcome to the wakening spring,
Who round thee, as a blossom weaves
The fragrance of her sheltering leaves.
—JOHN BANISTER TABB, *The Bluebird.*

Browning, Robert.—I am confident that, at the birth of this man, among all the good fairies who showered him with magnificent endowments, one bad one—as in the old tale—crept in by stealth and gave him a constitutional twist i' the neck, whereby his windpipe became, and has ever since remained, a marvelous tortuous passage. Out of this glottis-labyrinth his words won't and can't come straight. A hitch and a sharp crook in every sentence bring you up with a shock. But what a shock it is! Did you ever see a picture of a lasso, in the act of being flung? In a thousand coils and turns, inextricably crooked and involved and whirled, yet, if you mark the noose at the end, you see that it is directly in front of the bison's head, there, and is bound to catch him! That is the way Robert Browning catches you.—SIDNEY LANIER, *Letter to Paul Hamilton Hayne (1870).*

Buddha.—

> Buddha, beautiful! I pardon thee
> That all the All thou hadst for needy man
> Was Nothing, and thy Best of being was
> But not to be.
>
> —SIDNEY LANIER, *The Crystal.*

Buncombe.—Felix Walker [1753-1828], member of Congress from Buncombe County, North Carolina, was once making a long-winded speech, when noticing the impatience of his listeners, he paused long enough to inform them that he was not speaking for their benefit, but for Buncombe. Though the story has become a classic, it seems pretty certain that bunkum, in the modern sense, was in use almost a century ago in New England, the possible derivation being from the Canadian French "Il est buncum sa" ("Il est bon comme ça"), "It is good as it is." The phrase has crossed the Atlantic, and is as thoroughly accepted in England as in America.—WILLIAM S. WALSH, *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities.*

Calumny.—To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Moral Maxims.*

Centralization, The Tendency to.—Against this tendency who shall protest? Those who believe that a central government means repression—those who believe that this vast Republic, with its diverse interests and its local needs, can better be governed by liberty and enlightenment diffused among the people than by powers and privileges congested at the center—those who believe that the States should do nothing that the people can do themselves and the government nothing that the State and the people can do—those who believe that the wealth of the central government is a crime rather than a virtue, and that every dollar not needed for its economical administration should be left with the people of the States—those who believe that the hearthstone of the home is the true altar of liberty and the enlightened conscience of the citizen the best guarantee of government!—HENRY W. GRADY, *Against Centralization, An Address Delivered before the Societies of the University of Virginia, June 25, 1889.*

Chaucer.—

Here's a round to thee, Dan Chaucer,
At the festal Christmas time.
Pledge me, poets—to the master
Of our gentle art of rime.

To the eldest of our brothers,
To the honor of his name,
To the sweetness of his spirit,
To the glory of his fame;

To that voice whose music echoes
All the centuries along,
Prophesying art triumphant
In eternity of song.

—JOHN HENRY BONER, *A Christmas Toast.*

Child, Value of.—The most sacred thing in the Commonwealth and to the Commonwealth is the child, whether it be your child or the child of the dull-faced mother of the hovel. The child of the dull-faced mother may, for all you know, be the most capable child in the State. At its worst, it is capable of good citizenship and a useful life, if its intelligence be quickened and trained. Several of the strongest personalities that were ever born in North Carolina were men whose very fathers were unknown. We have all known two such, who held high places in church and state. President Eliot said a little while ago that the ablest man that he had known in many years' connection with Harvard University was the son of a brick mason. The child, whether it have poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource of the State.—WALTER HINES PAGE, *Address delivered at the Commencement of the State Normal School at Athens, Ga., Dec. 11, 1901.*

Childhood.—

Old Sorrow I shall meet again,
And Joy, perchance—but never, never,
Happy Childhood, shall we twain
See each other's face for ever!

And yet I would not call thee back,
Dear Childhood, lest the sight of me,
Thine old companion, on the rack
Of Age, should sadden even thee.
—JOHN BANISTER TABB, *Childhood.*

Christianity.—Had the doctrines of Jesus been preached always as pure as they came from his lips, the whole civilized world would now have been Christian.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 433).*

Clay, Henry.—And thou art gone from our midst, gallant Henry Clay! and the world seems drearier than before! Who thinks of thee as of an old man gradually going out of life by wasting and decay; as one, who, in the eclipse or helplessness of physical and mental energies, sinks to his last sleep and rest? No! thou seemest ever young; ever buoyant with a vigorous and impulsive manhood; vital with irrepressible energies, and glowing with Life and Hope and Love; as if all noble feelings and all lofty thoughts were busy in thy heart and brain, claiming from lips and eyes eloquent utterance. We could bear to hear of thy dying thus, though with many a sharp pang of sorrow, and many a thought of sadness mingled with pride and love. But what friend of thine could bear to contemplate thee living—yet receding from life; the noble form bowed down; the lofty crest palsied and lowered; the glorious intellect passing into thick-coming darkness, and bursting only in fitful blaze, if ever, into the life and light of thy old eloquence; the buoyant step now halting on the crutches of senility; words, peevish and garrulous, profaning the tongue that once held senates in transported audience; and rayless and vacant now, the bold and glittering eye, that awed and commanded strong men like a king? Who could have borne to see thee the wreck of thy former self, nothing remaining but the contrast of present nothingness with past grandeur and glory! We are spared that spectacle; for it was mercifully granted to thy prayers to spring out of mortal life at once, with unwasted energies, into the blaze of immortality.—JOSEPH GLOVER BALDWIN, *A Tribute to Henry Clay.*

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.—

And thou art gone, most loved, most honored friend!
No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of Earth its pure ideal tones,
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathomed deep,
The Human Soul—as when, pushed off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seemed
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below—yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us streamed.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved: thy living Truths are left.

—Washington Allston, *On the Late S. T. Coleridge.*

Colonialism.—Sir, we are told that this country can do anything, Constitution or no Constitution. We are a great people—great in war, great in peace—but we are not greater than the people who once conquered the world, not with long-range guns and steel-clad ships, but with the short sword of the Roman legion and the wooden galleys that sailed across the Adriatic. The colonial system destroyed all hope of republicanism in the olden time. It is an appanage of monarchy. It can exist in no free country, because it uproots and eliminates the basis of all republican institutions—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.—George Graham Vest, *No Colonies, Speech in the United States Senate, December 12, 1898.*

Color, Perception of, by the Blind.—From the experience I have had with voices I guess how the eye distinguishes shades in the midst of light. While I read the lips of a woman whose voice is soprano, I note a low tone or a glad tone in the midst of a high, flowing voice. When I feel my cheeks hot, I know that I am red. I have talked so much and read so much about colors that through no will of my own I attach meanings to them, just as all people attach certain meanings to abstract terms like hope, idealism, monotheism, intellect, which cannot

be represented truly by visible objects, but which are understood from analogies between immaterial concepts and the ideas they awaken of external things. The force of association drives me to say that white is exalted and pure, green is exuberant, red suggests love or shame or strength. Without the color or its equivalent, life to me would be dark, barren, a vast blackness.—HELEN KELLER, *Sense and Sensibility (1908).*

Command, The Spirit of.—The talent for government lies in these two things—sagacity to perceive, and decision to act. Genuine statesmen were never made such by mere training; *nascuntur non fiunt*—education will form good business men. The maxim *(nascitur non fit)* is as true of statesmen as it is of poets. Let a house be on fire, you will soon see in that confusion who has the talent to command. Let a ship be in danger at sea, and ordinary subordination destroyed, and you will immediately make the same discovery. The ascendency of mind and of character exists and rises as naturally and as inevitably, where there is free play for it, as material bodies find their level by gravitation. Thus a great logician, like a certain animal, oscillating between the hay on different sides of him, wants some power from without, before he can decide from which bundle to make trial. Who believes that Washington could write as good a book or report as Jefferson, or make as able a speech as Hamilton? Who is there that believes that Cromwell would have made as good a Judge as Lord Hale? No, sir; these learned and accomplished men find their proper place under those who are fitted to command, and to command them among the rest. Such a man as Washington will say to a Jefferson, do you become my Secretary of State; to Hamilton, do you take charge of my purse, or that of the nation, which is the same thing; and to Knox, do you be my master of the horse. All history shows this: but great logicians and great scholars are, for that very reason, unfit to be rulers.—JOHN RANDOLPH, *Retrenchment and Reform, 1828.*

Company.—Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Social Maxims.*

Concentration.—

How much of joy, how much of pain
May center in one crowded hour!
How oft some sweet, enchanting strain
Is wed with more than music's power!
While yet a single note doth seem
Insistent with a lifelong dream!

—PHILIP LINDSLEY, *Concentration.*

Conduct.—

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Ten Rules of Conduct.*

Confederate Cause.—When I think of him, and men not unlike him, and think that even they could not save us; when I see that the cause which called out all their virtues and employed all their ability has been permitted to sink in utter ruin; when I find that the great principles of constitutional liberty, the pure and well-ordered society, the venerable institutions in which they lived and for which they died, have been allowed to perish out of the land, I feel as if, in that Southern Cause, there must have been some terrible mistake. But when I look back again upon such lives and deaths; when I see the virtue and the intellect and the courage which were piled high in exulting sacrifice for this very cause, I feel sure that, unless God has altered the principles and motives of human conduct, we were not wholly wrong. I feel sure that whatever may be the future, even if our children are wiser than we, and our chil-

dren's children live under new laws and amid strange institutions, History will vindicate our purpose, while she explains our errors, and, from generation to generation, she will bring back our sons to the graves of these soldiers of the South, and tell them—aye, even in the fulness of a prosperity we shall not see—This is holy ground; it is good for you to be here!—WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT, *Memorial of J. Johnston Pettigrew (1870).*

Confederate Cause.—That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civic liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of state lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend—song yet unsung, legend not yet crystallized.—BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE, *The Creed of the Old South (1892).*

Confederate Dead, The.—

How grand a fame this marble watches o'er!
Their wars behind them—God's great Peace before.
They wrought, they failed, yet, ere the bitter end,
Them, too, did Fortune wondrously befriend.
They never knew, as we who mourn them know,
How vain was all their strife, how vast their woe:
And how the land they gave their lives to save
Returns them all she has to give—a Grave.

—GEORGE HERBERT SASS, *The Confederate Dead.*

Confederate Dead, The.—

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

—Henry Timrod, *Ode, 1867.*

Confederacy, The Flag of.—

Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

—Abram Joseph Ryan, *The Conquered Banner.*

Confederate Soldier, The Courage of.—After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration for your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.—Robert E. Lee, *Farewell Address to His Soldiers, April, 10, 1865.*

Conscience.—Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Rule from copy-book of Washington when a schoolboy.*

Constitution.—This instrument contains an enumeration of powers expressly granted by the people to their government. It has been said that these powers ought to be construed strictly; but why ought they to be so construed? Is there one sentence in the Constitution which gives countenance to this rule? In the last of the enumerated powers, that which grants expressly the means for carrying all others into execution, Congress is authorized to make all laws that shall be necessary and proper for the purpose. But this limitation on the means which may be used is not extended to the powers which are conferred, nor is there one sentence in the Constitution which has been pointed out by the gentlemen of the bar, or which we have been able to discern, that prescribes this rule. We do not therefore think ourselves justified in adopting it. What do gentlemen mean by a strict construction? If they contend only against that enlarged construction which would extend words beyond their natural and obvious import, we might question the application of the term but should not controvert the principle. If they contend for that narrow construction, which, in support of some theory not to be found in the Constitution, would deny to the government those powers which the words of the grant, as usually understood, import, and which are consistent with the general views and objects of the instrument; for that narrow construction which would cripple the government, and render it unequal to the objects for which it is declared to be instituted, and to which the powers given, as fairly understood, render it competent; then we cannot perceive the propriety of this strict construction, nor adopt it as a rule by which the Constitution is to be expounded.—JOHN MARSHALL, *Gibbons v. Ogden.*

Corn.—

As poets should,
Thou hast built up thy hardihood
With universal food,
Drawn into select proportion fair
From honest mould and vagabond air;

From darkness of the dreadful night,
And joyful light;
From antique ashes, whose departed flame
In thee has finer life and longer fame;
From wounds and balms,
From storms and calms,
From potsherds and dry bones
And ruin-stones.

—SIDNEY LANIER, *Corn.*

Cotton.—No, sir, you dare not make war on cotton. No power on earth dares make war upon it. Cotton is king. Until lately the Bank of England was king; but she tried to put her screws as usual, the fall before last, upon the cotton crop, and was utterly vanquished. The last power has been conquered.—JAMES HAMILTON HAMMOND, *Speech in the United States Senate, March, 1858.*

Cotton.—What of the southern farmer? In his industrial as in his political problem he is set apart—not in doubt, but in assured independence. Cotton makes him king. Not the fleeces that Jason sought can rival the richness of this plant, as it unfurls its banners in our fields. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot. The shower that whispers to it is heard around the world. The trespass of a worm on its green leaf means more to England than the advance of the Russians on her Asiatic outposts. When its fibre, current in every bank, is marketed, it renders back to the South $350,000,000 every year.—HENRY W. GRADY, *The South and Her Problems, Address Delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October 26, 1887.*

Courage.—I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong. The path of duty I shall endeavor to travel, fearing no evil, and dreading no consequences. I would rather be defeated in a good cause than to triumph in a bad one. I would not give a fig for a man who would shrink from the discharge of duty for fear of defeat.—A. H. STEPHENS, *Speech, 1885.*

Creeds.—

Creeds grow so thick along the way,
Their boughs hide God: I cannot pray.
—Lizette Woodworth Reese, *Doubt.*

Critic.—The critic is a literary educator, a professor of literature with a class which embraces the entire reading community. He is to instruct, if he can; he is to judge fairly and to "give his own to each;" but his main business is to stimulate the minds of people, to conduct a live conversation with the public concerning the books they are reading.—Ephraim Syme Nadal, *Essays at Home and Elsewhere.*

Defence.—Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, *Reply to French Solicitations, 1796.*

Doubt.—

Doubt is the shaft wherein Love wounds himself.
—Amelie Rives, *Herod and Mariamne.*

Dreams of the Blind.—My dreams do not seem to differ very much from the dreams of other people. Some of them are coherent, and safely hitched to an event or a conclusion; others are inconsequent and fantastic. All attest that in Dreamland there is no such thing as repose. We are always up and doing, with a mind for any adventure. We act, strive, think, suffer, and are glad to no purpose. We leave outside the portals of Sleep all troublesome incredulities and vexatious speculations as to probability. I float wraithlike upon clouds, in and out among the winds, without the faintest notion that I am doing anything unusual. In Dreamland I find little that is altogether strange or wholly new to my experience. No matter what happens, I am not astonished, however extraordinary the circumstances may be. I visit a foreign land where I have not been in reality, and I converse with people whose language I have never heard. Yet we manage to understand one another perfectly. Into whatsoever situation or society my wanderings bring me, there is the same homogeneity. If I happen into Vagabondia, I make merry with the jolly folk of the road or the tavern.—Helen Keller, *My Dreams (1908).*

Duty.—Be sure you're right, then go ahead.—DAVID CROCKETT, *Autobiography.*

Echo.—

Dweller in hollow places, hills and rocks,
Daughter of Silence and old Solitude,
Tip-toe she stands within her cave or wood,
Her only life the noises that she mocks.

—MADISON CAWEIN, *Echo.*

Education.—I look to the diffusion of light and education as the resource most to be relied on for ameliorating the condition, promoting the virtue, and advancing the happiness of man. That every man shall be made virtuous, by any process whatever, is, indeed, no more to be expected, than that every tree shall be made to bear fruit, and every plant nourishment. The brier and the bramble can never become the vine and the olive; but their asperities may be softened by culture, and their properties improved to usefulness in the order and economy of the world.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *From a Letter to C. C. Blatchley, 1822.*

Education.—The information of the people at large can alone make them the safe, as they are the sole depository of our religious and political freedom.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 435).*

Education.—The most important civil institution in the State is a public school. No man can really believe in a republican form of government who does not base his political philosophy upon the intelligence and right training of all the people. . . . The chief factors of any civilization are its homes and its primary schools. Homes and primary schools are made by women rather than by men. No State which will once educate its mothers need have any fear about future illiteracy.—CHARLES DUNCAN MCIVER, quoted in W. C. Smith's *Charles Duncan McIver (1907), p. 3.*

Education.—It is very difficult for a rural people to dis-

card the primitive notion that land is the only real estate. They are slow to see that in a civilized country the value of land and land products is not so great as the value of mind and mind products—that brain is better property than land and that ideas and inventions multiply a thousandfold the natural products of the earth. Ideas are worth more than acres, and the possessors of ideas will always hold in financial bondage those whose chief possession is acres of land.—Charles D. McIver, *The Education of Women, Address at the fourth annual Conference for Education in the South, at Winston-Salem, N.C., April, 1901.*

Education.—The ability to maintain schools is in proportion rather to the appreciation of education than to the amount of wealth. We pay for schools not so much out of our purses as out of our state of mind.—Walter Hines Page, *The New Educational Progress.*

Education.—A public school system generously supported by public sentiment, and generously maintained by both State and local taxation, is the only effective means to develop the forgotten man, and even more surely the only means to develop the forgotten woman.—Walter Hines Page, *The New Educational Progress.*

Emerson.—

> Most wise, that yet, in finding Wisdom, lost
> Thy Self, sometimes.
>
> —Sidney Lanier, *The Crystal.*

Employment.—Never fear the want of business. A man who qualifies himself well for his calling never fails of employment in it.—Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 434).*

Environment.—Environment is, as we all know, a potent factor in national development, and I have often speculated as to what would have been the result had the *Mayflower,* owing to her lost "reckoning," "fetched" as far south as she did north of her original destination, and had that cargo of "godly kickers" landed at Jamestown instead of at Plymouth.

In the light of alleged events in 1814, I can't help fancying what a tremendous lot of "Secessionists" all of you would have been in '61, with a wealth of historic argument as to "strict construction" that no Yankee cavalier could ever have met successfully except with the heavier artillery. Grant and Sherman would inevitably have been "rebels"; Wendell Phillips would have threatened some Bob Toombs of Massachusetts that he would yet call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument, and Jefferson Davis of "Brookline" would have sauntered across Boston Common, humming a stave about hanging John Andrew "on a sour apple tree."—William Gordon McCabe, *Puritan and Cavalier, Address Delivered before the New England Society, December 22, 1899.*

Error of Opinion.—Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—Thomas Jefferson, *First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1801.*

Ethics.—I have but one system of ethics for men and for nations—to be grateful, to be faithful to all engagements, and, under all circumstances, to be open and generous.—Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 434).*

Europe.—Our first and fundamental maxim should never be to entangle ourselves in the toils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. —Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 437).*

Experience.—I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no other way of judging of the future but by the past.—Patrick Henry, *Speech in Virginia Convention, 1775.*

Eyes, His Wife's.—

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,—
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

—Sidney Lanier, *My Springs.*

Fall.—Fall! and everywhere the sights and sounds of falling. In the woods, through the cool silvery air, the leaves. so indispensable once, so useless now. Bright day after bright day, dripping night after dripping night, the never ending filtering or gusty fall of leaves. The fall of walnuts, dropping from bare boughs with muffled boom into the deep grass. The fall of the hickory-nut, rattling noisily down through the scaly limbs and scattering its hulls among the stones of the brook below. The fall of the buckeyes, rolling like balls of mahogany into the little dust paths made by sheep in the hot months when they had sought those roofs of leaves. The fall of acorns, leaping out of their matted green cups as they strike the rooty earth. The fall of red haw, persimmon, and pawpaw, and the odorous wild plum in its valley thickets. The fall of all seeds whatsoever of the forest, now made ripe in their high places and sent back to the ground, there to be folded in against the time when they shall arise again as the living generations; the homing, downward flight of the seeds in the many-colored woods all over the quiet land.—James Lane Allen, *The Reign of Law (1900).*

Falsehood.—One may be guilty of falsehood in many ways. He may lie by telling a half-truth, omitting a circumstance essential to the fidelity of the narrative. He may lie by a shrug of the shoulders, by a gesture, by a deceitful silence, or by palming off in class as his own production the fruit of another's brain: for the essence of a falsehood consists in the intention to deceive. His life may be a colossal lie by being false to his profession or calling, appearing to be rich in grace and good works in the sight of men, but being poor and blind and miserable in the sight of God. There are others who have a habit of exaggerating from a morbid desire of imparting a relish to the conversation, and of attracting the attention of their hearers.—Cardinal James Gibbons, *Truth and Sincerity of Character, Sermon.*

Fame.—

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,

And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.—

—THEODORE O'HARA, *The Bivouac of the Dead (August, 1847).*

Fame.—

Who wears Fame's Tyrian garb, as well must wear
The heavy robe of Grief;
Who bears aloft the palm, must also bear
Hid woundings past belief.

—ROBERT BURNS WILSON, *The Dead Player.*

Famine.—In battle, in the fulness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe vampire-like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up like a brave enemy, storming by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists. Famine besieges. He draws his lines around the doomed garrison; he cuts off all supplies; he never summons to surrender, for he gives no quarter. Alas! for poor human nature, how can it sustain this fearful warfare? Day by day the blood recedes; the flesh deserts; the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way under the mysterious influences that govern its union with the body. Then he begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence; he hates his fellow men, and glares upon them with the longings of a cannibal, and, it may be, dies blaspheming!—SEARGENT S. PRENTISS, *Appeal in Behalf of the Famine-Stricken Irish, Address Delivered before the Citizens of New Orleans, February 7, 1847.*

Flag.—Raise high that flag of our fathers! Let Southern breezes kiss it! Let Southern skies reflect it! Southern patriots will love it! Southern sons will defend it, and Southern heroes will die for it! And as its folds unfurl beneath the heavens, let our voices unite and swell the loud invocation:

Flag of our Union! Wave on! Wave on! But wave over freemen, not over subjects! Wave over states, not over provinces! And now let the voices of patriots from the North and from the East, and from the West, join our voices from the South, and send to heaven one universal according chorus! Wave on, flag of our fathers! Wave forever! But wave over a union of equals, not over a despotism of lords and vassals; over a land of law, of liberty, and peace, and not of anarchy, oppression, and strife!—Benjamin H. Hill, *The Flag of Our Fathers, Address Delivered in Atlanta, September, 1876.*

Flag.—Let us love the flag that waved over Marion and Jasper, that waves over us, and which when we are gathered to our fathers shall be a guarantee of liberty and prosperity to our children, and our children's children, and know that what we do in honor shall deepen, and what we do in dishonor shall dim, the luster of its fixed and glittering stars.—Henry W. Grady, *Address delivered at the Augusta Exposition, November, 1887.*

France.—And here, I cannot leave this great and good country without expressing my sense of its preëminence of character among the nations of the earth. A more benevolent people I have never known, nor greater warmth and devotedness in their select friendships. Their kindness and accommodation to strangers is unparalleled, and the hospitality of Paris is beyond anything I had conceived to be practicable in a large city. Their eminence, too, in science, the communicative dispositions of their scientific men, the politeness of the general manners, the ease and vivacity of their conversation, give a charm to their society, to be found nowhere else. In a comparison of this, with other countries, we have the proof of primacy, which was given to Themistocles, after the battle of Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first reward of valor, and the second to Themistocles. So, ask the travelled inhabitant of any nation, in what country on earth would you rather live? Certainly, in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life. Which would be your second choice? France.—Thomas Jefferson, *Autobiography.*

Fraternity.—Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory. "My countrymen! *Know* one another, and you will *love* one another."—L. Q. C. Lamar, *Eulogy of Sumner (1874).*

Friendship.—Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.—George Washington, *Letter Jan. 15, 1783. To Bushrod Washington.*

Friendship.—I find friendship to be like wine, raw when new, ripened with age, the true man's milk and restorative cordial.—Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 436).*

Friendship.—Friendship is precious, not only in the shade but in the sunshine of life; and thanks to a benevolent arrangement of things, the greater part of life is sunshine.—Thomas Jefferson, *From a Letter to Mrs. Maria Cosway, 1786.*

Gambling.—This is a vice which is productive of every possible evil, equally injurious to the morals and health of its votaries. It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honor, and the cause of suicide. The successful gamester pushes his good fortune, till it is overtaken by a reverse. The losing gamester, in hopes of retrieving past misfortunes, goes on from bad to worse, till, grown desperate, he pushes at everything and loses his all. In a word, few gain by this abominable practice, while thousands are injured.—George Washington, *Letter Jan. 15, 1783. To Bushrod Washington.*

Gentleman, The Ideal.—The ideal gentleman was always honest; spoke the truth; faced his enemy; fought him if necessary; never quarreled with him nor talked about him; rode

well; shot well; used chaste and correct English; insulted no man—bore no insult from any; was studiously kind to his inferiors, especially to his slaves; cordially hospitable to his equals; courteous to his superiors, if he acknowledged any; he scorned a demagogue, but loved his people, and held it mean to prefer any class or individual interest, most of all his own, to that of the masses of his countrymen. He must be ready at any time, when needful, to lay his life down, not only for his honor's sake, but, more promptly yet, for his country's, his State's, or his community's sake, and that, too, regardless of the dictates of his own private judgment as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the quarrel. It was his duty to try to guide his people in what he considered the right path; but if he failed, it was mean and selfish not to follow them and, if need be, die with them. He was sometimes accused of being an aristocrat; but if so, he belonged to that aristocracy which holds itself servant to the maxim *noblesse oblige*. In his private relations he was perfect in courtesy to all; he exacted perfect courtesy from all, to himself and to those dependent upon him.—John Sharp Williams, *Address in Memory of Edward C. Walthall, February 25, 1899.*

George the Third.—Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third ["Treason!" cried the Speaker]—*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.—Patrick Henry, *Speech in Virginia Convention, 1765.*

Giving.—

He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
Of him the recording angel shall take heed.
But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
His deeds are more to God, yea more than finest gold.
—James Matthew Legaré, *Ahab Mohammed.*

God, the Greatness of.—

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.
—SIDNEY LANIER, *The Marshes of Glynn.*

Government.—The aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is, or ought to be, the end of all government. GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Political Maxims.*

Government.—Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatsoever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1801.*

Government.—Government is a trust and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.—HENRY CLAY, *Speech at Ashland, Ky., March, 1829.*

Governors, The Two.—"As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, it's a long time between drinks"—a favorite convivial apothegm in America, suggesting that it is time for some one "to set 'em up again for the boys," or, in other words, to order a fresh round of drinks. An historical origin has been found for the phrase, but, unfortunately with no apparent historical foundation. The story runs that early in the century a native North Carolinian who had moved across the border into South Carolina was forced to fly back again to escape arrest. The Governor of South Carolina straightway issued a requisition on the Governor of North Carolina for the fugitive criminal. But the latter Governor hesitated. The criminal had many and influential friends. Finally the South Carolina executive, with a large retinue,

waited on his official brother at Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. The visitors were received with all due honors. A banquet was given them; wine and brandy were served. When, at last, the decanters and glasses were removed, the Governor of South Carolina rose to state his errand. A long and acrimonious debate followed. The Governor of South Carolina lost his temper. Rising once more to his feet, he said, "Sir, you have refused my just demand and offended the dignity of my office and my State. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner, I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the State, and take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?"

All eyes were turned on the Governor of North Carolina. The latter rose slowly to his feet, and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified, as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the Governor of South Carolina demanded, "What do you say?"

"I say, Governor, that it is a long time between drinks."

The reply restored good humor. Decanters and glasses were brought out again, and while the visitors remained, if any one attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks. When the visiting Governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the State line by the Governor of North Carolina, and they parted the best of friends.

The fugitive was never surrendered.—William S. Walsh, *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities.*

Grammar.—If anybody complains that I have had it [his grammar] looked over, I can only say to him, her, or them, as the case may be, that while critics were learning grammar and learning to spell, I and "Doctor Jackson, LL.D." were fighting in the wars; and if our books and messages and proclamations and cabinet writings and so forth and so on should need a little looking over and a little correcting of the spelling and grammar to make them fit for use, it's just nobody's business. Big men have more important matters to attend to than crossing their *t's* and dotting their *i's,* and such small things.—David Crockett, *Autobiography.*

Greece.—

To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.
—Edgar Allan Poe, *To Helen.*

Happiness.—The four elementary conditions of happiness are, life in the open air, the love of a woman, forgetfulness of all ambition, and the creation of a new ideal of beauty.—Edgar Allan Poe, *The Domain of Arnheim.*

Hate.—

Who rouses hate must look for hell to follow.
—Amelie Rives, *Herod and Mariamne.*

Hayne, Paul Hamilton.—

All strains are his. But most his lines
Are fraught with peace and woodland pleasures,
With bough-swing of the Georgian pines,
Enwoven through the golden measures.
—Samuel Minturn Peck, *Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

Health.—Knowledge indeed is a desirable, a lovely possession, but I do not scruple to say that health is more so. It is of little consequence to store the mind with science if the body be permitted to become debilitated. If the body be feeble, the mind will not be strong. The sovereign invigorator of the body is exercise and of all exercises, walking is the best.—Thomas Jefferson, *To Thomas Mann Randolph, 1786.*

Heart, The.—

O man! when faith succumbs, and reason reels,
Turn to thy heart that reasons not, but feels;
Creeds change! shrines perish! still (her instinct saith),
Still the soul, the soul must conquer Death.
Hold fast to God, and God will hold thee fast.
—Paul Hamilton Hayne, *On the Decline of Faith.*

Hemp.—A round year of the earth's changes enters into the creation of the hemp. The planet has described its vast orbit ere it be grown and finished. All seasons are its servitors; all contradictions and extremes of nature meet in its

making. The vernal patience of the warming soil; the long fierce arrows of the summer's heat, the long silvery arrows of the summer rain; autumn's dead skies and sobbing winds; winter's sternest, all-tightening frosts. Of none but strong virtues is it the sum. Sickness or infirmity it knows not. It will have a mother young and vigorous, or none; an old or weak or exhausted soil cannot produce it. It will endure no roof of shade, basking only in the eye of the fatherly sun, and demanding the whole sky for the walls of its nursery. Ah! type, too, of our life, which also is earth-sown, earth-rooted; which must struggle upward, be cut down, rooted and broken, ere the separation take place between our dross and our worth—poor perishable shard and immortal fibre. Oh, the mystery, the mystery of that growth from the casting of the soul as a seed into the dark earth, until the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the field of its nativity for the long service.—JAMES LANE ALLEN, *The Reign of Law (1900).*

Heroism.—

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.
—LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE, *Heroism.*

History.—History in general only informs us what bad government is.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms,* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson,* p. 430).

Honor.—Honor is not a virtue in itself: it is the mail behind which the virtues fight more securely. A man without honor is as maimed in his equipment as an accoutred knight without helmet. Honor is not simply truthfulness; it is truthfulness sparkling with the fire of a suspective personality. It is something more than an ornament even to the loftiest.—GEORGE HENRY CALVERT, *The Gentleman.*

Hospitality.—A landed proprietor, with a good house and a host of servants, is naturally a hospitable man. A guest is

one of his daily wants. A friendly face is a necessary of life, without which the heart is apt to starve, or a luxury without which it grows parsimonious.—JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, *An Old Virginia Estate and Its Master.*

Hypocrisy.—

The noblest words, if falsely said or sung.
Are but the smooth Delilahs of the tongue.
With softness, deadlier than a brutal blow,
Truth is the Sampson that they overthrow!
—WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE, *Verbal Hypocrisies.*

Illusions.—Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and provide for it.—PATRICK HENRY, *Speech in Virginia Convention, 1775.*

Indian Summer.—

No more the battle or the chase
The phantom tribes pursue,
But each in its accustomed place
The Autumn hails anew:
And still from solemn councils set
On every hill and plain,
The smoke of many a calumet
Ascends to heaven again.
—JOHN BANISTER TABB, *Indian Summer.*

Interview, An.—

An interview would be to me
A sort of an emetic,
Or an appendix to be cut
Without an anaesthetic;

'And why expose to public view
A man's intestine features?
'Tis outwardly alone he looks
Unlike his fellow creatures.
—JOHN BANISTER TABB, *To a Proposed Interviewer.*

Ireland.—There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melodious pathos.—SEARGENT S. PRENTISS, *Appeal in Behalf of the Famine-Stricken Irish, Address Delivered before the Citizens of New Orleans, February 7, 1847.*

Jackson, Stonewall.—See, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall.—GENERAL BERNARD E. BEE, *Address to his troops July 21, 1861.*

Jackson, Stonewall.—Hence he never affected mystery. His reticence was not the assumption of impenetrability of purpose. His reserve was not the artifice of one who seeks to awe by making himself unapproachable. He hedged himself about with no barrier of exclusiveness. He assumed no airs of portentous dignity. He studied no dramatic effects. On the field, so far from condescending to those histrionic displays of person, or theatrical arts of speech, by which some commanders have sought to excite the enthusiasm of their armies, when his troops caught the sight of his faded uniform and sunburnt cap, and shook the air with their shouts as he rode along the lines, he quickened his gallop and escaped from view. When among the mountain pyramids, older than those to which the first Napoleon pointed, he did not remind his men that the centuries were looking down on them. When on the plain, he drilled no eagles to perch on his banners, as the third Napoleon was said to have done. But one thing he did, he

impressed his men with such an intense conviction of his unselfish and supreme consecration to the cause for which he had periled all, and so kindled them with his own magnetic fire as to fuse them into one articulated body—one heart throbbing through all the members, one spirit animating the entire frame —that heart, that spirit, his own. It was his sublime indifference to personal danger, to personal comfort and personal aggrandizement, that gave him such power over the armies he commanded, and such a place in the hearts of the people of the Confederate States.—Moses D. Hoge, *Address Delivered at the Unveiling of the Statue of Stonewall Jackson, Richmond, October 26, 1876.*

Jews in American History.—I am a Jew, indeed, and my Judaism is the breath of my nostrils; yet for me, the chosen nation is my American nation; the land of promise is this heaven-blessed land; yea, "thy people shall be my people," cries the American Jew. "Where thou goest, I will go; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried." I cannot forget that the first sailor to tread American soil was a Jewish sailor in the crew of Columbus, that the first white baby born in Georgia was a Jewish baby. I cannot forget the Jewish soldiers in the French and Indian War, in the Revolutionary War, the eight thousand Jew soldiers in the Civil War, who poured out their blood like water in defense of our American liberties. I say, with redoubled fervor, thank God that I am an American citizen.—Leon Harrison, *American Citizenship and the American Jew, Address Delivered in St. Louis, Thanksgiving Day, 1904.*

Jones, John Paul.—

Twice exiled, let his ashes rest
  At home, afar, or in the wave,
But keep his great heart with us, lest
  Our nation's greatness find its grave;
And, while the vast deep listens by,
  When armored wrong makes terms to right,
Keep on our lips his proud reply,
  "Sir, I have but begun to fight!"

—John Charles McNeill, *Paul Jones.*

Keats, John.—

Methinks, when first the nightingale
  Was mated to thy deathless song,
That Sappho with emotion pale,
  Amid the Olympian throng,
Again as in the Lesbian grove,
  Stood listening with lips apart,
To hear in thy melodious love
  The pantings of her heart.
—John Banister Tabb, *Keats—Sappho.*

Landscape, A Still.—The Eternal Power seemed to have quitted the universe and left all nature folded in the calm of the Eternal Peace. Around the pale-blue dome of the heavens a few pearl-colored clouds hung motionless, as though the wind had been withdrawn to other skies. Not a crimson leaf floated downward through the soft, silvery light that filled the atmosphere and created the sense of lonely, unimaginable spaces. This light overhung the far-rolling landscape of field and meadow and wood, crowning with faint radiance the remoter low-swelling hill-tops and deepening into dreamy half-shadows on their eastern slopes. Nearer, it fell in a white flake or an unstirred sheet of water which lay along the edge of a mass of sombre-hued woodland, and nearer still it touched to spring-like brilliancy a level, green meadow on the hither edge of the water, where a group of Durham cattle stood with reversed flanks near the gleaming trunks of some leafless sycamores. Still nearer, it caught the top of the brown foliage of a little bent oak-tree and burned it into a silvery flame. It lit on the back and the wings of a crow flying heavily in the path of its rays, and made his blackness as white as the breast of a swan. In the immediate foreground, it sparkled in minute gleams along the stalks of the coarse, dead weeds that fell away from the legs and flanks of a white horse, and slanted across the face of the rider and through the ends of his gray hair, which straggled from beneath his soft black hat.—James Lane Allen, *Flute and Violin.*

Lanier, Sidney.—

The dewdrop holds the heaven above,
  Wherein a lark, unseen,
Outpours a rhapsody of love
  That fills the space between.

My heart a dewdrop is, and thou,
  Dawn-spirit, far away,
Fillest the void between us now
  With an immortal lay.
    —JOHN BANISTER TABB, *To Sidney Lanier.*

Law, The Majesty of.—Sirs, it means something to be an American citizen. If it does not mean that the humblest citizen shall have the protection of the best laws of the best government on earth, then we should cease our boasting. Faded is the glory and dim the majesty of law, when it no longer protects a citizen in his legal rights and his legal remedies, whoever and wherever he may be—whether he be a millionaire whose property is threatened by a riot of organized labor, or the poorest tenant in the purlieus of poverty, from whom organized greed would snatch the ice that cools his fevered brow; whether he be the faithful missionary, whose possessions are plundered by the cruel Turk, or the obscure sailor unlawfully seized in the streets of Valparaiso; whether it be a negro laborer shot down by riotous whites in a Northern State for the crime of trying to work, or an idle and vicious negro who, for a real crime, is lynched by a Southern mob.—CHARLTON H. ALEXANDER, *The Majesty of Law, Address Delivered before the University of Mississippi, June 5, 1900.*

Lawlessness.—There is a pestilential evil which is settling like a blight on our land. It is a spirit of lawlessness—either open defiance of law or a lack of reverence for its majesty. It may be the lawless strike, which begins, perhaps, in a just resentment of corporate oppression, but ends in wanton destruction of life or property. It may be political degradation which makes commerce of ballots, and drives voters like cattle into political shambles. It may be a defiant plutocracy, which seduces with cunning or with gold the lawmaking or law-en-

forcing power. It may be the frantic surging of the proletariat in our great cities against the barriers of government and society, or a discordant communism which seeks license in the name of liberty. Whatever may be the evil elsewhere, the predominant danger to the South lies in a lack of reverence for law—a too quick appeal to personal violence in every form.—CHARLTON H. ALEXANDER, *The Majesty of Law, Address Delivered before the University of Mississippi, June 5, 1900.*

Lee, Robert E.—
Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!
—ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN, *The Sword of Robert Lee.*

Lee, Robert E.—When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain about the undulating plain of humanity and he must lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.—BENJAMIN H. HILL, *Address in Atlanta (1874).*

Lee, Robert E.—
Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender;
But with superb endurance, present, past,
Our pure Commander, lofty, simple, tender,

Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,
Wearing his armor spotless—till at last,
Death gave the final, *"Forward."*
—Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston, *Gone Forward.*

Lee, Robert E.—
This man hath breathed all balms of light,
And quaffed all founts of grace,
Till Glory, on the mountain height,
Has met him face to face.
Francis O. Ticknor, *Lee.*

Lee, Robert E.—
Whose touch was the foe undone,
Whose name was a nation's cheer.
—Francis O. Ticknor, *Our Great Captain.*

Lee, Robert E.—Volumes would never do justice to the valorous achievements of George Washington and his compeers, the boys of '76; of the heroes of 1812 and of 1848; of the men in blue who fought under Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and Farragut; of the men in gray who followed the lead of Johnston, Jackson, and Lee, from 1861 to 1865; of the intrepid band that sailed with Dewey into Manila Bay, or of the small but heroic army of 1898 that fought at Las Guasimas, El Caney, and San Juan, and left the Stars and Stripes floating in triumph over the last stronghold of Spain in the New World. But above the grand heroic names immortalized by historian and poet shines, with an undimmed luster all its own, the immortal name of Robert Edward Lee.—General Joseph Wheeler, *Robert E. Lee, Address Delivered before the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City, January 19, 1898.*

Lenity.—Lenity will operate with greater force, in some instances, than rigor. It is, therefore, my first wish to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.—George Washington, *Moral Maxims. Punishment.*

Let alone.—All we ask is to be let alone.—Jefferson Davis, *First Message to Confederate Congress, March, 1861.*

Liberty.—Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.—PATRICK HENRY, *Speech in Virginia Convention, 1775.*

Liberty.—The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Summary View of the Rights of British America.*

Liberty.—Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Political Maxims.*

Life.—

My life is like the prints, which feet
  Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
  All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!
—RICHARD HENRY WILDE, *Stanzas.*

Lincoln, Abraham.—Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem, will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with a deeper feeling, than that which tells the story of his life and death.—HENRY WATTERSON, *Abraham Lincoln, Address Delivered before the Lincoln Union at Chicago, February 12, 1895.*

Longfellow, Henry W.—

I think earth's noblest, most pathetic sight
Is some old poet, round whose laurel-crown
The long gray locks are streaming softly down;
Whose evening, touched by prescient shades of night,

Grows tranquillized, in calm, ethereal light:—
Such, such art *thou,* O master! worthier grown
In the fair sunset of their full renown—
Poising, perchance, thy spiritual wings for flight!
Ah, heaven! why shouldst thou from thy place depart?
God's court is thronged with minstrels, rich with song;
Even now, a new note swells the immaculate choir—
But thou, whose strains have filled our lives so long,
Still from the altar of thy reverent heart
Let golden dreams ascend, and thoughts of fire.
—Paul Hamilton Hayne, *To Henry W. Longfellow.*

Lottery.—I have made it a rule never to engage in a lottery or any other adventure of mere chance.—Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 433*).

Love.—
I believe who has not loved
Hath half the treasure of his life unproved;
Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.
—Mary Ashley Townsend, *Creed.*

Love.—
For if we keep our love alive,
Our hope and faith will both revive.
Thus, as life's ladder we ascend,
Our hope shall in fruition end—
Our faith be lost in sight at length—
Our charity increase in strength;
And grief, which stamps the heart and mind,
But coin the gold Love has refined.
—Mary Bayard Clarke, *Grief.*

Man, The Honest.—I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."—George Washington, *Moral Maxims.*

Marshall, John.—In the vast whirring, crashing battle of modern industrial civilization, flitting shapes of transitory dignity hurry by us from one abyss of oblivion to another, and are gone ere we well know what they are. Who will think a century's, nay, a generation's space hence, of our country's rulers of to-day? How many among her rulers in the days of my own childhood, even of my early manhood, can be recalled, save by an effort of memory, now? Yet from this chaos of forgotten mediocrity a few names, a few lives, stand forth, gaining, instead of losing, in distinctness and stature as the years roll by, growing into their true and lasting greatness as time sweeps into his rubbish heap all the false and transient eminence of petty men beside them. And the figure of the great Chief Justice, of the man who made our Constitution the living bulwark of our orderly freedom, who taught our courts their full mission and our people to trust in our courts; who, in himself, left us a model for all judges and an object of reverence for all men, that figure will endure a breathing, speaking guide to the thoughts and acts and lives of Americans while America is yet great and yet worthy of her greatness, while the justice of her courts is yet the justice of righteousness.—Charles J. Bonaparte, *John Marshall, Address Delivered in Baltimore, February 4, 1901.*

Memory.—

Memory is a gleaner of the mind,
Her sheaves are harvested with smiles or tears—
And in the storehouse of the heart we find
What she has gathered through the fleeting years.

—William Hamilton Hayne, *Memory.*

Milton.—

And I forgive
Thee, Milton, those thy comic-dreadful wars
Where, armed with gross and inconclusive steel,
Immortals smite immortals mortalwise
And fill all heaven with folly.

—Sidney Lanier, *The Crystal.*

Mind, A Cultivated.—A rich and well-stored mind is the only true philosopher's stone, extracting pure gold from all the base material around. It can create its own beauty, wealth, power, happiness. It has no dreary solitudes. The past ages are its possessions, and the long line of illustrious dead are all its friends. Whatever the world has seen of brave and noble, beautiful and good, it can command. It mingles in all the grand and solemn scenes of history, and is an actor in every great and stirring event. It is by the side of Bayard as he stands alone upon the bridge and saves the army; it weeps over the true heart of chivalry, the gallant Sidney, as with dying hand he puts away the cup from his parched and fevered lips. It leaps into the yawning gulf with Curtius; follows the white plume of Navarre at Ivry; rides to Chalgrove field with Hampden; mounts the scaffold with Russell, and catches the dying prayer of the noble Sir Harry Vane. It fights for glory at the Granicus, for fame at Agincourt, for empire at Waterloo, for power on the Ganges, for religion in Palestine, for country at Thermopylæ, and for freedom at Bunker Hill. It marches with Alexander, reigns with Augustus, sings with Homer, teaches with Plato, pleads with Demosthenes, loves with Petrarch, is imprisoned with Paul, suffers with Stephen, and dies with Christ. It feels no tyranny and knows no subjection. Misfortunes cannot subdue it, power cannot crush it, unjust laws cannot oppress it. Ever steady, faithful and true, shining by night as by day, it abides with you always and everywhere. —George Davis, *Education, An Address Delivered before the Greensboro Female College, North Carolina, May 14, 1856.*

Mocking Bird.—

Each golden note of music greets
The listening leaves, divinely stirred,
As if the vanished soul of Keats
Had found its new birth in a bird.

—William Hamilton Hayne, *Moonlight Song of the Mocking Bird.*

Mocking Bird.—

From the vale, what music ringing,
Fills the bosom of the night;
On the sense, entrancèd, flinging
Spells of witchery and delight!
O'er magnolia, lime, and cedar,
From yon locust-top, it swells,
Like the chant of serenader,
Or the rhymes of silver bells!

Listen! dearest, listen to it!
Sweeter sounds were never heard!
'Tis the song of that wild poet—
Mime and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

—Alexander Beaufort Meek, *The Mocking Bird.*

Mocking Bird.—

The name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong.
No mimic thou! That voice is thine alone!
The poets sing but strains of Shakespeare's song;
The birds, but notes of thine imperial own.

—Henry Jerome Stockard, *The Mocking Bird.*

Mocking Bird.—

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?

—Richard Henry Wilde, *To the Mocking Bird.*

Monocrats.—I wish we could distribute our four hundred monocrats among the Indians who would teach them lessons of liberty and equality.—Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 431).*

Monroe Doctrine.—In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded, or seriously menaced, that we resent injuries, or make preparations for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere, we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious

to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations between the United States and those European Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing Colonies or dependencies of any European Power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.—James Monroe, *Message of December, 1823.*

Music.—Music is Love in search of a word.—Sidney Lanier, *The Symphony.*

Nature.—

O Nature, gracious mother of us all,
Within thy bosom myriad secrets lie
Which thou surrenderest to the patient eye
That seeks and waits.

—Margaret J. Preston, *The Question.*

Navy, The.—The Navy is that arm of the public defense the nature of whose duties is dual, in that they relate to both peace and war. In times of Peace the Navy blazes the way across the trackless deep, maps out and marks the dangers which lie in the routes of commerce, in order that the peaceful argosies of trade may pursue safe routes to the distant markets

of the world, there to exchange the varied commodities of commerce. It penetrates the jungle and the tangle of the intertropical regions. It stands ready to starve to death or to die from exposure. It pushes its way into the icy fastnesses of the north or of the south, in order that it may discover new channels of trade. It carries the influences of your power and the beneficent advantages of your civilization to the secluded and hermit empires of the Eastern world, and brings them in touch with our Western civilization and its love of law for the sake of the law rather than for fear of the law's punishments. It stands guard upon the outer frontiers of civilization, in pestilential climates, performing duties that are beyond the public observation, but yet which have their happy influence in maintaining the reputation and character of our country and extending the civilizing agency of its commerce.—Winfield Scott Schley, *The Navy in Peace and War, Address Delivered before the New England Society of Pennsylvania, December 22, 1898.*

Negro, Education of.—The right education of the negro is at once a duty and a necessity. All the resources of the school should be exhausted in elevating his character, improving his condition, and increasing his capacity as a citizen. The policy of an enforced ignorance is illogical, un-American, and un-Christian. It is possible in a despotism, but perilous in a republic. It is indefensible on any grounds of social or political wisdom, and is not supported by any standards of ethics or justice. If one fact is more clearly demonstrated by the logic of history than another, it is that education is an indispensable condition of wealth and prosperity. This is a universal law, without exemption or exception. Ignorance is a cure for nothing.—Charles B. Galloway, *Address on the South and the Negro, April 26, 1904.*

Negro, Education of.—It is strange, indeed, if education—a policy of God long before it was a policy of man, a policy of the universe long before it was a policy of society—were to find its first defeat at the negro's hands.—Edgar Gardner Murphy, *Problems of the Present South, p. 59.*

Negro, Education of.—Finally, as the only sound foundation for the whole system of education, the negro must be taught the great elementary truths of morality and duty. Until he is so established in these that he claims to be on this ground the equal of the white, he can never be his equal on any other ground. When he is the equal of the white, it will make itself known. Until then, he is fighting not the white race, but a law of nature, universal and inexorable—that races rise and fall according to their character.—Thomas Nelson Page, *The Negro: the Southerner's Problem (1904), p. 310.*

Negroes, Conduct of during the War.—The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion.—Henry W. Grady, *The New South, an Address Delivered before the New England Society of New York City, Dec. 22, 1886.*

Negroes, Conduct of during the War.—What of the negro? This of him. I want no better friend than the black boy who was raised by my side, and who is now trudging patiently with downcast eyes and shambling figure through his lonely way in life. I want no sweeter music than the crooning of my old "mammy," now dead and gone to rest, as I heard it when she held me in her loving arms, and bending her old black face above me stole the cares from my brain, and led me smiling into sleep. I want no truer soul than that which moved the trusty slave, who for four years while my father fought with the armies that barred his freedom, slept every night at my mother's chamber door, holding her and her children as safe as if her husband stood guard, and ready to lay down his humble life on her threshold. History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often five hundred negroes to a single white man, and yet through

these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety, and the unprotected homes rested in peace. Unmarshaled, the black battalions moved patiently to the fields in the morning to feed the armies their idleness would have starved, and at night gathered anxiously at the big house to "hear the news from marster," though conscious that his victory made their chains enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly; the body-guard of the helpless; the rough companion of the little ones; the observant friend; the silent sentry in his lowly cabin; the shrewd counselor. And when the dead came home, a mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. When the master going to war in which slavery was involved said to his slave, "I leave my home and loved ones in your charge," the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed. And when the slave held that charge sacred through storm and temptation, he gave new meaning to faith and loyalty. I rejoice that when freedom came to him after years of waiting, it was all the sweeter because the black hands from which the shackles fell were stainless of a single crime against the helpless ones confided to his care.—Henry W. Grady, *The South and Her Problems, Address Delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October 26, 1887.*

Nobility—

Man's acts proclaim nobility, and not the kingly crest;
For he's the noblest who performs life's trying duties best.
—Adelia C. Graves, *Human Sovereignty; or, Every Man a King.*

North and South, Interdependence of.—The North and the South are mutually dependent for helpful offices, and for the most effective working out of their grand destiny. The right arm cannot say to the left, "I have no need of thee." Excluding all questions of controversy and variance, they have had a common history, full of noble achievements, of successful endeavors in the cause of enlightened popular government, and have been incalculably beneficial to humanity. Neither section has been free from human frailties, from the errors and vices generated by selfishness and ambition and passion.

Time enough has elapsed since the great contest for prejudices to yield to justice, for animosity to be merged in fellowship, for sectionalism to yield to a broad, catholic patriotism. Both North and South need reconstruction, not in legislation and government, but in sentiment, in fraternity, in the conviction of the need of undivided Caucasian energies for working to a wise solution the great problems which Providence has devolved upon them. The South has been sinned against as well as sinning. What brought upon her the severest condemnation—Slavery and Secession—were not originated by her, but borrowed or inherited from others. It would be well for those of us, survivors of the terrible struggle of 1861-1865, to make amends for our errors, and give the remainder of our days to making good the not unreasonable boast that this is the best government the world ever saw.—J. L. M. Curry, *The Southern States of the American Union.*

November.—

Fie upon thee, November! thou dost ape
The airs of thy young sisters; thou has stolen
The witching smile of May to grace thy lip,
And April's rare capricious loveliness
Thou'rt trying to put on!

—Julia Caroline Ripley, *November.*

Nullification.—Nullification presupposes the relation of principal and agent: The one granting a power to be executed, the other appointed by him with power to execute it; and is simply a declaration on the part of the principal, made in due form, that an act of the agent transcending his power is null and void. It is a right belonging exclusively to the relation between principals and agent, to be found wherever it exists, and in all its forms, between several, or an association of principals and their joint agents, as well as between a single principal and his agent. . . . The object of nullification is to confine the agent within the limits of his powers, by arresting his acts transcending them, not with the view of destroying the delegated or trust power but to preserve it, by compelling the agent to fulfill the object for which the agency or trust was created; and is applicable only to cases where the trust or

delegated powers are transcended on the part of the agent.—John C. Calhoun, *Letter to Governor Hamilton, August 28, 1832.*

Nullification.—I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a state to remain in the Union, and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Nullification and secession, so often confounded, are indeed antagonistic principles. Nullification is a remedy which it is sought to apply within the Union, and against the agent of the states. It is only to be justified when the agent has violated his constitutional obligation, and a state, assuming to judge for itself, denies the right of the agent thus to act, and appeals to the other states of the Union for a decision; but when the states themselves, and when the people of the states, have so acted as to convince us that they will not regard our constitutional rights, then, and then for the first time, arises the doctrine of secession in its practical application.—Jefferson Davis, *On Withdrawal from the Union.*

Office.—If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none.—Thomas Jefferson, *Letter to Elias Shipman, July 12, 1801.*

Office.—Of the various executive abilities, no one excited more anxious concern than that of placing the interests of our fellow-citizens in the hands of honest men, with understanding sufficient for their stations. No duty is at the same time more difficult to fulfil. The knowledge of character possessed by a single individual is of necessity limited. To seek out the best through the whole Union, we must resort to the information which from the best of men, acting disinterestedly and with the purest motives, is sometimes incorrect.—Thomas Jefferson, *Letter to Elias Shipman, July 12, 1801.*

Office-Holders.—If there is a being on this earth for whose comfort and convenience I entertain the profoundest solicitude; if there is one whose smallest want stirs my sympathetic

soul to its serenest depths, it is your office-holder, your public functionary. When I see one of that noble army of martyrs bid adieu to home and all the sweets of private life for which he is so eminently fitted by nature, to immolate himself on the altars of his country's service for four long years, Homer's touching picture of the last sad scene between the noble Hector and his weeping family rises before my compassionate imagination. When I see him plunge recklessly into an office of the duties of which he is profoundly and defiantly ignorant, I am reminded of the self-sacrificing heroism of Curtius, when he leaped into the yawning gulf that opened in the Roman Forum. When I behold him sadly contemplating his majestic features in one of those gorgeous and costly mirrors, which are furnished him at public expense, my heart goes out to him in sympathy. When I see him seated, scornfully, at a miserable repast of sea turtle and champagne, my very bowels yearn for him. And when I see him perform, perhaps, the only duty for which he is fully competent—signing the receipt for his monthly pay—I am so overwhelmed with pity for his miserable conditions that I wish I were in his place.—James Proctor Knott, *Speech in the Forty-Fourth Congress.*

Offices.—The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party. —John C. Calhoun, *Speech, Feb. 13, 1835.*

Opinion, Public.—Do not, however, confuse public opinion with public feeling. Perhaps the difference has never come home to you. Public feeling is the clamor of emotion, the plaint of sentimentality, the froth of the current—not the current itself. Public opinion, on the other hand, is the public mind expressing itself. It is intellectual and not sentimental. It grows out of study, knowledge, experience. Public feeling weeps, bawls, sometimes from good cause, but not always. Public opinion demands reform and is prepared to enforce it. Public feeling, however, is useful; for example, by it the muckrakers have been supported. But it is only the scream of the whistle. Public opinion is the real movement of the engine of public force. The difference between the two is the difference

between abuse and criticism, between excited talk and effective action.—Guy Carlton Lee, *The Strength of the People, Address.*

Opportunity.—

Behold a hag whom Life denies a kiss
As he rides questward in knight-errant-wise;
Only when he hath passed her is it his
To know, too late, the Fairy in disguise.
—Madison Cawein, *Opportunity.*

Opposition.—

Life without trials!—who would give
The cares that make him wise,
To be the useless drone that hives
No honey as he flies?
Why, Nature in her mighty book
This wholesome lesson shows—
That e'en the thistle's thorny crook
Can blossom as the rose.
—Mary Sophie Homes, *Life Without Trials.*

Opposition.—

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain no more; for these, O heart,
Direct the random of the will
As rhymes direct the rage of art.
—Sidney Lanier, *Opposition.*

Pain.—

Pain is no longer pain when it is past.
—Margaret J. Preston, *Sonnet, Nature's Lesson.*

Parties, Political.—There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is cer-

tain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And, there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest instead of warming, it should consume.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Farewell Address.*

Patriotism.—I am not a Virginian, but an American.—PATRICK HENRY, *Speech in Virginia Convention, 1774.*

Patriotism.—The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway. I teach my son to love Georgia—to love the soil that he stands on—the body of my old mother—the mountains that are her springing breasts, the broad acres that hold her substance,the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home—deep-rooted and abiding—that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees—that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, persistent though put aside, and at last draws his tired feet from the highway and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until, amid the scenes of his boyhood, he gathers up the broken threads of his life and owns the soil his conqueror—this—this lodged in the heart of the citizen is the saving principle of our government.—HENRY W. GRADY, *Against Centralization, An Address Delivered Before the Societies of the University of Virginia, June 25, 1889.*

Patriotism.—Patriotism, therefore, which is hard to define and new with every age, must again define itself. It meant manhood rights when Washington took it to his heart, as it means to the Russian to-day. It meant culture and refinement and mental distinction when Emerson in his Phi Beta Kappa address "besought the sluggish intellect of his country to look up from under its iron lids." It signified ideals and theories of government to the soldiers of Grant and Lee. It meant in-

dustrial greatness and splendid desires to annex nature to man's uses when the great leaders of the generation, whose patriotism and statesmanship and imagination no man will deny, built up their business and tied the Union together in a unity of steel and steam, more completely than all the wars. To-day it means a vast reaction from an unsocial and predatory individualism to self-restraint and consideration for the general welfare, expressing itself in a cry for fairness and honor and sympathy in use of power and wealth, as the states of spirit and mind that alone can safeguard Republican ideals.—EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, *The Making of a National Spirit, Address Delivered before the Chamber of Commerce of the City of New York, November 21, 1905.*

Patriotism.—

After all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame—
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!
—FRANK L. STANTON, *One Country.*

Peace.—To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Speech to both Houses of Congress, Jan. 8, 1790.*

Peace.—

We do accept thee, heavenly Peace!
Albeit thou comest in a guise
Unlooked for—undesired; our eyes
Welcome through tears the kind release
From war, and woe, and want—surcease
For which we bless thee, holy Peace!
—MARGARET J. PRESTON, *Acceptation.*

People.—I have such reliance on the good sense of the body of the people and the honesty of their leaders that I am not afraid of their letting things go wrong to any length in any cause.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 437).*

People, The.—The people in their innermost consciousness are ever open to the power of truth and goodness and the beautiful sovereignty of right. Beneath all the ruggedness of their manners and the prosaic forms of their speech lie always the broad foundations of native insight, of manly instinct, of potential nobilities, which enable them on occasion to rise to a comprehension of, and sympathy with, the finest mental and moral achievements of statesmen and philosophers.—L. Q. C. Lamar, *Address before the Students of Emory College, 1890.*

Pines, Southern.—

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne, *Aspects of the Pines.*

Poe, Edgar Allan.—

Here through this lowly portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his fame.

—John Henry Boner, *Poe's Cottage at Fordham.*

Poe, Edgar Allan.—

Dreaming along the haunted shore of time,
And mad that sea's Æolian song to sing,
He found the shell of Beauty, rhythmic rhyme,
And fondly deemed its sheen a living thing.

—Clifford Lanier, *Edgar Allan Poe.*

Poe, Edgar Allan.—

Thy soul, entangled past the power of flight,
Yet struggled ever in a pure despair—
Unstained thine art, untainted, springing white
As though the soul of Galahad bloomed there.
In this thou canst a contrast high afford
To Scottish Peasant and to English Lord.

—Mary Rawlings, *To Edgar Allan Poe.*

Poet, The True.—

His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand.

—Sidney Lanier, *Life and Song.*

Poetry.—I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, "a long poem," is simply a flat contradiction in terms. I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. The value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, through a psychal necessity, transient. That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length. After the lapse of half an hour, at the very utmost, it flags—fails—a revulsion ensues—and then the poem is, in effect, and in fact, no longer such.—Edgar Allan Poe, *The Poetic Principle.*

Poetry.—

Who hath beheld the goddess face to face,
Blind with her beauty, all his days shall go
Climbing lone mountains towards her temple's place,
Weighed with song's sweet, inexorable woe.

—Madison Cawein, *Poetry.*

Poetry.—The art of verse, then, as well as the art of music—the two species of the genus art sound—includes all the three great classes of phenomena summed up under the terms rhythm, tune, and tone-color. We will presently find many problems solved by the full recognition of this fact that there is absolutely no difference between the sound-relations used in

music and those used in verse.—Sidney Lanier, *The Science of English Verse.*

Poetry.—

Yet would I rather in the outward state
Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!

For sometimes, through the bars, my ravished eyes
Have caught brief glimpses of a life divine,
And seen afar, mysterious rapture rise
Beyond the vale that guards the inmost shrine.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne, *The Will and the Wing.*

Poetry and Science.—The scientific man is merely the minister of poetry. He is cutting down the Western Woods of Time; presently poetry will come there and make a city and gardens. This is always so. The man of affairs works for the behoof and use of poetry. Scientific facts have never reached their proper function until they merge into new poetic relations established between man and man, between man and God, or between man and Nature.—Sidney Lanier, *The Relations of Poetry and Science.*

Puritanism.—Puritanism may not have been a perfect scheme of life, but see the men and women it has produced and the works they have done. When I hear of the new woman, I think of the Puritan woman, of England, of France, of Holland, of Scotland, of America, and of the children she has reared. I see her, by the hand of her son, the mighty Cromwell, break down the prejudices of the ages, strike off a tyrant's head, and set a people free; I see William of Orange fight gloriously for liberty, and then die for it; I see the cruel sacrifice of Coligny; I see her love of learning in the Universities of Scotland and Holland, and in our own Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Washington and Lee; I see her industry and thrift making the greatness of France, and her children exiled by heartless bigotry, carrying their unequalled skill to enrich many lands; I hear her proclaim liberty in the glowing words of Patrick Henry, of Sam Adams, of Thomas Jefferson; I lis-

ten to the greatest Senatorial debate of modern times between her sons, Webster and Calhoun; I see her inventive genius in the discoveries of Morse and Edison; I admire the subtlety of her intellect in the metaphysics of Jonathan Edwards; my heart is stirred by the noble idealism of Emerson; I hear her sing in the verse of Longfellow, of Lowell, of Bryant, of Whittier; in the greatest war of modern times, I see the military genius of her sons, Ulysses Grant and Stonewall Jackson, and I hear the earth resound with praises of her martyred and immortal, Abraham Lincoln. When I remember that these are products of Puritanism I rejoice in the fact that it is true that the old Puritan influences are still strong in the South, that there the Covenant is not yet wholly dissolved. When we produce better men and women than the Puritans produced, and do greater things than they have done, then, and not until then, may we claim to be better than our God-fearing fathers and mothers.—Joshua William Caldwell, *The Puritans, North and South, Address.*

Poets.—

The poet never is alone;
The stars, the breeze, the flowers,
All lovely things, his kindred are
And charm his loneliest hours.

—Mary E. Bryan, *The Poet.*

Poets.—

They are all dreamers; in the day and night
Ever across their souls
The wondrous mystery of the dark or bright
In mystic rhythm rolls.

—Abraham Joseph Ryan, *Poets.*

Poets.—

O gentle spirits, wheresoe'er you dwell,
On breezy upland or in quiet dell,
Whether you sing in solitude or shade,
Or in the sullen, crowded haunts of trade—
Whose simple rhyming, in its artless grace,
Has touched some hidden sorrow of the race,
Or taught the world one humble lesson more
Of subtle beauty all unknown before,

Or soothed one heart, just when its need was sorest,
With harmonies of ocean and of forest—
To you be ever honorable meed,
In spite of captious Horace and his creed.
—JOHN R. THOMPSON, *Poesy.*

Praise.—There is one thing which no man, however generously disposed, can give, but which every one, however poor, is bound to pay. This is praise. He cannot give it, because it is not his own, since what is dependent for its very existence on something in another can never become to him a possession; nor can he justly withhold it, when the presence of merit claims it as a consequence.—WASHINGTON ALLSTON, *Lectures on Art.*

President.—Sir, I would rather be right than President.—HENRY CLAY, *Speech, 1850.*

Rain.—

What of the rain? Each drop of dew
From clouds that hide a bend of blue,
Falls on a rose that blooms for you!
—FRANK L. STANTON, *Rain.*

Representatives, Duties of.—Ours was designed to be a representative government. Representatives are not mere deputies. A representative is to think for his constituency, to give them the benefit of intelligence, patriotism, profound study of the Constitution, and political economy and statecraft. He is to enrich his mind by observation, travel, study of history, diplomacy, and biography, to discipline his powers by thorough training, and thus fit himself for his responsible duties.—JABEZ LAMAR MONROE CURRY, *National Peril and Remedy, Address Delivered at Louisville, Kentucky, in September, 1883, before the Inter-State Educational Convention,*

Reserve.—

Keep back the one word more,
Nor give of your whole store;
For, it may be, in Art's sole hour of need,
Lacking that word, you shall be poor indeed.
—LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE, *Reserve.*

Right.—What all agree in is probably right; what no two agree in is probably wrong.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 433*).

Rome.—

To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.
—EDGAR ALLAN POE, *To Helen.*

Rome.—

Above the circus of the world she sat,
Beautiful and base, a harlot crowned with pride:
Fierce nations, upon whom she sneered and spat,
Shrieked at her feet and for her pastime died.
—MADISON CAWEIN, *Rome.*

Scenery, Natural.—But there is one pleasure still within the reach of fallen mortality—and perhaps only one—which owes even more than does music to the accessory sentiment of seclusion. I mean the happiness experienced in the contemplation of natural scenery. In truth, the man who would behold aright the glory of God upon earth must in solitude behold that glory. To me, at least, the presence—not of human life only—but of life in any other form than that of the green things which grow upon the soil and are voiceless—is a stain upon the landscape—is at war with the genius of the scene. I love, indeed, to regard the dark valleys, and the grey rocks, and the waters that silently smile, and the forests that sigh in uneasy slumbers, and the proud watchful mountains that look down upon all. I love to regard these as themselves but the colossal members of one vast animate and sentient whole —a whole whose form (that of the sphere) is the most perfect and most inclusive of all; whose path is among associate planets; whose meek handmaiden is the moon; whose mediate sovereign is the sun; whose life is eternity; whose thought is that of a God; whose enjoyment is knowledge; whose destinies are lost in immensity; whose cognizance of ourselves is akin with our own cognizance of the *animalculae* which infest the brain—a being which we, in consequence, regard as purely inanimate and material, much in the same manner as these *animalculae* must thus regard us.—EDGAR ALLAN POE, *The Island of the Fay* (1841).

Scotland.—The country of Scotland! bare and barren, harsh and ungracious in climate, somewhat rude and ungraceful in the amenities that adorn life, and yet like the granite of her hills and the heather of her plains strong and enduring in every element of noble character—from the largess of her unwasting abundance she has enriched every nation of the globe. Of her this proverb runs: That the aspiring eye of every youth within her borders can see the turrets of a university from the nearest hill-top!—SAMUEL M. SMITH, *The Uses of a Library, Address Delivered at the Dedication of the Carnegie Library, Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S.C., June 4, 1906.*

Sea.—The sea has its duties and offices to perform; so, we may infer, have its currents, and so, too, its inhabitants; consequently he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of the exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order, and the evidences of design, which make it a most beautiful and interesting subject for contemplation.—MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, *Physical Geography of the Sea.*

Secession.—The gentleman [Josiah Quincy] cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."—HENRY CLAY, *Speech, January 8, 1813.*

Secession.—Secession is a withdrawal from the Union; a separation from partners, and, as far as depends on the number withdrawing, a dissolution of the partnership. It presupposes an association, a union of several States or individuals for a common object. Wherever these exist, secession may; and where they do not, it cannot . . . . The object of secession is to free the withdrawing member from the obligation of the association or union, and is applicable to cases where the object of the association or union has failed, either by an abuse of power on the part of its members, or other causes. Its direct and immediate object, as it concerns the withdrawing member, is the dissolution of the association or

union, as far as it is concerned.—John C. Calhoun, *Letter to Governor Hamilton, August 28, 1832.*

Secession.—Then, Senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together; we recur to the principles upon which our government was founded; and when you deny them, and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a government which, thus perverted, threatens to be destructive of our rights, we but tread in the path of our fathers when we proclaim our independence, and take the hazard. This is done not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children.—Jefferson Davis, *On Withdrawal from the Union (1861).*

Sectionalism.—But, my fellow-citizens, it is with no ordinary pride that I, who have opposed all these sectional parties, can stand here in the city of Atlanta, in the very center of all our sorrows, and raise my voice, fearing no successful contradiction when I affirm *that the Union never made war upon the South.* It was not the Union, my countrymen, that slew your children; it was not the Union that burned your cities; it was not the Union that laid waste your country, invaded your homes, and mocked at your calamity; it was not the Union that reconstructed your states! it was not the Union that disfranchised your intelligent citizens and denied them participation in their own governments. No, no! Charge not these wrongs upon the Union of your fathers. Every one of these wrongs was inflicted by a diabolical sectionalism in the very teeth of every principle of the American Union. So equally, I say, the *South never made war upon the Union.* There has never been an hour when nine out of ten of us would not have given our lives for that Union. We did not leave that Union because we were dissatisfied with it; we did not leave the Union to make war on it—we left the Union because a sectional party had seized it, and we hoped thereby to avoid a conflict. But if war must come, we intended to fight a sectional party and not the Union. Therefore, the late war, with all its disastrous

consequences, is the direct result of sectionalism in the North and of sectionalism in the South, and none, I repeat, of these disasters are chargeable on the Union.—BENJAMIN H. HILL, *The Flag of Our Fathers, Address Delivered in Atlanta, September, 1876.*

Self-Government.—I contend that it is to arraign the dispositions of Providence Himself to suppose that He has created beings incapable of governing themselves, and to be trampled on by kings. Self-government is the natural government of man, and for proof I refer to the aborigines of our own land.—HENRY CLAY, *The Emancipation of South America.*

Separation, Reasons for.—When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Declaration of Independence.*

Shelley, Percy Bysshe.—

Fare thee well,
Young Star of Poetry, now set forever!
Yet, though eclipsed for ever to this world,
Still thy light fills the earth's dull atmosphere,
A legacy inestimable. Man
Hath done thee wrong, wronging himself the more,
By cold neglect, and small appreciation
Of thy divinest songs. The day will come
When justice will be done thee.

—ALBERT PIKE, *From a Tribute to Shelley, Written In 1835.*

Short-Lived Things.—

Even Rapture's song hath evermore a tone
Of wailing, as for bliss too quickly gone.
The hope most precious is the soonest lost,
The flower most sweet is first to feel the frost.

Are not all short-lived things the loveliest?
And, like the pale star, shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest, as they fly
From the lone sphere they blest!
—WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, *The Lost Pleiad.*

Slavery.—I hope it will not be conceived from these observations that it is my wish to hold the unhappy people, who are the subject of this letter, in slavery. I can only say that there is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it; but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting. But when slaves, who are happy and contented with their present masters, are tampered with and seduced to leave them; when masters are taken unawares by these practices; when a conduct of this kind begets discontent on one side and resentment on the other; and when it happens to fall on a man whose purse will not measure with that of the society, and he loses his property for want of means to defend it; it is oppression in such a case, and not humanity in any, because it introduces more evils than it can cure.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Letter to Robert Morris, April 12, 1786.*

Slavery.—My sentiments on the subject of slavery of negroes have long since been in possession of the public, and time has only served to give them stronger root. The love of justice and the love of country plead equally the cause of these people, and it is a moral reproach to us that they should have pleaded it so long in vain, and should have produced not a single effort, nay I fear not much serious willingness to relieve them and ourselves from our present condition of moral and political reprobation.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Letter to Edward Coles, 1814.*

Slavery.—Slavery is the parent of ignorance, and ignorance begets a whole brood of follies and vices; and every one of these is inevitably hostile to literary culture.—HINTON ROWAN HELPER, *The Impending Crisis of the South, 1857.*

Slavery.—Until a recent period, slavery existed as an institution almost all over the world. Christianity, while it modified

its status, recognized it, and, up to the time of the abolition of the institution, those who defended it drew their strongest arguments from the sacred writings. Pious Puritans sent their ships to ply along the middle passage, and deemed that they were doing God and man a service to transport benighted savages to serve an enlightened and Christian people. Pious and philanthropical churchmen bought these slaves as they might have bought any other chattels.—Thomas Nelson Page, *The Negro: The Southerner's Problem.*

Sleep.—When we fall asleep, we do not lay aside the thoughts of the day, as the hand its physical work; nor upon awakening return to the activity of these as it to the renewal of its toil, finding them undisturbed. Our most piercing insight yields no deeper conception of life than that of perpetual building and unbuilding; and during what we call our rest, it is often most active in executing its inscrutable will. All along the dark chimneys of the brain, clinging like myriads of swallows deep-buried and slumbrous in quiet and in soot, are the countless thoughts which lately winged the wide heaven of conscious day. Alike through dreaming and through dreamless hours Life moves among these, handling and considering each of the unreckonable multitude; and when morning light strikes the dark chimneys again and they rush forth, some that entered young have matured; some of the old have become infirm; many of those which have dropped in singly issue as companies; and young broods flutter forth, unaccountable nestlings of a night, which were not in yesterday's blue at all. Then there are the missing—those that went in with the rest at nightfall, but were struck from the walls forever. So all are altered, for while we have slept we have still been subject to that onmoving energy of the world which incessantly renews us yet transmutes us—double mystery of our permanence and our change.—James Lane Allen, *The Mettle of the Pasture.*

Sleep.—

Sleep is an artist of the night,
With moods of mirth or pain—
Dreams are his pictures dark and bright
Etched swiftly on the brain.

—William Hamilton Hayne, *Sleep.*

Smile.—

Her smile was prodigal of summery shine—
Gaily persistent—like a morn in June
That laughs away the clouds, and up and down
Goes making merry with the ripening grain,
That slowly ripples—its bent head drooped down,
With golden secret of the sheathed seed.

MARGARET J. PRESTON, *Unvisited.*

South, The.—

Know'st thou that balmy Southern land,
By myrtle crowned, by zephyrs fanned,
Where verdant hills and forest grand
Smile 'neath an azure dome?
'Tis there the stars shed softer beams
As if to bless the woods and streams;
'Tis there I wander in my dreams,
Far—far from home.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK, *Alabama.*

South, History of the.—The history of the South is yet to be written. He who writes it need not fear for his reward. Such a one must have at once the instinct of the historian and the wisdom of the philosopher. He must possess the talisman that shall discover truth amid all the heaps of falsehood, though they were piled upon it like Pelion on Ossa. He must have the sagacity to detect whatever of evil existed in the civilization he shall chronicle, though it be gleaming with the gilding of romance; he must have the fortitude to resist all temptation to deflect by so much as a hair's breadth from the absolute and the inexorable facts, even if an angel should attempt to beguile him. He must know and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him, God!—THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *The Want of a History of the Southern People.*

South, The New.—The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect Democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less

splendid on the surface but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamoured of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.—Henry W. Grady, *The New South, an Address Delivered before the New England Society of New York City, Dec. 22, 1886.*

South, The New.—There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.—Benjamin H. Hill, *The New South.*

South, The Old.—The first college established for girls was opened in Georgia. No naturalist has surpassed Audubon; no geographer equalled Maury; and Sims and McDonald led the world of surgery in their respective lines. It was Crawford Long, of Georgia, who gave to the world the priceless blessing of anaesthesia.—Henry W. Grady, *The New South, 1889.*

South, The Old.—That the social life of the Old South had its faults I am far from denying. What civiliztion has not? But its virtues far outweighed them; its graces were never equalled. For all its faults, it was, I believe, the purest, sweetest life ever lived. It has been claimed that it was non-productive, that it fostered sterility. Only ignorance or folly could make the assertion. It largely contributed to produce this nation; it led its armies and its navies; it established this government so firmly that not even it could overthrow it; it opened up the great West; it added Louisiana and Texas, and more than trebled our territory; it christianized the negro race

in a little over two centuries, impressed upon it regard for order, and gave it the only civilization it has ever possessed since the dawn of history. It has maintained the supremacy of the Caucasian race, upon which all civilization seems now to depend. It produced a people whose heroic fight against the forces of the world has enriched the annals of the human race —a people whose fortitude in defeat has been even more splendid than their valor in war. It made men noble, gentle, and brave, and women tender and pure and true. It may have fallen short in material development; but it made the domestic virtues as common as light and air, and filled homes with purity and peace.—THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *Social Life in Old Virginia before the War.*

South, The Women of.—Our "peculiar institution" of domestic African slavery in *ante-bellum* days created and nurtured a class of women never surpassed in the world. A plantation was a little kingdom, presided over by husband and wife, betwixt whom there existed mutual respect, deference, admiration, and love. In the household gathered respectful, obedient, loving children. Near and around were dependents, who did not claim social equality, but rendered cheerful obedience and service and were cared for tenderly from cradle to coffin. Those who dominated were intelligent, masterful, patriotic, loving home, kindred, State and country, dispensing a prodigal hospitality, limited only by the respectability and behavior of guests. Among girls, refinement, culture, modesty, purity, and a becoming behavior were the characteristic traits; among boys, courtesy, courage, chivalry, respect for age, devotion to the weaker sex, scorning meanness, regarding dishonor and cowardice as ineffaceable stains. Their education was respect for women, riding, hunting, speaking the truth. Poetry and romance have yet to portray, in truthful colors, the attractions and beauties of the Southern home, now of the irrevocable past. When inequality was threatened and States were to be degraded to counties, and the South became one great battlefield, and every citizen was aiding in the terrific conflict, the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, with extraordinary unanimity and fervor, rallied to the support of their imperilled land.

While the older women from intelligent conviction were ready to sustain the South, political events and the necessity of confronting privations, trials, and sorrows developed girlhood into the maturity and self-reliance of womanhood. Anxious women with willing and loving hearts rushed eagerly to every place where sickness or destitution or the ravages of war invaded, enduring sacrifices, displaying unsurpassed fortitude and heroism. Churches were converted into hospitals or places for making, collecting, and shipping clothes and needed supplies. Innumerable private homes, near or adjacent to battlefields, were filled with the sick and the wounded. It was not uncommon to see grandmother and youthful maiden engaged in making socks, hats, and other needed articles. Untrained, these women entered the fields of labor with the spirit of Christ, rose into queenly dignity, and enrolled themselves among the immortals. Energies, time, lives were given to the alleviation of the suffering, cheering of the homesick, and to the inspiration of the hopeless and the despairing. With active courage, resolute endurance, cheerful self-restraint, they imparted fresh courage to the brave, quickened response of the laggard, and poured shame and contempt on him who shirked or sought the bomb-proof. Day and night these ministering angels seemed as if they had made an exodus from Heaven. Boundless patriotism, courageous endurance, surprising elation of thought and action were exhibited. Feminine tenderness was broadened and deepened by this self-sacrificing ministry. Superadded to these trials and duties were the necessary supervision of servants and farms and the performance of duties which hitherto had devolved upon the men. Hanging over homes and hearts were ceaseless apprehensions and the weary absence of the loved ones.—J. L. M. Curry, *Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States (1900).*

Spring.—

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

—Henry Timrod, *Spring.*

Spring, The Coming of.—

'T will not be long before they hear
The bullbat on the hill,
And in the valley through the dusk
The pastoral whippoorwill.
A few more friendly suns will call
The bluets through the loam
And star the lanes with buttercups
Away down home.

—JOHN CHARLES MCNEILL, *Away Down Home.*

Steam.—Steam has made of the earth a chess-board, on which men play for markets.—HENRY W. GRADY, *The South and Her Problems, Address Delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October 26, 1887.*

Style, The Best.—The first requisite of good writing or speaking is good thinking. Clear, discriminating and careful thought must precede the attempt to compose. Let the matter to be expressed exist distinctly in the mind, and it will clothe itself in the most appropriate verbal dress, provided the speaker's taste and memory have been trained by the reading of good models and by exercise. I would recommend, then, that after satisfying yourself of the ideas which you desire to express, you shall suffer them to utter themselves, as nearly as may be. In the act of composition, let not your minds concern themselves chiefly about the verbal dress of thought, but about the thought itself. The clear and just conception will not fail to clothe itself in lucid words. Language is only a *medium* for the transmission of ideas. The glass which is most transparent is the best. It is only when we look through it without perceiving it, as though the aperture were vacant, illuminated space, when the light passes through it without colour or refraction, when we are obliged to resort to tactual sensation to verify its presence, that we call the window-pane a perfect *medium.* So that style is best, which least attracts the hearer's attention from the thought itself. If there were a perfect orator, men would come away from his discourse without having any conscious recollection concerning the qualities of his style; they would seem to themselves to have been witnessing,

by a direct spiritual intuition, the working of a great mind and heart.—R. L. DABNEY, *Lectures on Sacred Rhetoric (1870).*

Sundown.—

Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless, we move so lowly;
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

—JOHN CHARLES MCNEILL, *Sundown.*

Supreme Court, The.—There is one tribunal that challenges the admiration, as it should the reverence, of every American citizen. The framers of our government, when they made the Constitution, committed it into the keeping of the Supreme Court of the United States. Well has it guarded the trust. The President may be a partisan. The Congress is always partisan. But that tribunal has ever sat in serene majesty above the fierce surging of party strife, above the pollution of official corruption. It has guarded our sacred bill of rights—rights of the people, and rights of the States—against the stealthy encroachments of selfish cunning and the open assaults of turbulent faction. If there be any man in all the Union who should cherish reverence and gratitude for that tribunal it is the Southern man—the Southern States' rights Democrat, if you please. It stood between us and ruin in the time of our supreme peril. Not once, nor twice, but many times it averted the blow which sectional hatred or misguided bigotry aimed at our people. It was that court which, when Congress sought to establish Federal control over State elections, confined that control exclusively in the States. It was that court which nullified the proclamation of Lincoln, ordering trial by court martial instead of a jury, of aiders and abettors of the Southern cause outside the circle of actual hostilities. It was that court whose judgment wrested from the nation itself and restored to the family of Robert E. Lee its ancestral home. It was

that court which held void that iniquitous oath by which the best and most patriotic citizens of the South were barred from place and power unless they would abjure the past and deny even all thought of disloyalty. It was that court which permitted the able Confederate lawyer and statesman, A. H. Garland, to practice before its bar, despite his refusal to take that hated oath. And when Congress found a culmination for all the shame and humiliation it would heap upon the whites of the South, and sought to force upon them social equality with the blacks, it was that court which struck the civil rights bill lifeless at its feet, and thus preserved to the States the right to enact into positive statute a law written on the heart of the Anglo-Saxon wherever he walks the earth.—CHARLTON H. ALEXANDER, *The Majesty of Law, Address Delivered before the University of Mississippi, June 5, 1900.*

Tennyson.—

Tennyson, largest voice
Since Milton, yet some register of wit
Wanting. —SIDNEY LANIER, *The Crystal.*

Thought.—Thought is the Hercules of this age, and his strength is equally a vigorous fact, whether it be employed in throttling the lion of power or in cleaning out the Augean stables of accumulated social errors. Moving by nations, by races, and by systems, this irresistible ruler—educated thought—is setting aside old and setting up new civilizations at will.—BENJAMIN H. HILL, *Education and Progress, Speech Delivered before the Alumni Society of the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., July 31, 1871.*

To-Day.—

Thou art no dreamer, O thou stern To-day;
The dead past had its dreams; the real is thine.
—JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY, *Three Days.*

To-Morrow.—

There is no morrow: Though before our face
The shadow named so stretches, we alway
Fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may.
—MARGARET J. PRESTON, *One Day.*

To-Morrow.—

O, fair To-morrow, what our souls have missed
Art thou not keeping for us, somewhere, still?
The buds of promise that have never blown—
The tender lips that we have never kissed—
The song whose high, sweet strain eludes our skill,
The one white pearl that life hath never known.
—Julia Caroline Ripley, *Three Days.*

Trusts, Public.—When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.—Thomas Jefferson, *Letter to Baron von Humboldt, 1807.*

Truth.—

No truth is *lost* for which the dead are weeping,
Nor *dead* for which they died.
—Francis O. Ticknor, *Under the Willows.*

Truth.—

Some truths there be are better left unsaid;
Much is there that we may not speak unblamed.
On words, as wings, how many joys have fled!
The jealous fairies love not to be named.
—Henry Timrod, *Sonnet.*

Truths, Self-evident.—We hold these truths to be self-evident,—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—Thomas Jefferson, *Declaration of Independence.*

Union.—Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.—Andrew Jackson, *Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration in 1830.*

Union.—The advice nearest to my heart and deepest in my convictions is that the Union of the States be cherished and perpetuated. Let the open enemy to it be regarded as a Pandora with her box opened, and the disguised one as the serpent creeping with his deadly wiles into Paradise.—James Madison, *Letter to Daniel Webster.*

Universities.—My desire would have it a place where there is always a breath of freedom in the air; where a sound and various learning is taught heartily without sham or pretence; where the life and teachings of Jesus furnish forth the ideal of right living and true manhood; where manners are gentle and courtesies daily multiply between teacher and taught; where all classes and conditions and beliefs are welcome, and men may rise in earnest striving by the might of merit; where wealth is no prejudice, and poverty no shame; where honorable labor, even rough labor of the hands, is glorified by high purpose and strenuous desire for the clearer air and the larger view; where there is a will to serve all high ends of a State struggling up out of ignorance into general power; where men are trained to observe closely, to imagine vividly, to reason accurately, and to have about them some humility and some toleration; where, finally, truth, shining patiently like a star, bids us advance, and we will not turn aside.—Edwin A. Alderman, *Address before the Students of the University of North Carolina, 1896.*

Unprotectedness, American.—The great European centers have been built inland. America's great centers have been built on her waterways. On her Atlantic coast line alone there are 15,800,000 of American citizens living within gunshot of the water, with seventeen billions six hundred millions of property. On the Gulf there are 1,900,000 people and eight hundred millions of property. On the Great Lakes there are 7,000,000 of people and seven billions two hundred millions of property. On the Mississippi River and its navigable tributaries there are eleven and a half millions of people and eight billions six hundred millions of property. We are the most exposed nation on earth—36,000,000 of our people and thirty-seven billions of our property now lying within gunshot of the water, more citizens exposed than there are citizens exposed in all Europe combined, more property exposed than there is property in all the rest of the world combined. An expedition can leave Europe from any one of the great maritime powers with less than a hundred and fifty thousand men, and in three weeks that expedition can capture Washington City, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York without any possibility of substantial resistance.—Richmond Pearson Hobson, *Speech Delivered in the House of Representatives, April 11, 1908.*

Valor.—

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

—HENRY TIMROD, *Ode.*

Venice, Night in.—Night in Venice! A night of silver moons—one hung against the velvet blue of the infinite, fathomless sky, the other at rest in the still sea below. A night of ghostly gondolas, chasing specks of stars in dim canals; of soft melodies broken by softer laughter; of tinkling mandolins, white shoulders, and tell-tale cigarettes. A night of gay lanterns lighting big barges, filled with singers and beset by shadowy boats, circling like moths or massed like water-beetles. A night when San Giorgio stands on tip-toe, Narcissus-like, to drink in his own beauty mirrored in the silent sea; when the angel crowning the Campanile sleeps with folded wings, lost in the countless stars; when the line of the city from across the wide lagoons is but a string of lights buoying golden chains that sink into the depths; when the air is a breath of heaven, and every sound that vibrates across the never-ending wave is the music of another world.—FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH, *Gondola Days.*

Virginians.—

The knightliest of the knightly race,
That since the days of old
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.
Who climbed the blue embattled hills
Against uncounted foes,
And planted there in valleys fair,
The Lily and the Rose,
Whose fragrance lives in many lands.
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

— FRANCIS O. TICKNOR, *Virginians of the Valley.*

War.—But what a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness that God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbours, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that, on this day when only peace and goodwill are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace.—Robert E. Lee, *To Mrs. Lee, Christmas Day, 1862.*

War, The Civil.—Hence, if we are not greatly mistaken, the antagonism between the North and the South, so imperfectly adjusted by the labors of 1787, is the true stand-point from which to contemplate the origin of the late war. This antagonism, this cause of discord, stamped, in fact, its image on all the other causes of the late war. It drew into itself all other causes, and raged with the violence of them all. The struggle between the Union and the States, between the "head and the members" of the new system, was developed and determined by the antagonism between the two great sections of which it was composed. In like manner, the contest between the majority and the minority, always sufficiently fierce and violent, became a desperate struggle between the same parties, the North and the South; a struggle greatly intensified and embittered by the consideration that the majority had become sectional and permanent, leaving the minority without hope in the Union. The great quarrel about slavery, too, inflamed the mutual animosity of the two sections, and helped to kindle the war between them. And the system of tariffs, by which a large party at the South believed she had been systematically plundered to enrich the North, was, at one time, the apple of discord between the sections and at all times, a source of profound dissatisfaction and alienation. Nor was this all. For, in addition to all these causes, there was the creation of a great Republic, whose vast powers, instead of having been properly divided between the sections, and the constitutional portion of each permanently settled, were left open to be contended for by them. Nothing could, indeed, have been more admirably adapted to inflame the angry passions of the two great rivals, than the introduction of a prize

of such unparalleled magnitude into the arena of strife between them. It produced, on both sides, a series of partizan and corrupting legislative measures, which disgrace the annals of the United States. The conflict of 1861, was, indeed, a war of races, of ideas, of interests, of passions, of institutions, and of words, long before it became a war of deeds and of blood. The manner in which this war arose and progressed, till, in the end, it produced the earthquake and volcano of 1861, yet remains to be described by the pen of the historian.—ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE, *The Origin of the Late War (1867).*

War, The Civil.—It will be a glorious day for our country when all the children within its borders shall learn that the four years of fratricidal war between the North and the South was waged by neither with criminal or unworthy intent, but by both to protect what they conceived to be threatened rights and imperiled liberty; that the issues which divided the sections were born when the Republic was born, and were forever buried in an ocean of fraternal blood. We shall then see, that under God's providence, every sheet of flame from the blazing rifles of the contending armies, every whizzing shell that tore through the forests at Shiloh and Chancellorsville, every cannon-shot that shook Chickamauga's hills or thundered around the heights of Gettysburg, and all the blood and the tears that were shed are yet to become contributions for the upbuilding of American manhood and for the future defence of American freedom. The Christian Church received its baptism of pentecostal power as it emerged from the shadows of Calvary, and went forth to its world-wide work with greater unity and a diviner purpose. So the Republic, rising from its baptism of blood with a national life more robust, a national union more complete, and a national influence ever widening, shall go forever forward in its benign mission to humanity.—JOHN B. GORDON, *Reminiscences of the Civil War.*

War, The Civil.—No war in human history was a sincerer conflict than the American Civil War. It was not a war of conquest or glory. To call it rebellion is to speak ignorantly. To call it treason is to add viciousness to stupidity. It was a war of ideals, of principles, of political conceptions, of

loyalty to ancient ideals of English freedom held dearer than life by both sides. Neither abolitionist nor fire-eater brought on this war. It was a "brothers' war," which ought to have been avoided, but which was brought on, as our human nature is constituted, by the operation of economic forces and the clashing of inherited feelings, woven by no will of either side into the life of the Republic. It was settled at last by neither abolitionist nor fire-eater, but by men of the West who had not inherited unbroken political traditions, but simply saw the union of American States as the ark of their salvation and beheld its flag, as Webster beheld it, "full high advanced, floating over land and sea."—Edwin A. Alderman, *Sectionalism and Nationality, Address Delivered at the Annual Banquet of the New England Society, New York City, December 22, 1906.*

Washington, George.—To the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.—Henry Lee, *Eulogy on Washington, Dec. 26, 1799.*

Washington, George.—Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" This was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself: and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms you dearest boy," cried his father in transports, "run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousandfold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold."—Mason Locke Weems, *Life of Washington (1800).*

Washington, George.—No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action, whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions, which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Hav-

ing no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case, from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments, and to his own countrymen, were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction, which forever exists, between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as truth of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy."—JOHN MARSHALL, *The Life of George Washington, 1804-1807.*

WHITMAN, WALT.—Whitman is poetry's butcher. Huge raw collops slashed from the rump of poetry and never mind gristle—is what Whitman feeds our souls with. As near as I can make it out, Whitman's argument seems to be, that, because a prairie is wide, therefore debauchery is admirable, and because the Mississippi is long, therefore every American is God.—SIDNEY LANIER, *Notes,* quoted in Ward's *Memorial, p. 38.*

Wife, The.—

They locked him in a prison cell,
  Murky and mean.
She kissed him there a wife's farewell
  The bars between.
And when she turned to go, the crowd,
Thinking to see her shamed and bowed,
Saw her pass out as calm and proud
  As any queen.
    —JOHN CHARLES MCNEILL, *The Wife*

Wilde, Richard Henry.—

Bard of the South!—the "Summer Rose"
  May perish with the "Autumn Leaf,"
The "footprints left on Tampa's shores"
  May vanish with a date as brief:

But thine shall be the "life" of fame;
No winter winds can wreck thy name;
And future minstrels shall rehearse
Thy virtues, in memorial verse!

—Alexander Beaufort Meek, *The Death of Richard Henry Wilde.*

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS AND SPECIAL ARTICLES ON SOUTHERN LITERATURE

THIS Bibliography has been in process of compilation for several years. It is not complete—no bibliography is—but, as the first bibliography of its sort, it is published with the view of stimulating the further study of Southern literature by showing both how much and how little have already been done. Editions and biographies of individual authors as also compilations and studies of the literature of individual States are, of course, not included here. The author will be grateful for corrections and for additions.

6547

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS AND SPECIAL ARTICLES ON SOUTHERN LITERATURE

ABERNATHY, J. W.

The Southern Poets: Selected poems of Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, and Paul Hamilton Hayne, with Biographical and Critical Introductions and Explanations. Maynard's English Classic Series. New York: Maynard, Merrill, and Company, 1904, 78pp.

ALLEN, WILLIAM FRANCIS, WARE, CHARLES PICKARD, and GARRISON, LUCY MCKIM

Slave Songs of the United States. New York: A. Simpson and Company, 1867.

BARNWELL, ANNIE M.

"On Southern Literature." *The Living Female Writers of the South,* by Ida Raymond, pp. 504-505. Philadelphia, Pa., 1872.

BASKERVILL, W. M.

"Southern Literature." *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America,* vol. VII, No. 2. Baltimore, Md. 1892, 12pp.

BASKERVILL, W. M.

Southern Writers: Biographical and Critical Studies, vol. I.
No. 1. Joel Chandler Harris (July, 1896).
No. 2. Maurice Thompson (August, 1896).
No. 3. Irwin Russell (September, 1896).
Nos. 4, 5, and 6. Sidney Lanier (October-November, 1896).
No. 7. George W. Cable (January, 1897).
No. 8. Charles Egbert Craddock (February, 1897).
Nashville, Tenn: Barbee and Smith. 404pp.

BASKERVILL, W. M.

Southern Writers: Biographical and Critical Studies,vol. II.
[This series is in memory of Professor Baskervill].
No. 1. William Malone Baskervill, by Charles Forster Smith.

No. 2. Margaret Junkin Preston, by Janie McTyeire Baskervill.
No. 3. Richard Malcolm Johnston, by William A. Webb.
No. 4. Sherwood Bonner, by B. M. Drake.
No. 5. Thomas Nelson Page, by Edwin Mims.
No. 6. James Lane Allen; a Study, by John Bell Henneman.
No. 7. Mrs. Burton Harrison, by Henry N. Snyder.
No. 8. Miss Grace Elizabeth King, by Henry N. Snyder.
No. 9. Samuel Minturn Peck, by William Henry Hulme.
No. 10. Madison Cawein, by William Henry Hulme.
No. 11. A Closing Summary, by James W. Sewell.

Nashville, Tenn., and Dallas, Tex: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, Smith and Lamar, 1903, 392pp.

BASSETT, JOHN SPENCER

"The Bottom of the Matter." *The South Atlantic Quarterly,* vol. I. No. 2. Durham, N.C., April, 1902.

BASSETT, JOHN SPENCER

"The Problems of the Author in the South." *Ibid.,* vol. I, No. 3. July, 1902.

BLAIN, HUGH M.

"A Plea for Southern Literature." *Louisiana School Review,* vol. XVI, No. 6, April 1909. Baton Rouge, La.

BOCOCK, JOHN H.

"Authorship at the South." *The Southern Presbyterian Review.* Richmond, Va., April, 1869. Republished in *Selections from the Religious and Literary Writings of John H. Bocock, D.D.,* Richmond, Va: Whittet and Shepperson, 1891.

BOHEMIAN

War Songs of the South, edited by. Richmond, Va., 1862.

BRADSHAW, SIDNEY ERNEST

On Southern Poetry Prior to 1860: a Dissertation presented to the Faculty of the University of Virginia as a Part of the Requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, Richmond, Va.: B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, 1900, 162pp.

Brainard, C. S.
Our War Songs, North and South, compiled and edited by. Cleveland, Ohio: S. Brainard's Sons, 1887.

Brevard, Caroline Mays
Literature of the South. New York: Broadway Publishing Company, 1908, 186pp.

Brock, Sallie A.
The Southern Amaranth, edited by. New York, 1868.

Bruce, Philip Alexander
"Southern Literature." *The History of North America,* vol. XVII, cap. XXIX. Philadelphia: Barrie and Sons, 1907.

Cable, George W.
Literature in the Southern States: an Address delivered at the University of Mississippi, June 28, 1882. Summarized in *The Literary World,* vol. XIII, p. 232. Boston, July 15, 1882.

Cheesborough, E. B.
"The Female Writers of the South." *The Land We Love,* vol. II, p. 331. Charlotte, N.C., March, 1867.

Clarke, Jennie Thornley
Songs of the South: Choice Selections from Southern Poets from Colonial Times to the Present Day, with an Appendix of brief Biographical Notes, and an Introduction by Joel Chandler Harris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1896, 333pp.

Coleman, Charles W., Jr.
"The Recent Movement in the Literature of the South." *Harper's Magazine,* vol. LXXIV, pp. 837-855. New York, May, 1887.

Davidson, James Wood.
The Living Writers of the South. New York, 1869.

Davies, Samuel D.
"Observations on Our Literary Prospects." *The Southern Literary Messenger,* vol. XXXVII, p. 620. Richmond, Va., October, 1863.

De Leon, Thomas Cooper

Southern Songs: from the Lays of Later Days, collected and edited by. New York: Blelock and Company, 1866.

Didier, Eugene L.

"Southern Literature," Past, Present, and Future. *Book-Chat.* Baltimore, Md., June, 1909.

Drake, B. M.

The Negro in Southern Literature Since the War: a Dissertation offered for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Vanderbilt University. Nashville, Tenn.: Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House, 1898, 86pp.

Eggleston, George Cary

Southern Literature: a Speech delivered at a banquet of the New York Southern Society, February 22, 1887. Published in Edwin DuBois Shurter's *Extempore Speaking:* New York: Ginn and Company, 1908.

Fagan, W. L.

Southern War Songs: Camp-Fire, Patriotic, and Sentimental, collected and arranged by. New York: M. T. Richardson Company, 1892.

Forrest, Mary (Mrs. Freeman)

Women of the South Distinguished in Literature. New York: Derby and Jackson, 1861.

Gregory, Ed. S.

"A Voice of the South" (a plea for Southern literature). *The Southern Magazine,* vol. II (old series vol. IX). Baltimore, Md., 1871.

Hale, Will T.

"The Poetry of the South." *The Methodist Review,* Nos. 151 (September-October) and 152 (November-December). Nashville, Tenn., 1898.

Harris, Joel Chandler

Uncle Remus: his Songs and his Sayings, the Folk-Lore of the Old Plantation. (The Introduction discusses the origin of the Uncle Remus stories). New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1880, 231pp.

HARRISON, JAMES A.
"Negro English." *Anglia,* vol. VII. Leipzig, 1884. (The Introduction and an abstract of contents are published in *The Transactions of the American Philological Association.* vol. XVI, July, 1885).

HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON
"Literature at the South." *The Southern Magazine,* vol. VII (Old series vol. XIV). Baltimore, Md., June, 1874.

HELPER, HINTON ROWAN
"Southern Literature." *Compendium of the Impending Crisis,* cap. XII, pp. 207-214. New York, 1859.

HENNEMAN, JOHN BELL
"The National Element in Southern Literature." *The Sewanee Review,* vol. XI, pp. 345-366. Sewanee, Tenn., July, 1903.

HERIOT, EDWIN
"Southern Wants." *De Bow's Commercial Review,* vol. XXIX. New Orleans, La., 1860.

HINSDALE, LAURA F.
Legends and Lyrics of the Gulf Coast. Biloxi, Miss.: Herald Press, 1896.

HOLLIDAY, CARL
A History of Southern Literature. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company, 1906, 406pp.

HOLLIDAY, CARL
Three Centuries of Southern Poetry (1607-1907). Nashville, Tenn.: Smith and Lamar, 1908, 267pp.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN
"The Southern States in Recent American Literature." *Literature,* No. 47. London, September 10, 1898.

HUBNER, CHARLES WILLIAM
War Poets of the South and Confederate Camp-Fire Songs, compiled by. Atlanta: Charles P. Byrd, 1896, 207pp.

HUBNER, CHARLES WILLIAM
Representative Southern Poets. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company, 1906.

Ingle, Edward

"Literary Aspirations." *Southern Sidelights:* A Picture of Social and Economic Life in the South a Generation before the War, cap. VI. pp. 196-219. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, 1896, 373pp.

Johnson, James Gibson

Southern Fiction Prior to 1860: an Attempt at a First-Hand Bibliography: a Dissertation presented to the Faculty of the University of Virginia as a part of the Requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Charlottesville, Va.: The Michie Company, 1909, 127pp.

Joyce, Rev. W. H. H.

"The Negro as Literary Material." *Things and Thoughts,* vol. III. Winchester, Va., January, 1903.

Kent, Charles W.

The Outlook for Literature in the South: a Lecture delivered February 12, 1892, by Invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association. University of Tennessee. Knoxville, Tenn.: Lecture Committee of the Y.M.C.A., 1892, 26pp.

Kent, Charles W.

The Revival of Interest in Southern Letters, and a Plea for the Preservation of the Southland's Past: Annual Address at the University of Tennessee Commencement, June 13, 1899. Richmond, Va.; B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, 1900, 32pp.

Lee, Guy Carlton

"Southern Prose Writers," 1606-1744. *The Baltimore Sun.* Baltimore, Md., November 1, 1905.

Link, Samuel Albert

Pioneers of Southern Literature.

No. 1. A Glance at the Field.

No. 2. Paul Hamilton Hayne.

No. 3. Dr. Frank O. Ticknor and Henry Timrod.

No. 4. William Gilmore Simms.

No. 5. John Pendleton Kennedy, John Esten Cooke, and other Southern Novelists.

No. 6. Edgar Allan Poe.
No. 7. War Poets of the South.
No. 8. Singers in Various Keys.
No. 9. Southern Humorists.
No. 10. Political Writers and Historians.
Nashville, Tenn.: Barbee and Smith, 1896, 599pp.

MABIE, HAMILTON W.
"Literature in the South." *The Outlook,* vol. LXIII. New York, December 2, 1899. Republished by the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va., 1909, 6pp.

MABIE, HAMILTON W.
"The Poetry of the South." *The International Monthly,* Burlington, Vermont, February, 1902. Republished in *Things and Thoughts.* Winchester, Va., March-April, 1902.

MANLY, LOUISE
Southern Literature from 1579 to 1895: a Comprehensive Review with Copious Extracts, Containing an Appendix with a full list of Southern Authors. Illustrated. Richmond, Va.: B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, 1895, 540pp.

MASON, EMILY V.
The Southern Poems of the War. Baltimore, Md.: John Murphy, 1867 (Fifth edition, 1889).

MATTHEWS, BRANDER
"The Songs of the Civil War." *Pen and Ink:* Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance, cap. VI, pp. 140-167. New York: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1894.

MATTHEWS, BRANDER
"Two Studies of the South." *Aspects of Fiction* and Other Ventures in Criticism, cap II, pp. 25-39. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1896.

MEADER, JOHN RICHARD
"The South in American Literature." *The Southern Magazine,* vol. III, pp. 477-493. Louisville, Ky., December, 1893.

MIMS, EDWIN
"The South's Intellectual Expression." *The World's Work,* vol. XIV, pp. 8979-8984. New York, June, 1907.

MIMS, EDWIN
"Introduction to the History of Southern Fiction." *The South in the Building of the Nation.* Richmond, Va.: The Southern History Publishing Society, 1909.

MIMS, EDWIN
"Southern Magazines." *The South in the Building of the Nation.* Richmond, Va.: The Southern History Publishing Society, 1909.

MIMS, EDWIN
"Southern Poetry since the War of Secession." *The South in the Building of the Nation.* Richmond, Va.: The Southern History Publishing Society, 1909.

MINOR, BENJAMIN BLAKE
The Southern Literary Messenger, 1834 to 1864. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company, 1905.

MOORE, FRANK
Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies, collected and edited by. New York: Geo. P. Putnam, 1864.

MOORE, FRANK
Songs and Ballads of the Southern People, 1861-1865, edited by. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1886.

MORRIS, CHARLES
"The Development of Southern Literature." *The Old South and the New,* from the earliest times to the Jamestown Exposition, cap. XXVI. pp. 473-490. Philadelphia, Pa.: John C. Winston and Company, 1907, 640pp.

MYERS, MINNIE WALTER
Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast. Cincinnati, Ohio: The Robert Clarke Company, 1898, 137pp.

Orgain, Mrs. Kate Alma

Southern Authors in Poetry and Prose, with Selections from their Works. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company, 1908.

Page, Thomas Nelson

"Authorship in the South before the War." *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine,* vol. XLVI, pp. 105-120. Philadelphia, Pa.: July, 1889. Republished, together with "The Want of a History of the South," in Mr. Page's *The Old South.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1896.

Page, Thomas Nelson

"Literature in the South Since the War." *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine,* vol. XLVIII, pp. 740-756. Philadelphia, Pa., December, 1891.

Painter, F. V. N.

Poets of the South: a Series of Biographical and Critical Studies with Typical Poems, Annotated. New York: The American Book Company, 1903, 237pp.

Raymond, Ida (Mrs. Mary T. Tardy)

Southland Writers: Biographical and Critical Sketches of the Living Female Writers of the South, with Extracts from their Writings, in two volumes. Philadelphia, Pa.: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, 1870, 973pp.

Raymond, Ida (Mrs. Mary T. Tardy)

The Living Female Writers of the South, edited by the Author of *Southland Writers.* Philadelphia, Pa.: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, 1872, 568pp.

Rogers, Edward Reinhold

Four Southern Magazines: a Dissertation presented to the University of Virginia as a Part of the Requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Richmond, Va.: The Williams Printing Company, 1902, 137pp.

Rutherford, Mildred Lewis

The South in History and Literature: a Handbook of Southern Authors from the Settlement of Jamestown, 1607, to

Living Writers. Atlanta, Ga.: The Franklin-Turner Company, 1907, 866pp.

Salley, Alexander Samuel, Jr.
"Southern Magazines." Charleston, S.C.: *Sunday News,* August 27, 1899.

Scott, Rosa Naomi
"A Literary Career in the South." *The Knoxville Sentinel,* fourth section. Knoxville, Tenn., October 14, 1903.

Shurter, Edwin Dubois
Oratory of the South, from the Civil War to the Present Time. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company, 1908, 336pp.

Simms, William Gilmore
"The Literary Prospects of the South." *Russell's Magazine,* vol. II. Charleston, S.C., June, 1858.

Simms, William Gilmore
The War Poetry of the South, edited by. New York, 1867.

Smith, C. Alphonso
"The Literature of the Old South." *The Palmetto School Journal,* vol. I. Columbia, S.C., September, 1890.

Smith, C. Alphonso
"Bibliography of Works on Southern Literature." *The North Carolina Journal of Education,* vol. I. Greensboro, N.C., May, 1898.

Smith, C. Alphonso
"The Possibilities of the South in Literature." *The Sewanee Review,* vol. VI. Sewanee, Tenn., July, 1898.

Smith, C. Alphonso
"The Historical Element in Recent Southern Literature." *Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society,* vol. II, Oxford, Miss., 1899.

SMITH, C. ALPHONSO
Literature in the South: an Address delivered before the New York Southern Society, April 10, 1908. Published by the Society.

SMITH, CHARLES FORSTER
"Southern Dialect in Life and Literature." *The Southern Bivouac,* vol. IV, pp. 343-351. Louisville, Ky., November 1885.

SNYDER, HENRY N.
"The Reconstruction of Southern Literary Thought." *The South Atlantic Quarterly,* vol. I. Durham, N.C., April, 1902.

SOMEBODY
Legends of the South. Baltimore, Md., 1869.

STEELE, ERSKINE (ARCHIBALD HENDERSON)
"Literature in the South": Cause for Neglect. *The Charlotte Daily Observer.* Charlotte, N.C., March 27, 1904.

TOURGÉE, JUDGE ALBION W.
"The South as a Field for Fiction." *The Forum,* vol. VI, pp. 404-413. New York, December, 1888.

TRENT, WILLIAM P.
Southern Writers: Selections in Prose and Verse, edited by. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1905, 524pp.

WATTERSON, HENRY
Oddities in Southern Life and Character, edited by. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1883, 485pp.

WEBB, W. A.
"The Poetry of the South," 1849-1881. *The South Atlantic Quarterly,* vol. II. Durham, N.C., January, 1903.

WEBER, WILLIAM LANDER
Selections from the Southern Poets, selected and edited by. Macmillan's Pocket English Classics. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1901, 221pp.

Wells, B. W.
"Southern Literature of the Year 1900." *The Forum,* vol. XXIX. New York, June, 1900.

Wharton, Henry Marvin
War Songs and Poems of the Southern Confederacy. Philadelphia, Pa.: John C. Winston and Company, 1904, 412pp.

Whittaker, Daniel K.
"The Necessity of a Southern Literature." *The Charleston Book,* pp. 313-318. Charleston, S.C.: Samuel Hart, Sr., 1845.

Wightman, Francis P.
Little Leather Breeches and Other Southern Rhymes: Being a Number of Folk-Lore Songs, Negro Rhymes, Street-Venders' Cries, etc., gathered from Various Parts of the South, collected and arranged by. Illustrations by the Author. New York: J. F. Taylor and Company, 1899, 22pp.

Woodberry, George Edward
"The South in American Letters." *Harper's Magazine,* vol. CVII, pp. 735-741. New York, October, 1903.

DATE DUE

DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY
PS551 .L515 v.14
/Library of Southern literature
3 3645 00067520 0

53596

PS551 .L515 1909
vol.14
Library of Southern
literature

Dominican College Library
San Rafael, California

S0-BPZ-485